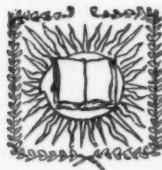


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LIEUT.
RICHMOND
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the Hero of the
"Merrimac"

Will contribute to The Century
the story of his adventures
in connection with the
sinking of the famous collier.

It will begin in

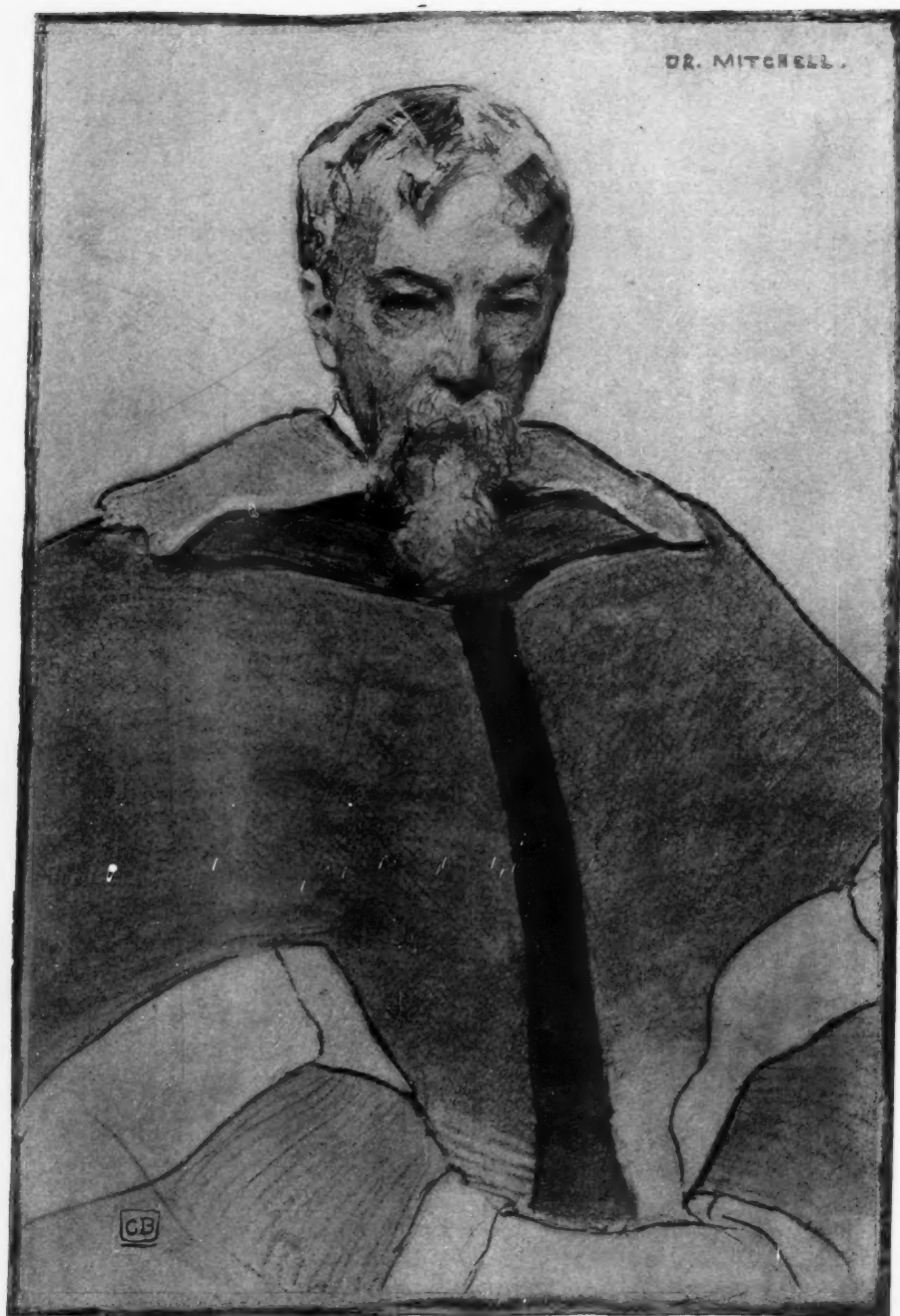
The December Number

with the narrative of the origin of the plan and the preparations
for its execution, to be followed by two articles on the explosion
and capture, and the experiences of Lieut. Hobson and his men
in Spanish prisons.

Capt. Sigsbee's Story of the "Maine"

will be continued in the December Century.

2



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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LVII.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 1.



ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

HIS BOYHOOD AND THE ASSASSINATION OF PHILIP.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
Professor of Greek, Cornell University.

NO single personality, excepting the carpenter's son of Nazareth, has done so much to make the world of civilization we live in what it is as Alexander of Macedon. He leveled the terrace upon which European history built. Whatever lay within the range of his conquests contributed its part to form that Mediterranean civilization which, under Rome's administration, became the basis of European life. What lay beyond was as if on another planet. Alexander checked his eastward march at the Sutlej, and India and China were left in a world of their own, with their own mechanisms for man and society, their own theories of God and the world. Alexander's world, to which we all belong, went on its own separate way until, in these latter days, a new greed of conquest, begotten of commercial ambition, promises at last to level the barriers which through the centuries have stood as monuments to the outmost stations of the Macedonian phalanx, and have divided the world of men in twain.

The story of the great Macedonian's life, inseparable as it is from history in its widest range, stands none the less in stubborn protest against that view of history which makes it a thing of thermometers and the

rain-gage, of rivers and mountains, weights and values, materials, tools, and machines. It is a history warm with the life-blood of a man. It is instinct with personality, and speaks in terms of the human will and the soul. History and biography blend. Events unfold in an order that conforms to the opening intelligence and forming will of personality, and matter is the obedient tool of spirit. The story of the times must therefore be told, if truly told, in terms of a personal experience. When and where the personal Alexander was absent from the scene, history in those days either tarried or moved in eddies; the current was where he was. This will be excuse enough for making this narrative of a great historic period peculiarly the story of a man, and not merely of a conqueror.

Plutarch says that King Philip of Macedonia, shortly after the capture of Potidæa, received three different pieces of good news. He learned that "Parmenion, his general, had overthrown the Illyrians in a great battle, that his race-horse had won the course at the Olympic games, and that his wife had given birth to Alexander." Another story tells how on the very night of the birth an ominous calamity fell upon Asia: the temple of the great Diana of the Ephesians went

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up in flames. So events tend to swarm together in history—at least, in the telling of history. The year was undoubtedly 356 B. C., and the best combination of all the indications we have makes the month October, though Plutarch, in deference to the horse-race, says it was July.

Philip had been three years on the throne of Macedon. The year before he had occupied Amphipolis, and so opened for his little state a breathing-place on the *Ægean*; at the same time he introduced it to the long struggle with Athens. Athens herself, two hundred miles off to the south, was in the midst of a war that was to cost her the most of her island empire in the *Ægean*. This or the following year marked, too, the publication of Xenophon's pamphlet "On the Revenues," and of Isocrates's essay "On the Peace." Demosthenes, twenty-eight years old, was just entering on his career as statesman and public orator. *Æschines* was thirty-four. Aristotle, the future tutor of Alexander, was twenty-eight. Plato, seventy-one years old, had nine years more to live; Xenophon had one, Isocrates eighteen. An old order for which Athens and Sparta had made the history was just dying

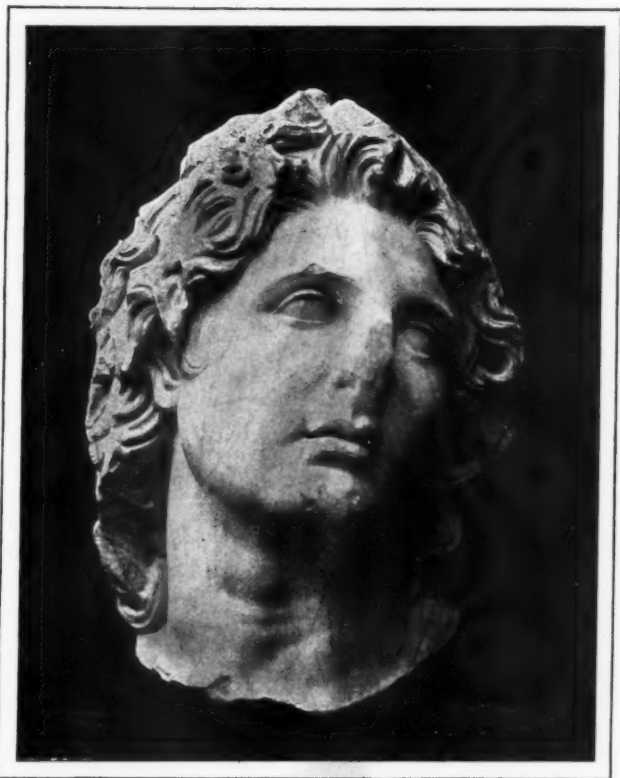
out, and a new order, with new men and new motives, was coming in.

The child whose destiny it was to give this new world its shape was born outside the pale of the older world, and in his blood joined the blood of two lines of ancient Northern kings. Alexander's mother was Olympias, the daughter of Neoptolemus, King of Epirus, who traced his lineage back through a distinguished line to Neoptolemus, the son of the hero Achilles. So it was said, or, as Plutarch puts it, "confidently believed," that Alexander was descended on his father's side from Hercules, through Caranus, and on his mother's from *Æacus*, through Neoptolemus. Plutarch does not even withhold from us a story of Philip's falling in love that constitutes a fair parallel to what we know of his promptitude and directness of action in other fields. "Philip is said to have fallen in love with Olympias at Samothrace, where they happened to be initiated together into a religious circle, he being a mere stripling, and she an orphan. And having obtained the consent of her brother Arymbas, he shortly married her." Refreshing as it is to read of a marriage for love in these old Greek



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE RUINS OF AMPHIPOLIS—VALLEY OF THE STRYMON. (SEE TEXT, PAGE 2, AND MAP, PAGE 10.)



MARBLE HEAD OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT. FOUND AT PTOLEMAIS, IN EGYPT;
RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.

times, it must be reported that the match was never a happy one.

They were both persons of decided individuality, and in both the instinct of self-preservation was strongly developed. Both were preëminently ambitious, aggressive, and energetic; but while Philip's ambition was guided by a cool, crafty sagacity, that of his queen manifested itself rather in impetuous outbursts of almost barbaric emotion. In her joined a marvelous compound of the mother, the queen, the shrew, and the witch. The passionate ardor of her nature found its fullest expression in the wild ecstasies and crude superstitions of her native religious rites. "Another account is," says Plutarch, "that all the women of this country, having always been addicted to the Orphic and the Dionysiac mystery-rites, imitated largely the practices of the Edonian and Thracian women about Mount Hæmus, and that Olympias, in her abnormal zeal to surround these states of trance and inspiration with

more barbaric dread, was wont in the sacred dances to have about her great tame serpents, which, sometimes creeping out of the ivy and the mystic fans, and sometimes winding themselves about the staffs and the chaplets which the women bore, presented a sight of horror to the men who beheld."

While it was from his father that Alexander inherited his sagacious insight into men and things, and his brilliant capacity for timely and determined action, it was to his mother that he undoubtedly owed that passionate warmth of nature which betrayed itself not only in the furious outbursts of temper occasionally characteristic of him, but quite as much in a romantic fervor of attachment and love for friends, a delicate tenderness of sympathy for the weak, and a princely largeness and generosity of soul toward all, that made him so deeply beloved of men and so enthusiastically followed. His deep religious sentiment, which, wherever he was, carried him beyond the limits of mere respect for the proprieties of form

and mere regard for political expediences, and held him at temple and oracle in awe before the mysteries of the great unseen, stamped him, too, as the son of Olympias.



HEAD OF ALEXANDER, OVERSE OF ONE OF THE GOLD MEDALLIONS OF TARSUS.

See the note to the medallion on page 19.

In Philip there predominated the characteristics which mark in modern times the practical politician. He was sagacious and alert of mind. His eye followed sharply and unceasingly every turn of events that might yield him an advantage. The weakness, the embarrassment, the preoccupation, of his opponent, he always made his opportunity. He was a keen judge of character, and adapted himself readily to those with whom he came in contact. He knew how to gratify the weaknesses, ambitions, lusts, and ideals of men, and chain them to his service. Few who came in contact with him failed to be captivated by him. He was perfectly unscrupulous as to the methods to be employed in attaining an end. Nothing of the sort ordinarily known as principles ever impeded his movement. He was an opportunist of the deepest dye. Flattery, promises, beneficence, cruelty, deceit, and gold he used when and where each would avail; but bribery was his most familiar tool. He allowed no one to reckon with him as a constant quantity. His ultimate plans and purposes were concealed from friends and foes alike. In announcing his decisions and proclaiming his views, he followed the ordinary politician's watchword: "We will not cross the bridge till we come to it." As success was to him the only right, and availability the only justice, radical

changes of attitude and plan in the very face of action involved no difficulty. They rather served his purpose, and were his wont. He remained, as he wished to remain, a puzzle to his foes, and a mystery to his friends.

His character was full of apparent contradictions. Perhaps, after all, it was only his extraordinary versatility that was responsible for them. At one time he appears as a creature of passion enraged by anger or lust, again he is cool, deliberate, calculating, when others are carried away with excitement or prejudice; now he is a half-savage, again he is a smooth, subtle, temperate Greek; now he is pitilessly brutal, again he is generous and large-hearted; now he gives himself, body and soul, to some petty aim of lust or envy, again he is the prophet and preacher of a national ideal. In everything he was, however, a strong individuality. His personality dominated every enterprise in which he was concerned. He was a natural leader of men. He could organize as well as lead. He not only made himself absolute master of Macedon, but he so organized its force that it became of permanent value and could be transmitted to his successor. His organizing talent was, however, military rather than political. He lacked that fine



REVERSE OF THE ABOVE MEDALLION: ALEXANDER AND THE LION, AFTER THE STATUARY GROUP BY LYSIPPUS, CALLED "ALEXANDER'S HUNT," IN COMMEMORATION OF A FACT IN ALEXANDER'S LIFE. ALEXANDER FOLLOWED THE EXAMPLE OF ORIENTAL MONARCHS IN CULTIVATING THIS EXERCISE, AND LYSIPPUS THAT OF ORIENTAL ARTISTS IN DEPICTING IT.

sense for the civic and religious instincts of other peoples which developed in his son the capacity for founding empire as well as leading

armies. And yet without him Alexander's achievements would have been impossible.

Philip's great permanent achievements are two: the first is the organization of a power which Alexander was able, after him, to use for the founding of an empire; the second is the formulation and practical initiation of the idea of uniting Greece through a great national undertaking. These two are enough to set upon him the stamp of greatness. He was certainly great—great in personal force, in practical alertness, in organizing talent, and in sagacious intelligence. Theopompus says well: "Taking all in all, Europe has never seen such a man as the son of Amyntas."

So much for the parents of Alexander. How truly he was their son the story of his life will tell. The improvement which he made upon their record, particularly in point of greater self-restraint, of higher and more ideal interests, and of nobler ideas of life and duty, this is to be traced, at least in some degree, to his excellent training and education.

Alexander was born at Pella, the city which his father, in place of ancient Ægæ, had made the capital of Macedonia. Hard by a vast swamp lake, and on the banks of the sluggish Ludias, it stood near the center of the plain which formed the nucleus of the little kingdom. The sea, the modern Gulf of Saloniki, was twenty miles away. Twenty miles to the east or west or north brought one to the foot-hills of the highlands that raised their amphitheater about the plain. One great river, the Axios, modern Vardar, came down through the northern hills and traversed the plain. The Ludias was a lesser stream a little to the west. From the west, draining the mountain-locked plain of Elimeia, came the Haliacmon. Philip's ancestors from their old citadel at Ægæ, near the modern Vodena, had long ruled the plain, and various tribes in the highlands behind had recognized a more or less stable allegiance to their power. Such were the Elimiote of the Haliacmon valley, the Lyncestæ of the Erigon valley, and the Pæonians on the upper courses of the Axios. The congeries of tribes which made up this loosely jointed Macedonian state covered a territory, exclud-

ing Pæonia, about the size and shape of Connecticut and Rhode Island. The sea-coast in Philip's early days was occupied by a fringe of Greek settlements, and the early history of Macedonia is that of an inland state. Not until it acquired a sea-coast did it figure as an international quantity.

The people themselves were a plain, hardy, peasant population, preserving the older conditions of life and the older institutions of the kingship and the tribal organization—

much, indeed, as they appear in the society of Homer's times. Only among the Spartans, the Molossians, and the Macedonians, says Aristotle, had the form of the ancient kingship survived, and only among the Macedonians the full exercise of its prerogatives. The consolidation of the classes into a strong opposition, which in the other states had first, in the form of an aristocratic opposition, throttled the kingship, and later, in the form of a democratic opposition, throttled the aristocracy, was in Macedonia prevented by the predominance of pea-

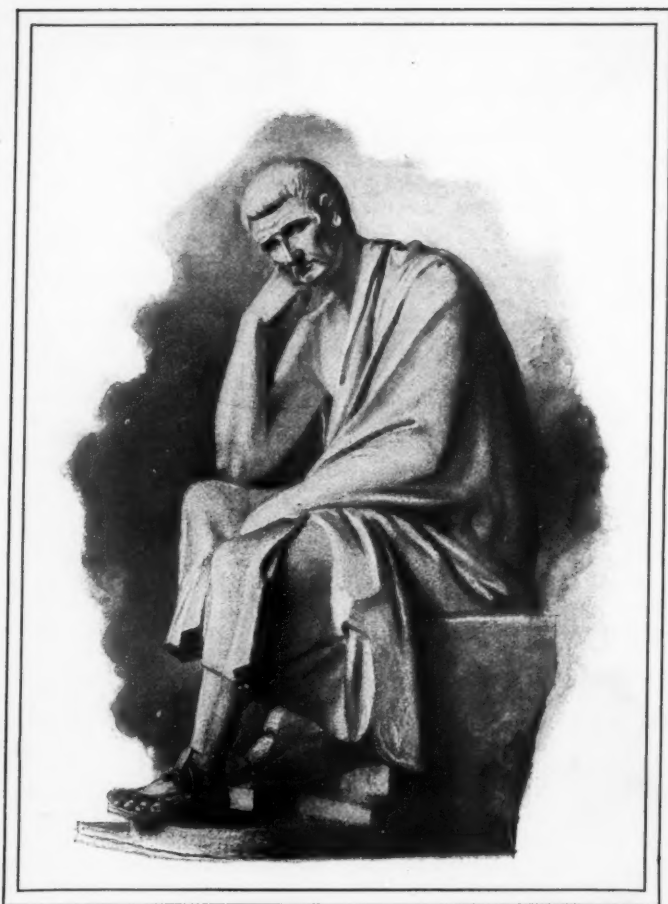
sant life and the persistence of tribal unity. The state consisted of tribes and clans, not divided into orders and classes. The kingship belonged always in one and the same family, but definite rules for the succession within the family seem not to have been fully established. Seniority alone was not enough to determine a selection among the princes. In the turmoils that almost certainly followed the death of a king, force, daring, and leadership often asserted, by a species of natural right, their superior claim.

The larger landed proprietors owed to the king a military allegiance as vassals and companions-at-arms, and constituted a body known as the *hetairoi* (companions); not unlike the *comitatus* of the early Germans. The army consisted entirely of the free landholding peasantry. Mercenaries were unknown. It was this force that the stern discipline and careful organization of Philip raised into the most terrible war-machine that ancient Greece had ever yet known, in firmness and energy the equal of the Spartan, in size, organization, and suppleness immeasurably its superior. That the Macedonians were Greek by race there can be no



THE NAPOLEON MEDAL COMMEMORATING THE BATTLE OF JENA.

It is clear by comparison with the reverse of the medal on the previous page that Napoleon's medalist borrowed from the Roman medals of Commodus and Constantine what the medalists of their day had taken from those of Alexander.



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

ARISTOTLE. AFTER THE STATUE IN THE SPADA PALACE, ROME.

longer any doubt. They were the northernmost fragments of the race left stranded behind the barriers of Olympus. They had not shared the historical experience of their kinsmen to the south, and had not been kneaded with the mass. If isolation from the Ægean had withheld them from progress in the arts of civilization, still they had kept the freshness and purity of the Northern blood better than those who had mixed with the primitive populations of Greece and were sinking the old fair-haired, blue-eyed type of the Northmen in the dark-haired type of the South. It is the experience of history that force and will must be continually replenished from the North, and the Macedonians were waiting only for their turn.

Their language, mere patois as it was, and

never used, so far as we know, in written form, has left evidences of its Greek character in stray words that have crept into the glossaries, and from soldiers' lips into the common speech. It is evident that the dialect was regarded as so base a patois that even when Macedon rose to world-power no attempt was made to elevate it into use as a literary language. The higher classes, presumably, all learned Attic Greek, much as the children in the Tyrol to-day are taught *Hochdeutsch*, which is to them a half-foreign tongue. Plutarch reports that Attic Greek was the medium of intercourse at Philip's court. Macedonian was, however, the common spoken language of the Macedonian soldiery. Thus Plutarch reports a scene in the camp before Eumenes's tent: "And

when they saw him, they saluted him in the Macedonian dialect, and took up their shields, and, striking them with their pikes, gave a great shout." That Alexander himself usually spoke Attic Greek may be inferred from the statement of Plutarch that when he did speak in Macedonian it was interpreted by his attendants as indicating unusual excitement or perturbation.

Rude people as the Macedonians were, we have no reason to think that the Greeks generally classed them as "barbarians." When Demosthenes seeks to arouse political antipathy against Philip by calling him and his people barbarians, we shall interpret his words as we do ante-election editorials, and not as a sober contribution to ethnology. Bitterest is his expression in a passage of the Third Philippic: "Philip—a man who not only is no Greek, and no way akin to the Greeks, but is not even a barbarian from a respectable country—no, a pestilent fellow of Macedon, a country from which we never get even a decent slave." If this tirade contains any basis of fact, it is that the Macedonians were rarely found in slavery, a testimony, on the one hand, to their own manliness, and, on the other, to their general recognition as Greeks. There is no evidence that Demosthenes's detestation of the Macedonians was commonly shared by his Athenian countrymen, though the two peoples surely had very little in common. In institutions, customs, and culture they represented the extreme contrast afforded within the limits of the Greek race.

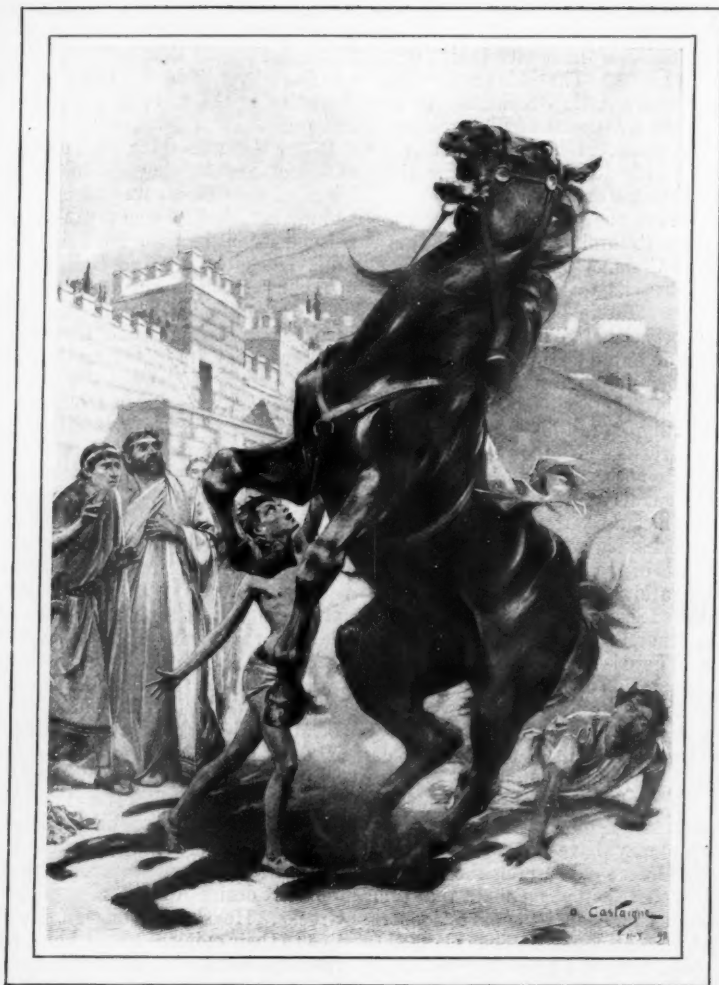
Whatever may have been the current opinions in Greece concerning the Macedonian people, there can be no doubt that their royal family had been for generations regarded with great respect. They claimed to be descended from the ancient royal family of Argos, a branch of which, tradition said, had in the early days of Grecian history taken refuge in the north. Though it is impossible for us to test the reliability of this tradition, or to determine whether the name borne by the family, the Argeadæ, is to be regarded as evidence to the truth of the tradition, or merely as the deceptive cause of its origin, certain it is that it was generally accepted among the Greeks, and had received the most decisive official verification from the highest Greek tribunal. When Alexander, a Macedonian king of the earlier part of the fifth century (498–454 B. C.), presented himself as a competitor at the Olympian games, Herodotus says that the other "competitors undertook to exclude him, say-

ing that barbarians had no right to enter the competition, but only Greeks. But when Alexander proved that he was an Argive, he was formally adjudged a Greek, and on participating in the race, he came off with the first prize."

It was this same king who, during the invasion of Xerxes, showed himself so firm a friend of the Greek cause as to win the title "Philhellene." The memory of his action on this occasion became an heirloom in his family. The espousal of Hellenic interests as against the power of Persia remained the policy and the ideal of his successors. It was left to his namesake, a century and a quarter after him, to realize the ideal in its fullest sense. However the other Greek states might vacillate in alternately opposing Persia or paying court to her, according to the momentary advantage, the Macedonian kings always remained firm in their hereditary aversion to the effeminate empire and civilization of the East; and in this we may find one of the strongest grounds of their popularity with the Greeks at large, as it surely also gave a certain moral basis for the claims of their ambition to lead the united force of Hellenism against the East.

Another family tradition that took its rise with Alexander the Philhellene, or perhaps even with his father, Amyntas (540–499), associated itself with the cultivation and patronage of the higher elements of Greek civilization. It was the natural tribute which the lesser pays the greater, but it was none the less a credit to have discerned the greater. Alexander's eagerness to participate in the Olympian games was part of a general desire to be recognized by the Greeks. He showed himself highly sensitive to their opinions about him. He sought the acquaintance and society of their eminent men, and brought it about that Pindar, then the first literary name of Greece, should celebrate his Olympian victories in verse.

The efforts to introduce Greek culture into Macedonian society, which began with Alexander the Philhellene, were continued under his successors. History gives us no connected account—only stray hints, but they are broad enough to follow. Greek settlers were welcomed. Men eminent in letters and in art were induced to visit the country and reside at court. Thus Alexander's immediate successor, Perdiccas II (454–413 B. C.), entertained at his court Melanippides, the dithyrambic poet of Melos, who was regarded as one of the foremost lyric composers of his day; and tradition,



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE TAMING OF BUCEPHALUS. (SEE PAGE 13.)

which was ever busy with the half-mythical career of Hippocrates, did not fail to report that the great physician had once been called to practise his art at the palace of the same king.

In the reign of the next king, Archelaus (413-399), the Philhellenist tendency, which had become almost a craze of imitation, reached its climax, and by developing a nationalist party drew after it a reaction. Archelaus sought to make his court a Weimar. Though Sophocles and Socrates declined his invitations, Euripides spent the last years of his life in Macedonia, dying

there in 406. The tragedian Agathon, the epic poet Chœrilus, the musician and poet Timotheus, and the artist Zeuxis all resided there for longer or shorter periods, finding under the hospitable roof of the king a welcome refuge from the turmoils that the long course of the Peloponnesian war was bringing to the Greek states. Great progress was made in all the arts and practices of peaceful civilized life. Thucydides says of Archelaus: "He built the fortresses now existing in the country, and built direct roads, and, among other things, regulated the military system with provision of horses, equipment,

and the like, doing more than all the eight kings before him put together."

Though the progress of the country toward civilization was seriously retarded by the ten years of anarchy that followed this reign, and the various wars that intervened to disturb the succeeding reigns of Amyntas (389-369 B. C.), Alexander II (369-368), Ptolemæus (368-365), and Perdikkas III (365-359), the trend of events was ever toward bringing the country into closer, though often hostile, contact with central Greece.

It was an occurrence of no slight significance for the history of the land which he was afterward to rule when Philip, the son of Amyntas, was held three years (368-365) a hostage at Thebes—at a time, too, when Thebes, at the height of its political importance, was the leading military power of the day, and the home of Epaminondas, the greatest leader and military strategist that Greece had yet produced. The tendency of Macedonian politics for a century and a half before Philip had followed, as we have seen, the twofold inclination of the kings, first, to raise Macedonia to the rank of a Greek state and secure it participation in Hellenic affairs and Hellenic culture, and, second, to antagonize orientalism as expressed in the power of Persia. With Philip the course of events brought it about that these two inclinations naturally blended into one. After a peculiar combination of occurrences in the year 352 had given him a foothold in Thessaly and made him a party to the controversies of central Greece, he saw his way to a larger ambition, which combined all the ambitions of his predecessors, and more than fulfilled them. He and his people should become Greek in *leading* Greece, and in leading it against the *East*.

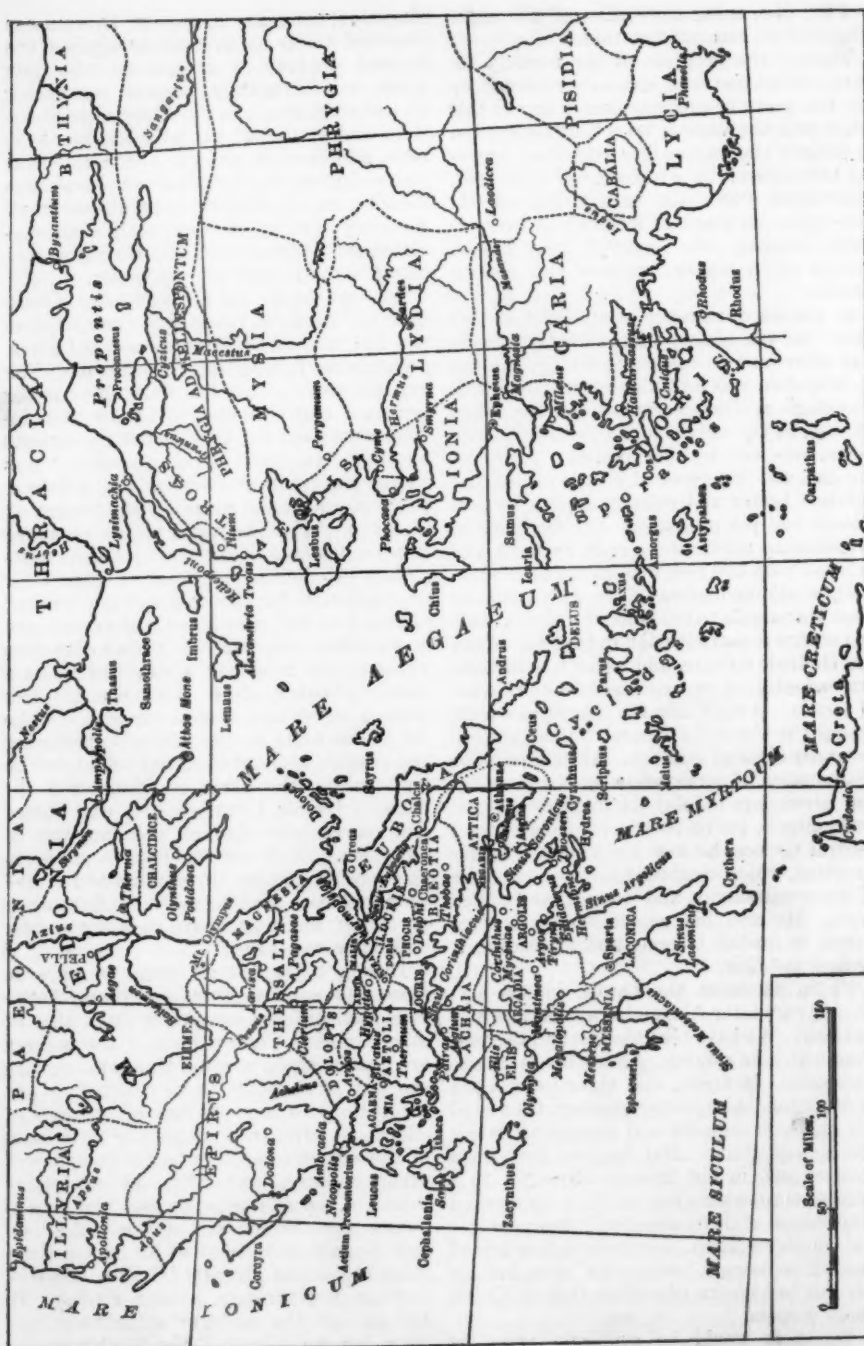
Philip ascended the throne in 359 B. C. Three years later Alexander was born prince and heir. We have seen the soil and the root from which he sprang. All his life is true to its source. In fresh, wild vigor he is a son of Macedon, in impulsive idealism the son of Olympias, in sagacity and organizing talent the son of Philip. But he was born to a throne, and, in his father's foresight, to a greater throne than that of little landlocked Macedonia, with its shepherds and peasants and country squires. Philip doubtless prided himself on being a "self-made" man; but his boy was to have an education that no Greek could despise.

While it would be evidently amiss in estimating the influence of Alexander's

education upon his character to compare inherited traits as subtrahend against the finished product as a minuend, the data which we fortunately possess concerning his early training, and our knowledge of the ideas and system of his later teacher Aristotle, afford, when combined with the clear picture history has left us of our hero's personality, an opportunity unparalleled in all the story of olden time of seeing what education can do for a man. Let the plain story of his boyhood yield its own lesson.

As was usual in all well-to-do Greek families, Alexander was first committed to the care of a nurse. Her name was Lanice, probably the familiar form of Hellanice. The first six years of his life were spent under her care, and a feeling of attachment developed toward her that lasted throughout his life. "He loved her as a mother," says an ancient writer. One of her children, Proteas, whom she nursed and brought up in company with the young prince, remained in after life one of his most intimate associates. All her sons afterward gave their lives in battle for him, and her one brother, Clitus, who was also a faithful friend, and at Granicus rescued him from death, was killed by his hand in a pitiful quarrel at a drinking-bout, a deed which brought him instant regret and fearful remorse. As he lay in his tears on the bed of repentance, the graphic account of Arrian tells how "he kept calling the name of Clitus, and the name of Lanice, Clitus's sister, who nursed and reared him—Lanice, the daughter of Dropides. 'Fair return I have made in manhood's years for thy nurture and care—thou who hast seen thy sons die fighting in my behalf; and now I have slain thy brother with mine own hand!'"

During these first six years we have no reason to suppose that our young hero's education differed essentially from that of other Greeks. The methods of the nursery are usually those of plain tradition, and are the last strongholds to be reached by the innovations of any newfangled systems of education. He grew up in the retirement of the women's quarters, in the company of other children, and with the customary solace of top and hoop, puppet and riding-horse, cradle-songs and nurses' tales. Of men he saw little, least of all during those militant years of his father, Philip. He was, through and through, a mother's boy. To her he had the stronger attachment, and from her he inherited the predominating traits of his spiritual character.



MAP OF ANCIENT GREECE AND ASIA MINOR.

With the beginning of his seventh year a Greek boy of the better class was usually intrusted to the care of a special male servant, called the *paidagogos*, or pedagogue. He was usually a slave, not necessarily one of much education, but a trustworthy, respectable, and generally elderly person, capable of teaching boys their "manners" and keeping them out of mischief. He accompanied the boy wherever he went, attended him to school, carrying his cither, or little harp, his books, tablets, etc., and remained there in waiting until the school-master, the *didaskalos*, was through with him. In Alexander's case more than this was done. The general oversight of his education was intrusted to a man of distinction and royal birth, one Leonidas, a relative of Alexander's mother, who, though he did not spurn the title "pedagogue" in so good a cause, was properly known as "educator" or "professor." He was, in reality, what we should call the prince's tutor. The position of pedagogue proper was held by an Acharnian named Lysimachus, a man whose witless mediocrity has been rescued from total oblivion by one happy "classical allusion." "Because," says Plutarch, "he named himself Phoenix, and Alexander Achilles, and Philip Peleus, he was esteemed and held the second rank [i. e., among the educators of Alexander]."

Leonidas was essentially a harsh, stern disciplinarian. Alexander received under his tutelage an excellent physical education, and was trained to endure hardships and privations, and to abhor luxury. A passage in Plutarch's life of Alexander is in point here: "He was extremely temperate in eating and drinking, as is particularly well illustrated by what he said to Ada—the one whom he dignified with the title 'mother,' and established as Queen of Caria. She, as a friendly attention, used, it seems, to send him daily not only all sorts of meats and cakes, but went so far, finally, as to send him the cleverest cooks and bakers she could find. These, however, Alexander said he had no use for. Better cooks he had already—those which his pedagogue Leonidas had given him; namely, as breakfast-cook one named All-night-tramp, and as a dinner-cook one Light-weight-breakfast. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'that man Leonidas would go and unlock my chests where I kept my blankets and clothes, and look in them to see that my mother had not given me anything that I did not really need, or that conduced to luxury and indulgence.'" Another reference to Leoni-

das (Plutarch, chap. xxv) harmonizes reasonably with the foregoing. It again represents the tutor as a rigid inspector of details, and gives to his sternness a complementary shade of the petty economical. This is the story: "As he [Alexander] was sending off to Olympias and Cleopatra and his friends great quantities of the booty he had taken [from the sack of Gaza], he sent along with it, for his pedagogue Leonidas, five hundred talents of frankincense and a hundred talents of myrrh, in memory of a boyish dream of his youth. For it so happened once at a sacrifice that, as Alexander seized both hands full of the incense and threw it upon the fire, Leonidas called to him, and said: 'Sometime, if you get to be master of the land of spices, you can throw incense on lavishly like this, but for the present be economical in the use of what you have.' So now Alexander took the occasion to write to him: 'We send you frankincense and myrrh in abundance, so that you may make an end of economizing with the gods.'"

We may do the old tutor an injustice in attributing to him, on the basis of this incident alone, anything like smallness or meanness in character. The tendency of Alexander was naturally toward lavishness and recklessness. Leonidas sought, doubtless, to check this, and was remembered most distinctly by his former pupil in his favorite rôle of brackman. And yet Leonidas cannot escape wholly the charge, which later opinion laid at his doors, of having carried his severity and martinism too far, and of being thus in some measure responsible for certain faults, particularly of harshness, imperiousness, and arbitrariness, which showed themselves later in the bearing and temper of his pupil. Philip early recognized that a character of such strength as Alexander's was not to be controlled and trained in the school of arbitrary authority. He needed guidance, and not authority. He must be convinced and led, not driven. Thus Plutarch says: "Philip recognized that while his was a nature hard to move when once he had set himself to resist, he could yet be easily led by reason to do what was right. So he always himself tried to influence him by argument rather than command, and as he was unwilling to intrust the direction and training of his son to the teachers of music and the culture-studies, considering this to be a task of extraordinary importance and difficulty, or, as Sophocles has it, 'a job at once for many a bit and many a helm,' he sent for Aristotle, the most famous and learned of the philoso-

phers, to come to him." It does not by any means necessarily follow, from what Plutarch says, that Leonidas was dispossessed of his position as supervisor of the prince's education by the coming of Aristotle. He probably remained in at least nominal control, but it is certainly to be inferred from all that we hear about the later course of training that the all-important personal factor in it was Aristotle. The pedagogue proper, *i. e.*, Lysimachus, undoubtedly continued to act in the function of personal attendant, and we hear of him as still in the company of Alexander during the campaign in Syria, and when the latter was over twenty-three years old. The story which Plutarch tells about him in the "Vita" illustrates not only his amiable eccentricity of temper, but also, at the same time, the tenderness, generosity, and unselfish loyalty to friendship which were such marked features in Alexander's character. "During the progress of the siege of Tyre, on a foray-expedition which he made against the Arabs dwelling by Antilibanon, he came into great danger through his pedagogue Lysimachus. Lysimachus, namely, had insisted on following him everywhere, claiming that he was no less fit and no older than Homer's Phoenix. When now, on entering the mountain regions, they were obliged to leave their horses and go afoot, Lysimachus became exhausted and was unable to advance. The rest of the company was far in advance, but Alexander could not bring himself to leave his old friend there alone, with the night coming down and the enemy close at hand. So he stayed by him, and kept cheering him on and trying to help him forward, until, without its being noticed, he, with a few attendants, became separated from the army, and found himself obliged to bivouac there in the darkness and the bitter cold, and that, too, in a grimly disagreeable and dangerous position. After a while he descried at some distance from him various scattered campfires of the enemy. Relying upon his fleetness of foot, and with his usual fondness for encouraging his people by personal participation in toil and peril, he made a dash against the company at the nearest watch-fire. Two barbarians who were sitting there by the fire he despatched with his knife, and then, seizing a firebrand, made off with it to his own people. Then they built a great fire, so that some of the enemy were frightened and fled. Others who essayed to attack them they repulsed. Thus they spent the night in safety. This is the story as Chares tells it."

To return now to the boy Alexander. We

have good reason to justify the opinion of his father, Philip, that the training of such a fellow demanded the best coöperative steering endeavors of "many a bit and many a helm." He was not at all what is ordinarily called the "bad boy"—rather the contrary. But he was restless, energetic, fearless, headstrong, and self-willed, though his self-will was that of an intelligent, inventive independence, rather than pure stubbornness. The famous story of the taming of Bucephalus contains a full body of doctrine on this subject, and, as its accord with later developments in the character of Alexander is too unmistakable to admit of any doubt as to its authenticity, we give it in full as Plutarch tells it. From the context in which the narrative appears, we infer with reasonable certainty that Alexander at the time was about twelve years old.

"Philonicus of Thessaly had offered to sell Philip his horse Bucephalus for thirteen talents. So they all went down into the plain to try the animal. He proved, however, to be balky and utterly useless. He would let no one mount him, and none of the attendants of Philip could make him hear to him, but he violently resisted them all. Philip, in his disgust, ordered the horse led away as being utterly wild and untrained. Whereat, Alexander, who was present, said: 'That is too good a horse for those men to spoil that way, simply because they have n't the skill or the grit to handle him right.' At first Philip paid no attention to him, but as he kept insisting on being heard and seemed greatly disturbed about the matter, his father said to him: 'What do you mean by criticizing your elders, as if you were wiser than they, or knew so much more about handling a horse than they do?' 'Well, this horse, anyway, I would handle better than any one else, if they would give me a chance.' 'In case you don't succeed,' rejoined his father, 'what penalty are you willing to pay for your freshness?' 'I'll pay, by Jove, the price of the horse!' Laughter greeted this answer, but after some bantering with his father about the money arrangements, he went straight to the horse, took him by the bridle, and turned him around toward the sun. This he did on the theory that the horse's fright was due to seeing his own shadow dance up and down on the ground before him. He then ran along by his side awhile, patting and coaxing him, until, after a while, seeing he was full of fire and spirit and impatient to go, he quietly threw off his coat, and swinging himself up, sat securely

astride the horse. Then he guided him about for a while with the reins, without striking him or jerking at the bit. When now he saw that the horse was getting over his nervousness and was eager to gallop ahead, he let him go, driving him on with a sterner voice and with kicks of his foot. In the group of onlookers about Philip there prevailed, from the first, the silence of intensely anxious concern. But when the boy turned the horse and came galloping up to them with pride and joy in his face, they all burst out into a cheer. His father, they say, shed tears for very joy, and, as he dismounted, kissed him on the head, and said: 'My son, seek thee a kingdom suited to thy powers; Macedonia is too strait for thee.'

Bucephalus became from this time the property and the inseparable companion of Alexander. He accompanied him on his campaigns, "sharing many toils and dangers with him," and was generally the horse ridden by him in battle. No one else was ever allowed to mount him, as Arrian says, "because he deemed all other riders unworthy." He is reported to have been a magnificent black charger of extraordinary size, and to have been marked with a white spot on the forehead.

From boyhood on, nothing is more characteristic of Alexander than his restless passion for reshaping and subduing. He bore no marks of indolence of will. Action was almost a mania with him. A naïve remark of his boyhood shows how the child was father of the man. "Whenever news was brought of Philip's victories, the capture of a city or the winning of some great battle, he never seemed greatly rejoiced to hear it; on the contrary, he used to say to his playfellows: 'Father will get everything in advance, boys; he won't leave any great task for me to share with you.' . . . He deliberately preferred as his inheritance, not treasures, but luxury and pleasures, but toils, wars, and ambitions."

By nature he was fervently passionate and impulsive, and it was only a magnificent force of will that enabled him to hold rein upon his passions. The struggle for self-control began in his boyhood. "Even in boyhood," the ancient biographer says, "he showed a tendency to moderation and self-control, in that, though naturally violent and easily awayed by passion, he was not readily inflamed in the enjoyment of bodily pleasures, and handled them mildly." Self-subduing was only a manifestation of the supreme passion for bringing his environment under

the control of his personality; he merely treated self as part of his environment. Appetites fared with him much as Bucephalus did.

This greed of achieving early showed, however, its bent toward things political. "He had not," Plutarch says, "like his father, Philip, an indiscriminating fondness for all kinds of fame. Thus Philip, for instance, used to plume himself on his cleverness in oratory, as much as if he had been a professional rhetorician, and his chariot-race victories he commemorated on his coins. Alexander, however, when his companions were trying to find out whether he would be willing to compete in the foot-race at Olympia, for he was swift of foot, said: 'Yes, certainly, if I can have kings as antagonists.'" We should do Alexander great injustice if we interpreted this remark as monarchical snobbishness. Alexander, our author implies, was no lover of fame in itself and for its own sake. The winning of a foot-race, for instance, would have little value for him, except he could win it from a prince, *i. e.*, except as the victory could take on a political color and assume a political meaning. Not that he felt it unbecoming to his station or beneath his dignity to contend with common men, but that a mere athletic victory would be to him only a sham victory, a meaningless achievement. This interpretation of our passage is supported not only by the context, but by all that we know else of the boy's character.

It is in harmony with this earnestness of purpose, and the tendency of his ambition to concentrate itself upon a single aim, that we find him, while yet a stripling, profoundly interested, with a naïvely boyish seriousness, in everything which concerned the imperial dreams and plans of his house. Once when, in his father's absence, a body of special ambassadors from the Persian Shah came to the capital, he is said to have attracted much remark by the skill with which he entertained them, and by the sober craft with which he exploited the opportunity of their presence. He showed them such distinguished attention and kindness that he directly placed himself upon a confidential footing with them. The questions he asked them were, to their surprise, not about trifling topics such as a boy would be expected to be interested in, but "about the length of the roads, and the methods of inland travel; about the Shah, and what sort of a man he was in a military way; how strong the Persian army was, and what constituted the strength of

their empire. With such queries, as well as such demeanor, he so aroused their admiration that they came to think that, after all, the cleverness of Philip, about which they had heard so much, counted but little in comparison with the energy and the nobility of purpose they discovered in his son."

Alexander was between twelve and thirteen years of age when Aristotle, then a man of forty, or one-and-forty, took him in hand. Aristotle's birthplace, Stagira, was in Thrace, very near Macedonian soil, and his father, Nicomachus, had been the court physician of Amyntas, Alexander's grandfather. His birth outside the pale of old Greece spared him the curse of provincialism, and made him the natural teacher of the one in whom the barriers of the old provincialism were to come to naught. It was indeed a most significant fate that brought the two in this relation together. In the words of Zell: "The one had the power and the call to master and rule the world. The other had discovered and subjugated a new world for the human mind and for science."

As a seat for Aristotle's school, the city of Mieza, in the Macedonian province of Emathia, southwest of the capital city Pella, near the boundaries of Thessaly, was selected; and there in the Grove of the Nymphs, hard by the town, the place where he taught, with its great chair of stone on which the master sat, and the shady paths in which he was wont, as in later years in the *peripatoi* of the Lyceum at Athens, to walk with his pupils, was shown as a "chief attraction" to visitors even in the days of Plutarch, five centuries later.

Aristotle remained here in all about eight years, *i. e.*, from 344-343 to 335. Shortly after Alexander ascended the throne (336), Aristotle removed to Athens, and there, more or less aided by the favoring current of Macedonianism, established his famous school in the Lyceum, in the eastern suburbs of Athens. Of his eight years in Macedonia not more than four could have been given to the immediate personal instruction of the prince; from his seventeenth year on, Alexander became too much absorbed in military and political interests to admit of exclusive attention to study, but no particular date prior to 336 marked an abrupt cessation of his relations to his tutor. In these years the bent of his moral and intellectual life was set. To his father, he said, he owed his life; to Aristotle, the knowledge of how to live worthily.

Aristotle, though a valiant champion of

individualism in education, was a strong believer in the education of character to be attained through personal association. The cultivation of noble friendships among the young he held to be a most potent means of forming in them cleanliness and healthiness of character. Hence a group of young men, mostly noblemen's sons, was assembled to share with Alexander the school at Mieza. The great staple of the elementary education was evidently what we should to-day call a "thorough schooling in Shakspeare and the English Bible." Alexander's literary training we should certainly not expect to be neglected in the hands of the author of the "Poetics." It evidently was not, as his later interest in literature, and particularly his enthusiasm for Homer, shows. Among the books sent him to relieve the tedium of the long campaign in the literary desert of Bactria were the tragedies of Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschylus, and the dithyrambs of Telestes and Philoxenus. But Homer was always his chief delight. The Iliad was the "vade-mecum of soldierly spirit," *i. e.*, the soldier's Bible, and a copy of it was always placed under his pillow along with his sword. Achilles, the young champion of the West against the East, he loved to claim as his prototype, and when he paid honors to the hero's tomb, near Troy, he pronounced him "happy that in life he had found a faithful friend, Patroclus, and in death a mighty herald."

Probably we have in the "Poetics" a fair sample of some of the lectures that Alexander was likely to have heard in connection with his study of Homer and the tragedians. It appears from this that it was the esthetic or artistic side, rather than the moral or ethical, which Aristotle emphasized, and grammar we know he taught, not as an end in itself, but as a means to the interpretation solely. Neither emotional warmth nor a high degree of personal attractiveness or magnetism was to be expected of the matter-of-fact and rather cold-blooded savant-philosopher. He never had the reputation of being a very agreeable man: but he was in his best years; he was far in advance of the best learning of his days; he was thinking and constructing for himself; and he could not well help conveying to his pupils, however chilling his manner, an impression of that most genuine of all enthusiasms—that which attends the formation of new ideas and the uncovering of new truths. We cannot be sure how far Dion Chrysostomus may have relied on his imagination for his facts, but he cannot have

been far out of the way when, in his second essay "On the Kingship," he represents Philip, at the conclusion of his conversation with his son, as exclaiming, in admiration at what he had heard: "Verily not in vain have we honored Aristotle, and have allowed him to rebuild his native town; for a man is deserving of highest reward who has given thee such doctrine concerning the duties and functions of kings, be it that he gave this through the interpretation of Homer, or in any other way."

Among the special subjects of study in the school of Mieza, natural history certainly formed a part, as we may judge not only from the interests of the great author of the "Animal History," but from the later interests of Alexander, who at one time contributed eight hundred talents to forward his former teacher's investigations in zoölogy, placed at his disposal a thousand men throughout Asia and Greece, with instructions to follow out Aristotle's directions in collecting and reporting details concerning the life-conditions and habits of animals, and in every way made his campaigns serve the purposes of scientific investigation.

Alexander in later life, we find, had some repute as a medicine-man, and Plutarch gives Aristotle credit for it. The possession of some medical and therapeutic knowledge was an almost inevitable consequence of Aristotle's instruction, and the distinction of having studied under him naturally endowed one, like an old-fashioned college diploma, with universal learned right of way.

The influence of the teacher's philosophical teaching showed itself most markedly in the joint field of ethics and politics, for these are in Aristotle but two phases of one subject. Not that Alexander adopted his master's formal views on statecraft and government; his political experience in a new and a larger political world than even Aristotle had dreamed of made that impossible: but his career throughout is that of a practically trained philosophic mind—of an educated man, a man of ideas, guided by rational considerations. What he learned from his teacher concerning virtue was that it rested on deliberate choices conforming to temperance and good sense. We cannot expect his conduct to show that his education abolished natural impulses. He was a strong personality. Passions, impulses, ambitions, will, were all, in him, at the highest tension. All the more distinctly in the record of his actions does the philosophic Alexander stand out in relief against the natural Alexander. The

philosophic strand that runs through his life marks its presence in the breadth of his sympathies, in the wider scope and higher purpose of his plans, as well as in his noble aversion to every form of pettiness and meanness, his efforts toward moderation and self-control, and his quickened moral sensitiveness. Judged by the finest test of self-control, his treatment of woman and his attitude toward sexual morality, he was in advance of the best of his day. A statement we have from Plutarch seems also to imply that some metaphysics, and perhaps theology, was not excluded from the pupil's curriculum: "There can be no doubt that Alexander enjoyed the benefit not only of Aristotle's instruction in ethics and politics, but also in the secret and more profound branches of science which the teachers call acroamatic (esoteric) and epoptic (for initiates only), and which they do not communicate to the ordinary pupil. For after Alexander had gone abroad, on learning that Aristotle had published in book form certain treatises on these subjects, he wrote him a letter in philosophy's behalf, blaming him outright for the course he had taken. This is the text of the letter: 'Alexander to Aristotle, Greeting. You did wrong in publishing the acroamatic doctrines. In what shall we differ from others if the doctrines in which we were trained shall become the common property of everybody? I, for my part, had rather excel men by possession of the higher learning than by the possession of power and dominion. Farewell.'" Though our hero's naïveté presents him to us here as one of the earliest opponents of university extension, we cannot deny a certain grateful admiration for a man of affairs, and a stripling at that, whose academic enthusiasm was centered in something other than athletics.

Alexander had his first experience in public affairs in the year 340. In the summer of that year Philip set out on a famous enterprise, the attack on Byzantium, and left his sixteen-year-old son, as Plutarch puts it, "in charge of affairs and of the seal." The son, it appears, made a better summer of it than his father; for while Philip utterly failed of his purpose, and, what is more, drew a war with Athens down upon his head, Alexander, not wrapping his seal in a napkin, tried his hand at disciplining the insubordination of a restless mountain tribe on the Upper Strymon. He did it thoroughly. He took their chief town by storm, drove out the inhabitants, replaced them by loyalists, and named the place, after himself, Alexandropolis.

The year of our hero's initiation into practical affairs was a most critical one in international politics. In order to start fairly with him, we must review the political situation as it was when he first became a factor in it. The peace of Philocrates, concluded June, 346, ended for the time Philip's struggle with Athens, and removed an important and long-standing check upon his activity. In July he passed Thermopylæ, ended the Sacred War, and occupied Phocis. In August he was made a member of the Amphictyonic Council. In September he presided over the Pythian games. His claim to recognition as a Greek was no longer slight, seeing that he was now master of Delphi, the national sanctuary, held a seat in the most important state council, and had been arbiter at the national games. His influence steadily grew, and the sphere of his activity rapidly widened. Up in the north, where now are Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Herzegovina, the force of his arms was felt. Thessaly, to the south, became his political ally. The issue of Macedon and anti-Macedon crept into the politics of all the Greek cities. In Athens it had been since the peace of 346 the issue on which the party lines were drawn. The old conservative party, which during the Peloponnesian war had opposed the imperial or war policy of Pericles and Cleon, and, in consequence, had borne the odium of pro-Spartan tendencies, still held to its old platform of domesticity,—a city government for city interests,—and preferred a friendly acceptance of Philip's leadership in the military and imperial affairs of Greece to a policy of imperial self-assertion or aggression, for which, it reasonably argued, the institutions of its city-state were not suited or intended. Though representing in general the more settled and respectable elements of the population, the conservative party had again to bear the odium of non-patriotism and even of treason, and was called the Macedonian party. The liberal party, with Demosthenes at its head, succeeding to the traditions of Pericles, was the party—according to the point of view—of patriotism, or of Jingoism. From 342 on it was in full control of the state.

Steadily the Macedonian influence spread among the Greek cities, not by outward aggression, but by silent methods such as mark the onward flow of Russia's influence to-day in central Asia. In 345-344 Argos and Messene turned to Philip as an offset against Sparta's political aggressions. De-

mosthenes's Second Philippic is an echo of the conflict. The next year Epirus was absorbed. In Elis the Macedonian party gained the day. In Megara it barely failed. In 342 two of the leading cities of Eubœa, Oreus and Eretria, came under the control of political leaders, or "bosses," friendly to Philip.

In the summer of 342 Philip pushed his arms to the east through Thrace, and in the following year carried his conquests to the shores of the Black Sea and as far north as the modern Varna. Nothing separated him now from his goal, the Bosphorus,—goal of conquerors ever since,—except Byzantium and the colonies that lined the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles. If he succeeded here, two supreme results were achieved: his route to Asia would be opened; Athens would be cut off from her food-supply in southern Russia, and robbed of one of her chief grounds for political importance, the control of the Chersonese. In 340 he laid siege to Perinthus and Byzantium, and war with Athens was begun. It was the war that ended two years later at Chæronea.

Philip would gladly have avoided war with Athens. His aim was the leadership of consolidated Greece against Persia. He wanted the coöperation of Athens as well as others, and he would have welcomed her as an ally. The concessions he offered to make to Athens in the affair of the Halonnesus show clearly his desire, even though we hear of his proposals only through the medium of Hegesippus's speech, delivered in the interest of rejecting them. Philip sought in and for itself no infringement upon the liberties of the Greek towns in things pertaining to their internal affairs; but his policy did mean that he was to be dominant in all matters pertaining to the relation of the towns to the outside world.

This the party of Demosthenes, and in consequence Athens, would not tolerate. It meant the merging of Athens in a governmental "trust," and that, Demosthenes was determined, should not be peacefully conceded. He was bent on war, for peace meant the ultimate success of Philip's plan. But so did unsuccessful war. Yet it is well that Athens fought. We know that the cause,—i. e., Greek particularism, as well as the war in its behalf,—was from the start hopeless, but we rejoice that the fight was fought, and that Athens did not suffer Greece to relinquish without a struggle that which had made her to be Greece.

During the year 339, as well as 340, Alex-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALIVARI.

ANTIQUE SCULPTURE IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE, CALLED "THE DYING ALEXANDER."

ander probably remained at home, in charge of the government. His father was occupied before Byzantium and in the Chersonese the greater part of the year. History, at any rate, has nothing to tell of Alexander until his appearance in the battle of Chæronea (338). Here he made himself a name for his bravery, and won from Philip the highest approval. Plutarch says that "this bravery made Philip so delighted with him that he even took pleasure in hearing the Macedonians say, 'Alexander is the king, Philip the general,'"—a thing they were very apt to say, seeing that for the two previous years Philip had been almost constantly away from home,

and Alexander had been the regent. Four or five centuries after the battle, travelers were still shown, as a reminiscence of Alexander's participation in it, an old oak standing out in the plain north of the battle-field, under which, tradition said, his tent had been pitched.

The battle had resulted in a most decisive victory for Philip. Thebes and Athens, with their Corinthian and Achæan allies, who had been arrayed against him, were the only states in Greece remaining hostile to him that had been able to express their opposition in terms of armies. These armies were now utterly crushed. Thebes made no further



**TYRIAN HERCULES, AN ETRUSCAN STATUETTE IN THE CABINET DES
MÉDAILLES, BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS.**

**This type of Hercules wearing the lion's scalp, unfamiliar to early Greek art, was familiar to Thasos, the
Ægean island, near Macedonia, in the fifth century B.C., through old Phœnician
colonization, and thence penetrated Macedonia.**

attempt at defense, but gave herself over to the mercy of the king. And scant mercy it was! Thebes had played him false and betrayed him. Therefore his feeling toward her was radically different from that toward Athens, which had cordially and consistently hated him. Thebes he proceeded to chastise thoroughly. He took from her the control of other Boeotian towns, set a garrison in the citadel, called back the Macedonian sympa-

most extreme and dangerous one—was made to arm the slaves of the silver-mines, as well as the free alien residents, thus securing an additional force of one hundred and fifty thousand men. Many gave of their substance as free-will offering to the state. Stringent laws forbade any one to flee the city; to do so was treason. All capable of bearing arms were enrolled in the army; all others became laborers on the public works, according as



ALEXANDER THE GREAT AS HERCULES, ONE OF THE GOLD MEDALLIONS OF TARSUS.

The reverse is the same as the medallion on page 4, which see. The obverse shows Alexander as a descendant of Hercules, wearing the lion's scalp. The Hercules figuring on the silver coins of Alexander as his ancestor is of the same type as this Tarsus medallion and the Tyrian Hercules (see previous page). In many specimens the resemblance to Alexander is marked; and the "Alexandre d'argent," so to speak, of Ptolemy, on which Alexander's head wears an elephant's scalp, is good evidence, in default of trustworthy literary tradition, that Alexander's contemporaries regarded the lion's-scalp profile of his own coins as the king's profile; in fact, the Sidon sarcophagus confirms the ancient tradition that Macedonian kings wore the lion's scalp as a badge of their house and office. The lion's-scalp profile of the gold medallion of Tarsus would seem to confirm the portrait theory in regard to the silver coins.

Magical virtues were ascribed to Alexander's portrait in the days of the Roman emperors. The presence of the medallion of Alexander Severus with the Philip (see page 24) and Alexander medallions would seem to indicate that the Roman emperor had given them, in reward for services, to the person in whose grave they were found at Tarsus. These invaluable medallions would appear to be older than the reign of Severus, but the script shows them to be later than Alexander himself.

thizers who had been banished, made them the government, and condemned to death leaders who had been responsible for the city's action in forming the alliance with Athens.

Toward Athens, on the other hand, he showed a mildness of temper that seems to have been to the Athenians as great a surprise as it was agreeable. The first dismay at the tidings of the battle had been followed by a resolute determination to defend the city to the utmost. It was the resolution of desperation. The women and children were brought from the country districts within the shelter of the walls. Frontier guards were posted. An army of home defense was organized. Money was raised. Demosthenes was sent abroad to secure supplies of corn, in prospect of a siege. The proposition—a

the authorities might direct. The walls were repaired, and new fortifications constructed. The energy of the work is echoed in the words of Lycurgus: "In those hours no age held itself aloof from the service of the state. It was a time when the earth contributed its trees, the dead their tombs, the temples their stores of dedicated armor. Some toiled in restoring the walls; some dug in the trenches; some were building palisades. There was no one idle in the city."¹

The Athenians were, however, entirely astray regarding Philip's purposes. He did not purpose to spend months and years in besieging a city whose cordial coöperation, and not whose destruction, he ultimately sought. Through the orator Demades, who happened to be among the captives, he found

¹ Oration against Leocrates, sec. 44.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

PHILIP ASSASSINATED IN THE PROCESSION TO THE THEATER.
(SEE PAGE 24.)

a convenient way of intimating to the Athenians their mistake. The result was an embassy to Philip, composed of Demades, Phocion, and Æschines, all representatives of the Tory-Macedonian party. This Demades was the one who had rebuked the king as, in his drunken revel of triumph on the night of the battle, he lowered himself to jeer his captives. "King, fate hath assigned thee the rôle of Agamemnon, but thou doest the deeds of Thersites."

Philip received the ambassadors graciously. He agreed to release the Athenian captives without ransom, and to send to Athens the bodies of the dead, to be buried in their native soil. The terms of peace were proposed by a commission which he sent later to Athens, consisting of no less important persons than the son Alexander and the favorite general and counselor Antipater. This commission arranged with the Athenians the following terms: Athens was to remain, so far as its internal affairs were concerned, entirely autonomous and free. No Macedonian army was to enter its territory, no Macedonian ship to enter its harbors. It was to be an ally of Philip. The parish of Oropus, on the northeastern boundary of Attica, which it had always claimed, but which of late had belonged to Thebes, was to be added to its territory. On the other hand, it relinquished its monopoly of protecting commerce in the Ægean, and retained of its island possessions only Samos and Delos, Lemnos and Imbros. Its naval hegemony and Ægean empire were thus at an end. Furthermore, the clause which stated, in diplomatic phraseology, that "if the Athenians wish, it shall be permitted them to participate in the general peace and in the National Council which the king proposes to create," thinly veiled the plain fact that the state was to be henceforth a member of a confederacy led and governed by Philip.

These terms were accepted by the Athenians, in the reaction from their first fright, with little short of enthusiasm. The treaty was also most satisfactory from the Macedonian point of view. It must, indeed, be regarded as fair to both parties, for it expressed reasonably the actual facts of the situation.

Alexander's first diplomatic work had been an eminent success. It gave a presage of the success which was, throughout his career, to attend his efforts in procuring accord and coöperation between diverse nationalities. But it was more than a presage: its success was based upon a principle which reappears

as conditioning his later dealings with conquered peoples. By generosity in little and relatively unessential things, he made willing subjects and achieved his great essential purposes. We are not informed precisely what part Alexander bore in framing the terms of the peace, but we are inclined, from their character, to infer that it was no unimportant part. In the events of this period we seem to mark a transition from the canny cleverness of Philip to the imperial generosity of Alexander.

Toward the end of the year (338) the Hellenic Congress, assembled at Corinth, gave shape and formal organization to the new empire. Interstate peace and freedom of commerce constituted its basis. Each state was freely to conduct its own local government, and to pay no tribute. Existing forms of government in the several states were to remain undisturbed. No Greek, even as a mercenary, was to bear arms against Philip. For executing the purposes of the compact was created a National Council (*synedrion*), to be held at Corinth. The Amphictyonic Council was appointed to serve as the supreme judicial tribunal of the league. The quota of troops and ships to be furnished by each state for the army and navy of the league was definitely fixed, and Philip was made commander-in-chief of the whole, with the special and immediate purpose of conducting against the Persians a war of reprisal for the desecrated sanctuaries of Hellenic gods.

Macedonian garrisons occupied the two great strategic points, Chalcis and the citadel of Corinth, besides Ambracia and Thebes. All the states of Greece proper, except Sparta, participated in the compact. Sparta's refusal was mere helpless stubbornness. Girt about by strong states controlling all the passes into the Eurotas valley, and robbed of all her strength, she no longer weighed in interstate affairs. Philip's work, so far as international history is concerned, was now virtually complete. He had, with a political sagacity such as the world has rarely seen, combined the perversely individualistic elements of old Greece into a new coöperative body, and thereby created the *pou sto* from which Alexander was to move the world.

In the year following the battle there arose a bitter family quarrel, which seriously disturbed the hitherto kindly relations of Philip and his son, and for a time threatened the peace of the kingdom. It originated in jealousies consequent upon Philip's new ventures in wedlock as well as love. "The dis-



DRAWN BY HARRY FERN.

PLAIN ON WHICH WAS FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF CHÆRONEA.

temper of the harem," as Plutarch puts it, "communicated itself to the kingdom." We hardly require Plutarch's explanation that Olympias, Alexander's mother, was a "jealous, high-strung woman" to account for what followed; but it really would appear, from the account of Philip's attachments which we have in the extant fragments of Satyrus's "Life of Philip," that Olympias tolerated it all until it came to his proposed marriage with Cleopatra, "of whom he was passionately enamoured." It may be suspected that it was something more than the dynamics of Philip's ardor toward his new acquisition that stirred Olympias's wrath. Cleopatra was a Macedonian princess, niece of the influential Attalus, and there was a chauvinistic spirit abroad that threatened to unsettle Alexander's claim to the succession in the interest of a possible heir of pure Macedonian blood. Here was explosive material in abundance; only a spark was needed.

At the wedding-banquet, Attalus, heated with wine, had in his toast to the new pair called on all good Macedonians to pray that the union might be blessed with the birth of a genuine successor to the throne—this in allusion to the Macedonian origin of Cleo-

patra, in contrast to Olympias's Molottan birth. That was more than Alexander could be asked to tolerate. Hurling his beaker at Attalus's head, "You scoundrel," he cried, "what do you think I am? Am I a bastard?" Philip rose from his couch to interpose, and sprang against his son with drawn sword. But his cups and his fury were too much for him. He slipped and fell. Then came Alexander's fearful taunt: "Here, gentlemen, is a man who has been preparing to cross from Europe into Asia; but he has upset in crossing from one couch to another."

Immediately after this occurrence, Olympias, accompanied by her son, left the country, and withdrew to her brother, the King of Epirus. From there Alexander went into Illyria, with the probable purpose of securing support against Philip, should he need it. Sympathy with Alexander was widespread also in Macedon, especially among the younger men of the court and the army. While things were in this sorry state, Demaratus, the Corinthian statesman, came to visit Philip at Pella, and to the king's first inquiry, whether the Greeks were living in amity and accord, answered as a friend and straightforwardly: "It ill becomes thee,

Philip, to have solicitude about the Greeks, when thou hast involved thine own house in this great dissension, and filled it with evils."

Philip profited by the rebuke. Demaratus was commissioned to act the part of mediator. A reconciliation was effected, and Alexander returned to Pella. The causes of trouble had not, however, been removed. Olympias remained still in Epirus, implacable in her resentment of Philip's indignities, and hating with a hatred worthy of a woman both high-strung and strong-minded. She sought to move her brother to take up arms and avenge her insults. She kept her son's suspicions alert. He must not tamely submit to being displaced in the succession by the son of one of the new favorites. It was a woman's jealousy.



SILVER COIN OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN STRUCK DURING HIS LIFETIME. OBVERSE: HEAD OF HERCULES. REVERSE: ZEUS HOLDING THE EAGLE, SEATED. THE ORIGINAL IS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

We have no indication that Philip had any real intention of displacing Alexander. It is hardly thinkable that he had. We have, however, abundant evidence that he was sus-

pected, not alone by Olympias, but generally among Alexander's friends.

Philip was now ready to advance into Asia, but he was unwilling to leave the soil



SILVER TETRADRACHM OF LYSIMACHUS (KING OF THRACE, B. C. 306-281). OBVERSE: HEAD OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT WITH HORN OF AMMON, AS THE DEIFIED SON OF THE GOD. THE PROFILE IS SUPPOSED TO BE TAKEN FROM THE STATUE-PORTRAIT BY LYSIPPUS OR THE GEM-PORTRAIT BY PYRGOTELES. REVERSE: PALLAS HOLDING VICTORY. THE ORIGINAL IS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

of Europe before he had allayed the discontent of the Epirotes consequent upon his treatment of Olympias. This he undertook to do by arranging a marriage between his daughter, Alexander's own sister, and her uncle, the King of Epirus. The wedding was appointed for August of the same year (336). It was to be held at Ægæ, the earlier capital of Macedonia, and the ancestral home of its kings. It was made the occasion of a gorgeous popular fête. Feasts, sports, and dramatic exhibitions were added to the more formal observances of receiving the guests and glorifying the king. Family feuds were ostensibly buried. Olympias returned from Epirus. Invitations were sent everywhere



PHILIP II, FATHER OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, ONE OF THE GOLD MEDALLIONS OF TARSUS. OBVERSE: THE HEAD OF PHILIP II. REVERSE: VICTORY IN A QUADRIGA.

The reader is also referred to the note to the medallion on page 19, and to the medallion on page 4.

throughout Greece to the partizans and personal friends of the king. A vast concourse assembled. Not only came princes and statesmen, but many cities, among them Athens, were present by their representatives, and sent crowns of gold and series of resolutions to express their loyalty, and to do the king appropriate honor. It became a truly imperial fête, the festal ratification of the newly founded empire, the hailing of the emperor; but in the midst of it all Philip was foully murdered.

The perpetrator of the deed was one Pausanias, a Macedonian, member of the king's body-guard; the motive, private revenge. Pausanias had suffered a most degrading insult at the hands of Attalus, Cleopatra's uncle. He besought the king to give him revenge. This the king persistently declined to do, being influenced by Cleopatra, and by the consideration of Attalus's importance to him as a general. Pausanias's hatred turned itself now against the king. Vanity and envy were his consuming passions. In the murder of the king he found satisfaction for both. "How may one become most famous?" he asked, one day, in the course of a discussion with the sophist Hermocrates, whose lectures he was attending. "By making way with one who has done greatest deeds," answered the professor. Attalus, Cleopatra, Philip, had now become one in the eye of his wrath. To kill Philip was to overthrow Attalus, and put his niece at the mercy of Olympias.

The second day of the festival was to be signalized by gala performances in the theater. Clad in a white robe, and attended by a stately procession, Philip advanced toward the gate. The place was already full. Long before daylight people had been crowding in to claim their seats. As an indication of the security felt in the good will of the

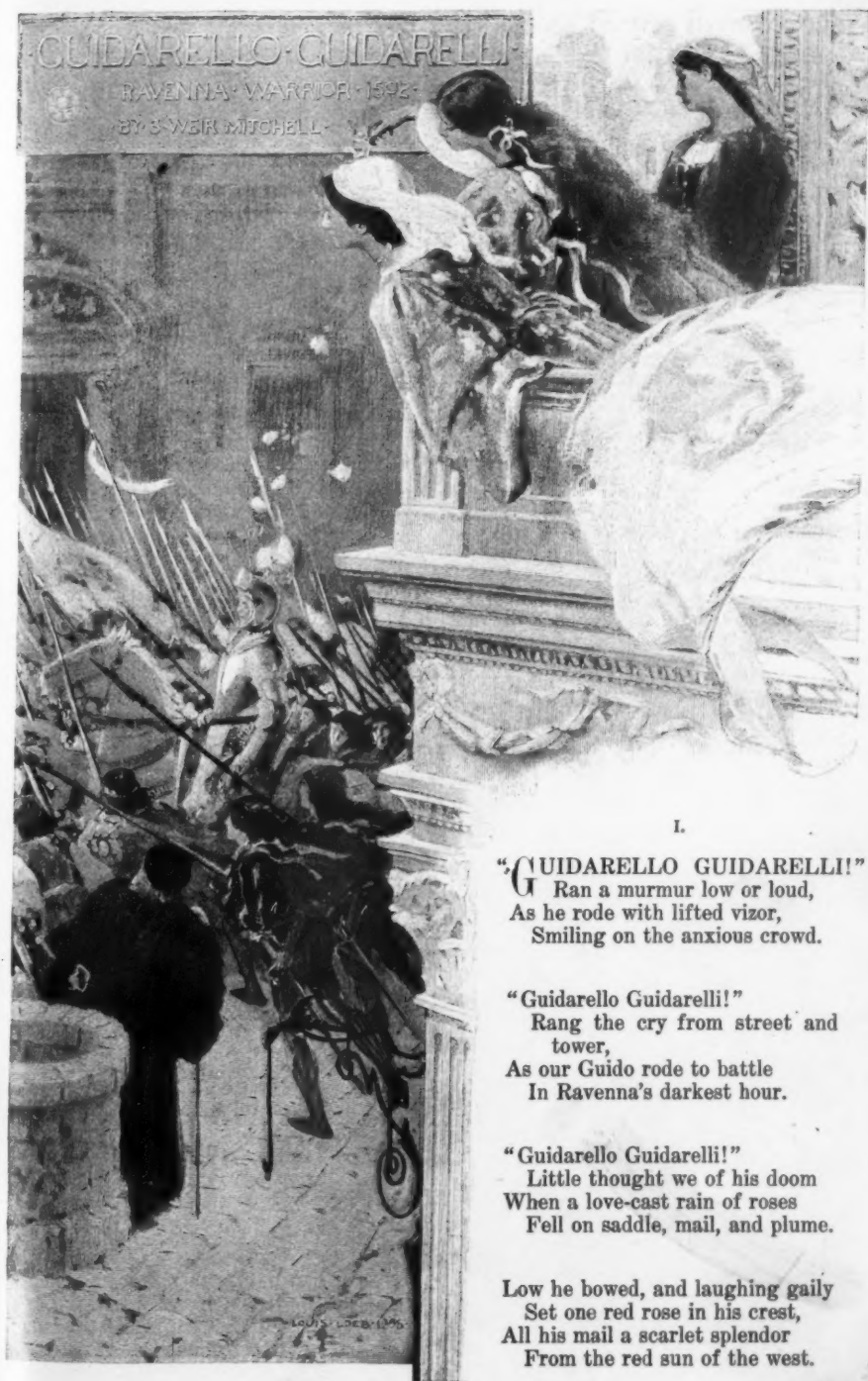
people, the king walked in the procession entirely unattended, and with a considerable space intervening between him and his body-guard. Right at the entrance to the theater the assassin lay in wait for him. A single thrust of the sword laid the king dead at his feet. He sprang to his horse, and was off. The king's guards rushed in pursuit. But for an accident, he would have escaped. As he galloped away, a tangling vine caught his foot; he was thrown from his horse, and, before he could rise, Perdiccas and the guards who were in pursuit had made way with him. But Philip the Great was dead—in the forty-seventh year of his age, the twenty-fourth of his reign.

The murder was purely an act of private and personal revenge, but the most various rumors and subtle surmises were current, connecting with the deed now the rival Lyncestian line, now Olympias and even Alexander, now the poor Shah of Persia himself. That Olympias should have been suspected was perfectly natural. Philip's death was undoubtedly quite acceptable to her. She was entirely capable of having abetted it. Her hatred of Cleopatra and Attalus seemed, furthermore, to form a band of common interest between the assassin and herself. All these things serve, however, rather to explain how the suspicion arose than to prove its correctness. The strained political situation undoubtedly stimulated the murderous instinct of the doer of the deed, as was the case with the assassin of President Garfield; but more than this we have no right to infer from the evidence. The suspicions affecting Alexander were most certainly baseless, as all his actions then and thereafter would amply prove, if there were need of proof.

Be it as it may, Philip was gone, and, to all appearances, his empire with him. His heir was a stripling of twenty years.

(To be continued.)





I.

"GUIDARELLO GUIDARELLI!"
 Ran a murmur low or loud,
 As he rode with lifted vizor,
 Smiling on the anxious crowd.

"Guidarello Guidarelli!"
 Rang the cry from street and
 tower,
 As our Guido rode to battle
 In Ravenna's darkest hour.

"Guidarello Guidarelli!"
 Little thought we of his doom
 When a love-cast rain of roses
 Fell on saddle, mail, and plume.

Low he bowed, and laughing gaily
 Set one red rose in his crest,
 All his mail a scarlet splendor
 From the red sun of the west.

"Guidarello Guidarelli!"
 So he passed to meet his fate,
 With the cry of "Guidarelli!"
 And the clangor of the gate.

II.

Well, at eve we bore him homeward,
 Lying on our burdened spears.
 Ah! defeat had been less bitter,
 And had cost us fewer tears.

At her feet we laid her soldier,
 While men saw her with amaze—
 Fearless, tearless, waiting patient,
 Some wild challenge in her gaze.

Then the hand that rained the roses
 Fell upon his forehead cold.
 "Go!" she cried, "ye faltering cravens!
 One that fled, your shame has told.

"Go! How dare ye look upon him—
 Ye who failed him in the fight?
 Off! ye beaten hounds, and leave me
 With my lonely dead to-night!"

No man answered, and they left us
 Where our darling Guido lay.
 I alone, who stood beside him
 In the fight, made bold to stay.

"Shut the gate!" she cried. I closed it.
 "Lay your hand upon his breast;
 Were you true to him?" "Aye, surely,
 As I hope for Jesu's rest!"

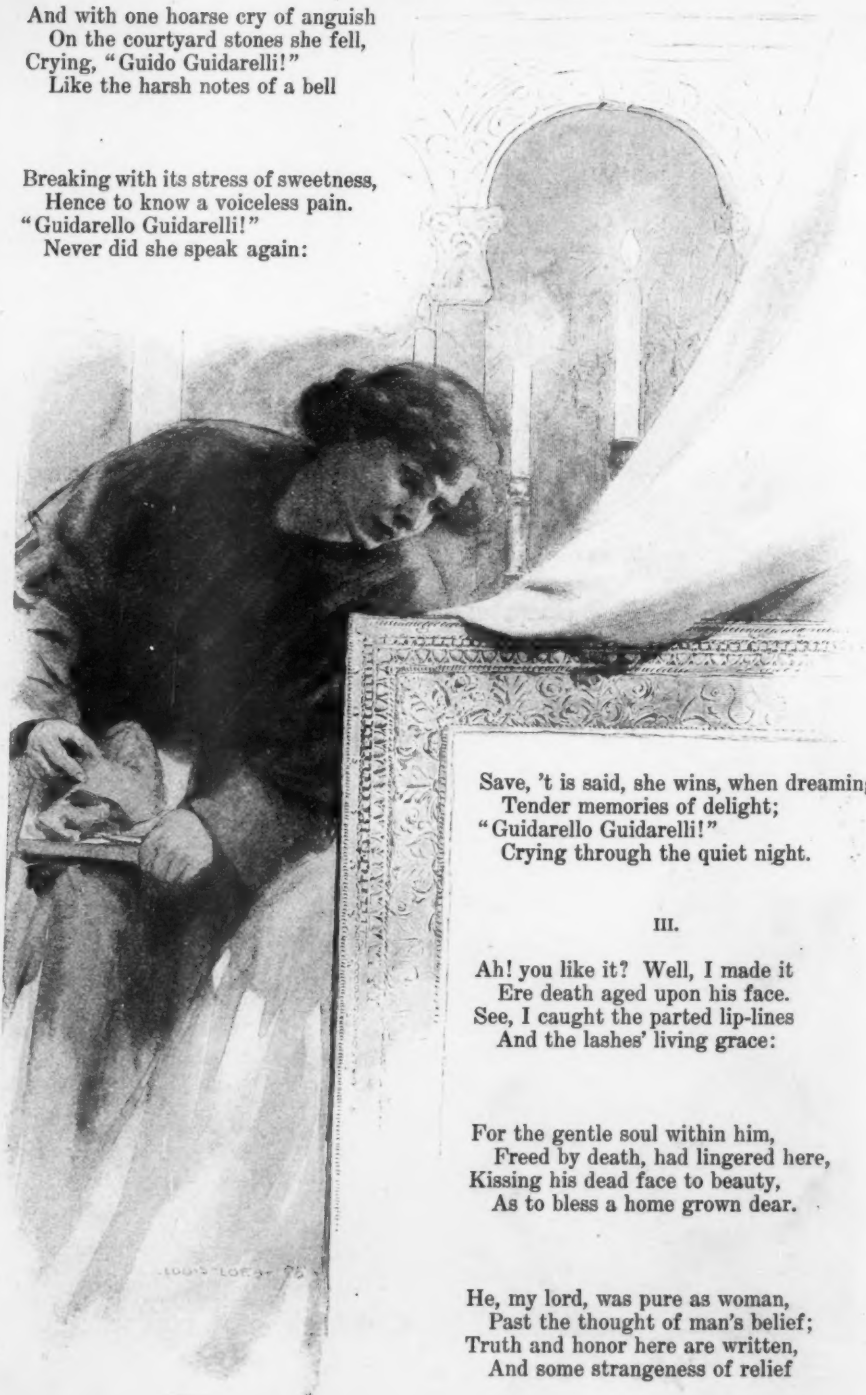
Then I saw her gazing past me,
 As to watch a bird that flies,
 All the light of youthful courage
 Fading from her valiant eyes.





And with one hoarse cry of anguish
 On the courtyard stones she fell,
 Crying, "Guido Guidarelli!"
 Like the harsh notes of a bell

Breaking with its stress of sweetness,
 Hence to know a voiceless pain.
 "Guidarello Guidarelli!"
 Never did she speak again:



Save, 't is said, she wins, when dreaming,
 Tender memories of delight;
 "Guidarello Guidarelli!"
 Crying through the quiet night.

III.

Ah! you like it? Well, I made it
 Ere death aged upon his face.
 See, I caught the parted lip-lines
 And the lashes' living grace:

For the gentle soul within him,
 Freed by death, had lingered here,
 Kissing his dead face to beauty,
 As to bless a home grown dear.

He, my lord, was pure as woman,
 Past the thought of man's belief;
 Truth and honor here are written,
 And some strangeness of relief

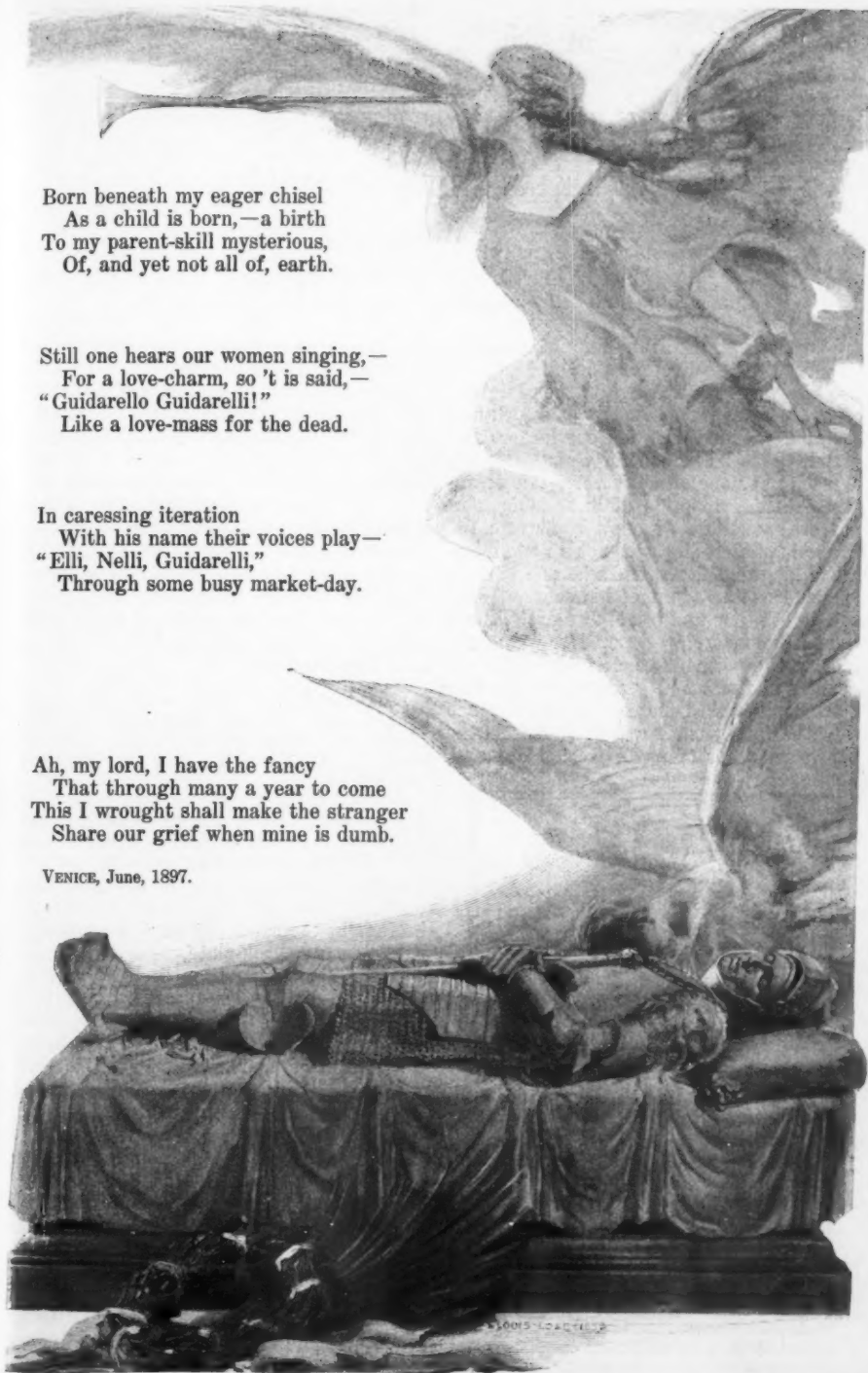
Born beneath my eager chisel
As a child is born,—a birth
To my parent-skill mysterious,
Of, and yet not all of, earth.

Still one hears our women singing,—
For a love-charm, so 't is said,—
"Guidarello Guidarelli!"
Like a love-mass for the dead.

In caressing iteration
With his name their voices play—
"Elli, Nelli, Guidarelli,"
Through some busy market-day.

Ah, my lord, I have the fancy
That through many a year to come
This I wrought shall make the stranger
Share our grief when mine is dumb.

VENICE, June, 1897.





FACSIMILE OF ENTRY OF FRANKLIN'S BIRTH IN BOSTON TOWN RECORDS.

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN'S FAMILY RELATIONS.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD,

Author of "The True George Washington," "The Honorable Peter Sterling," etc.

"A MAN," wrote Franklin, "who makes boast of his ancestors doth but advertise his own insignificance, for the pedigrees of great men are commonly known"; and elsewhere he advised: "Let our fathers and grandfathers be valued for *their* goodness, ourselves for our own." Clearly this objection extended to pride of birth alone, and not to knowledge of one's forebears; for Franklin himself displayed not a little interest in his progenitors, and when he went to England as the agent of his colony he devoted both time and travel to searching out the truth concerning them. Nor was he, in fact, wholly without conceit of family. In default of discovered greatness in his kindred, he expressed pleasure in an inference that the family name was derived from the old social order of small freeholders, and,

therefore, that they were once the betters of the yeomen and feudatories.

Still another fact, too, suggests that he was not wholly indifferent to the world's knowledge of his lineage. Though his father questioned if they were entitled to use either of the Franklin arms, and added that "our circumstances have been such as that it hath hardly been worth while to concern ourselves much about these things any farther than to tickle the fancy a little," Benjamin did not hesitate to appropriate one of the Franklin coats of arms while yet only a master printer, for as early as 1751 he advertised:

Lost about 5 weeks since, a silver seal, with a Coat of Arms engrav'd, containing two Lions Heads, two Doves and a Dolphin. Whoever brings it to the Post-Office, shall have Five Shillings reward.

Furthermore, in adopting this heraldic badge, he made objection to its being cheapened, by telling a soap-making relative that he "would not have him put the Franklin arms on" his cakes, although he did not mind a brother in the same business using the escutcheon as a book-plate.

Franklin's inquiry into the history of his family resulted in the discovery that they had dwelt on some thirty acres of their own land in the village of Ecton, in Northamptonshire, upward of three hundred years, and that for many generations the eldest son had been village blacksmith—a custom so established previous to the removal across the Atlantic that the first immigrant bred up his eldest son to the trade in Boston. Fate, having other uses for Benjamin, carefully guarded him from Vulcan's calling by making him the youngest son of the youngest son for five generations.

Josiah Franklin came to New England about 1685, with Ann, his wife, and three children, a number which swelled to seven within the next four years, the mother dying



BOOK-PLATE OF JOHN FRANKLIN. ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF C. R. LICHTENSTEIN, BOSTON.

in childbed in 1689. Less than six months later the widower married Abiah Folger, and to this union there were born ten children, making in all seventeen. Writing of the large birth-rate in the colonies, Franklin asserted that it was rare for more than half of each family to reach adult life, a statement not derived from personal experience; for, "out of seventeen children that our father had, thirteen lived to grow up and settle in the world." In common with other New England families of that day, the stock seemed to be weakened by this redundancy: though Josiah was one of five brothers, and the father of ten sons, there was not, when the eighteenth century ended, a single descendant of any one of the fifteen entitled to the surname.

Benjamin, the "tithe," or tenth, of Josiah's sons, born January 6, 1706, outlived them all. From his father he derived a heritage difficult to measure, but two of his qualities were singled out by the son as specially noteworthy: "a sound understanding and solid judgment in prudential matters, both in private and publick affairs," and a "mechanic genius" in being "very handy in the use of other tradesmen's tools." "It was indeed a lowly dwelling we were brought up in," wrote one of the children, many years after, "but we were fed plentifully, made comfortable with fire and clothing, had seldom any contention among us, but all was harmony, especially between the heads, and they were universally respected, and the



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

ANN FRANKLIN'S GRAVESTONE, GRANARY BURYING-GROUND, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

most of the family in good reputation; this is still happier living than multitudes enjoy."

As this might indicate, Josiah Franklin, despite his struggle with poverty and his huge family, was a good parent to his youngest boy, giving heed to his moral, mental, and temporal beginnings. After such brief term of school as he could afford the lad, he took him into his own shop, till Ben made obvious his dislike to the cutting of

wicks, the hanging of dips, and the casting of soap. Taking pains then to discover his son's preferences, he finally apprenticed him as printer's devil to his son James. When the brothers quarreled, and appeal was made to the father, "judgment," the prentice says, "was generally in my favour." And though Ben earned his own livelihood from the time that he was twelve years of age, and saw his father only three times after he was

sixteen, wherever he speaks of him it is with affection and respect. When he wrote to him, the letters began, "Honored Father," and ended, "I am your dutiful son," or "I am your affectionate and dutiful son"; while Josiah Franklin, in turn, began his letters, "Loving Son," and ended one, "With hearty love." More warmly still the son spoke of his father and mother in a letter to his sister, whom he chided because "you have mentioned nothing in your letter of our dear parents," writing again, during the final

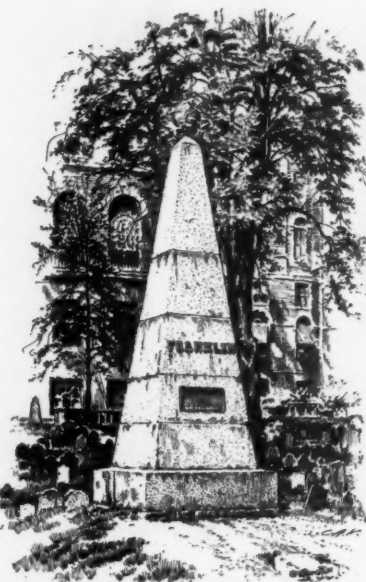
illness of his father: "Dear Sister, I love you tenderly for your care of our father in his sickness." Josiah Franklin died in 1745,



FRANKLIN SEAL. FROM AN IMPRESSION IN POSSESSION OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA. (ENLARGED.)

leaving an estate valued at twenty-four hundred dollars.

In Franklin's autobiography there is only the barest mention of his mother, Abiah, and merely as the daughter of "one of the first settlers of New England." Presumably this silence was due to the eighteenth-century attitude toward women more than to any want of affection, for the two corresponded with regularity, even after the mother was "very weak and short of breath—so that I cannot sit up to write altho' I sleep well o' nights and my cough is better and I have a pretty good stomach to my victuals," and she had to beg her son to "please excuse my bad writing and inditing for all tell me I am too old to write letters." To her Franklin sent gifts of various kinds, including "a moldore . . . which please to accept towards chaise hire, that you may ride warm to meetings this winter." Upon her death, in 1752, he wrote his sister Jane: "I received yours with the affecting news of our dear mother's death. I thank you for your long continued care of her in her old age and sickness. Our distance made it impracticable for us to attend her, but you have supplied all. She has lived a good life, as well as long one, and is happy."



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

FRANKLIN'S MONUMENT TO HIS PARENTS,
GRANARY BURYING-GROUND, BOSTON.

Franklin paid for the stone which marked the grave of his parents, and wrote for it an inscription which vouched that "He was a pious and prudent man; She a discreet and virtuous woman"; and though elsewhere he cites the conventional epitaph as the extreme form of falsehood, he was certainly justified in this inscription. "Honor thy father and mother—i. e. live so as to be an honor to them tho' they are dead," he made Poor Richard advise his readers, and for once preacher and practiser were united.

Among the Chinese [he noted, with approval], the most ancient, and from long experience the wisest of nations, honor does not descend, but ascends. If a man, from his learning, his wisdom, or his valor, is promoted by the emperor to the rank of Mandarin, his parents are immediately entitled to all the same ceremonies of respect from the people that are established as due to the Mandarin himself; on the supposition that it must have been owing to the education, instruction, and good example afforded him by his parents, that he was rendered capable of serving the public.

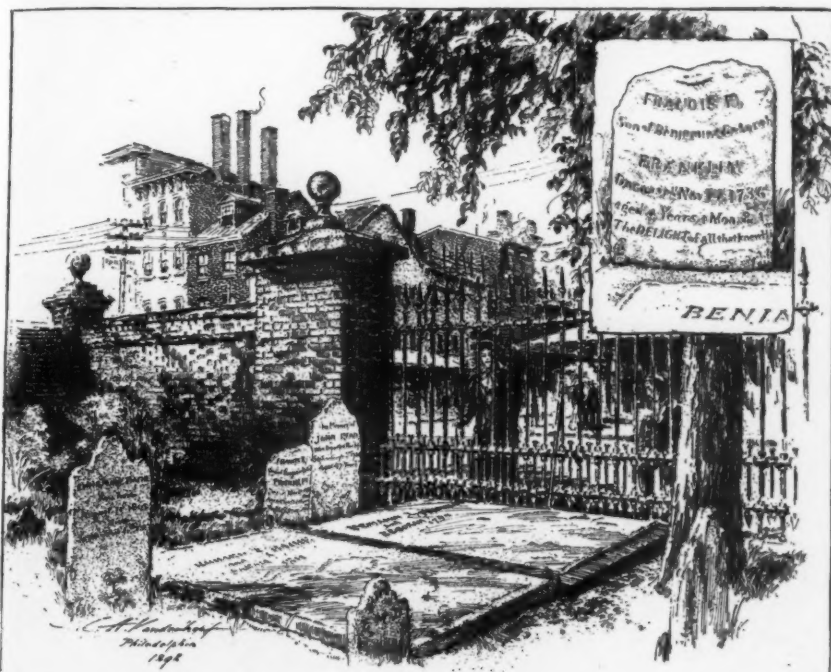
Of his relations with the sixteen brothers and sisters it is impossible to deal with any fullness. Four of the brothers died young, and a fifth, taking to the sea, was so little



LETTERING ON THE MONUMENT TO FRANKLIN'S PARENTS, GRANARY BURYING-GROUND, BOSTON.

an element in the family life that Benjamin remembered "thirteen (some of us then very young) all at one table, when an entertainment was made at our house on the occasion of the return of our brother Josiah, who had been absent in the East Indies and unheard of for nine years." If this brother, who soon after was lost at sea, was apparently a small component in Franklin's life, he none the less influenced it materially, since from him the youngster imbibed a keen desire to be a sailor, and his father's fear that he would run away was a potent motive for letting the boy leave the trade of soap-making.

Franklin was forbidden presently by the government to print his newspaper, the "New England Courant," and it was continued, by a subterfuge, in Benjamin's name, the indenture being canceled to make the trick a little less barefaced. Availing himself of this technical release, Franklin left his brother's service—an act that he later acknowledged to be his first serious "erratum," and one which set James Franklin to advertising for "A Likely Lad for an Apprentice," little recking how likely a lad he had lost. For a number of years the breach thus made continued to exist, though the mother urged



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

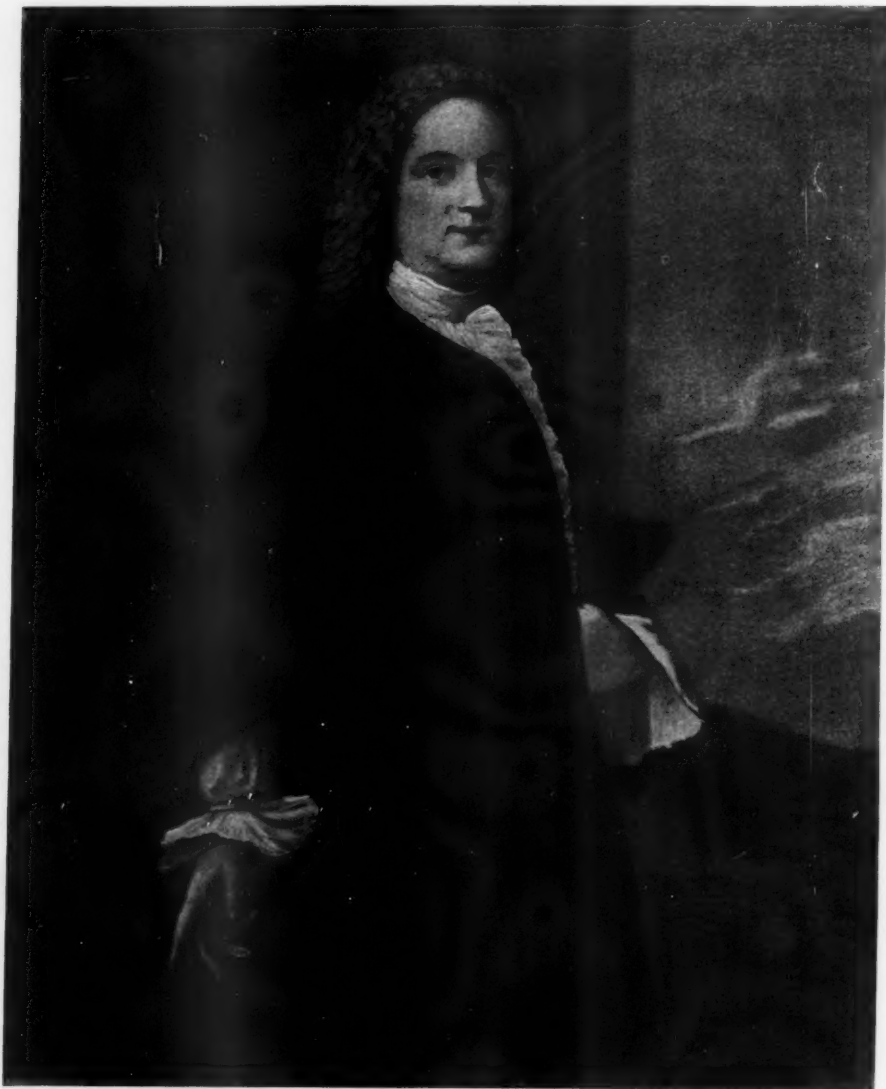
FRANKLIN BURIAL PLOT IN CHRIST CHURCH CEMETERY, PHILADELPHIA, SHOWING GRAVESTONE OF FRANCIS FOLGER FRANKLIN.

As already mentioned, Benjamin did not get on well with the half-brother to whom he was bound to learn printing. James Franklin was only ten years older than his apprentice, and very quickly Benjamin made himself as expert as his brother, who, if we are to believe Franklin, turned jealous, and on occasion beat him with unnecessary severity; though, in charging that his master was passionate, the printer's boy confessed that he himself was saucy and provoking. James

reconciliation on them both. After James Franklin's death, a turn of Fortune's wheel led Franklin to take the eldest son of this brother as an apprentice; and though he records that "Jemmy Franklin when with me was always dissatisfied and grumbling," yet from the moment the apprenticeship was over "he and I" became "Good friends." He helped the boy to establish himself as a printer at New Haven, and again at Newport, sent him occasional gifts of paper, printing-

ink, etc., and loaned him money to the extent of over two hundred pounds to buy types and a stock of books and stationery. That the

broils or alienation, and when a sister once appealed to him to espouse her side of a disagreement, he replied:



DRAWN BY W. S. CLOSSON, FROM ORIGINAL PAINTING.

PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, ABOUT 1726. ORIGINAL IN HARVARD MEMORIAL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

old grudge was forgotten is proved, too, by Franklin's will, in which he left as much to the descendants of James Franklin as to the descendants of his other brothers and sisters. He seems, indeed, to have hated family

If I were to set myself up as a judge . . . between you and your brother's widow and children, how unqualified must I be, at this distance, to determine rightly, especially having heard but one side. They always treated me with friendly and affec-

tionate regard; you have done the same. What can I say between you, but that I wish you were reconciled, and that I will love that side best that is most ready to forgive and oblige the other? You will be angry with me here, for putting you and them too much upon a footing; but I shall nevertheless be, dear sister, your truly affectionate brother.

More direct aid was afforded his two own brothers, John and Peter, both of whom set

the Washing of Scarlets, or any other bright and curious Colours, that are apt to change by the Use of common Soap. The Sweetness of the Flavor and the fine Lather it immediately produces, renders it pleasant for the Use of Barbers. It is cut in exact and equal Cakes neatly put up, and sold at the New Printing Office, at 1s. per Cake.

Neither brother, however, seems to have prospered in the business, for when Franklin became Deputy Postmaster-General he made



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

WILLIAM TEMPLE FRANKLIN, GRANDSON OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 1790. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE TRUMBULL COLLECTION OF THE YALE SCHOOL OF ART, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

out in life in their father's trade of soap and candle-making. Although Benjamin objected to their stamping the Franklin arms on their cakes of soap, he ordered quantities of their wares from them both, which his wife retailed in his book-shop in Philadelphia, and increased the sale by recurrent advertisements in Franklin's paper, which announced with each consignment:

Just imported, another Parcel of

SUPER FINE CROWN SOAP.

It cleanses fine Linens, Muslins, Laces, Chinces, Cambricks &c. with Ease and Expedition, which often suffer more from the long and hard Rubbing of the Washer, through the ill Qualities of the Soap they use, than the Wearing. It is excellent for

John postmaster of Boston, and Peter postmaster of Philadelphia. Of the former Franklin says, in his autobiography, that "he always lov'd me"; and though there was some family joking about Peter's perpetual doctoring of himself, so that "he cures himself many times a day," Benjamin seems to have been fond of him also, showing evident grief when "it pleased God at length to take from us my only remaining brother." He aided the two widows, establishing one in business, and continuing the other as postmistress, thus making her, so far as is known, the first woman to hold public office in America.

"He that has neither fools nor beggars among his kindred, is the son of thunder-gust," remarked Poor Richard; and Frank-

lin's sisters were no more prosperous in life than were his brothers. The eldest, Elizabeth, when over eighty years old, came to extreme poverty, and her relatives consulted the only successful member of the family as to whether her house and "fine things" should be sold.

As having their own way is one of the greatest comforts of life to old people [Benjamin replied], I think their friends should endeavour to accommodate them in that, as well as in any thing else. When they have long lived in a house, it becomes natural to them; they are almost as closely connected with it as the tortoise with his shell; they

children. Several of these drifted to London before the Revolution, and appealed to their uncle, when he came to France, for various kinds of assistance. One was "Obliged to Worke very hard and Can But just git the common necessarys of life," and therefore has "thoughts of going into a family as housekeeper . . . having lived in that station for several years and gave grate satisfaction." She sought his aid in securing the promotion of her son, then in the British navy—a peculiar request, considering Franklin's relations, or lack of relations, at the moment, with the British government.



RICHARD BACHE. FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HOPPNER, 1790, IN POSSESSION OF MISS CONSTANTIA ABERT.

die, if you tear them out of it; old folks and old trees, if you remove them, it is ten to one that you kill them; so let our good old sister be no more importuned on that head. We are growing old fast ourselves, and shall expect the same kind of indulgences; if we give them, we shall have a right to receive them in our turn. And as to her few fine things, I think she is in the right not to sell them, and for the reason she gives, that they will fetch but little; when that little is spent, they would be of no further use to her; but perhaps the expectation of possessing them at her death may make that person tender and careful of her, and helpful to her to the amount of ten times their value. If so, they are put to the best use they possibly can be.

A small bequest was made in Franklin's will to his sister Ann's children and grand-

Toward another, Jonathan Williams, the uncle seems to have been well disposed. He took charge of his education while in London, made the young fellow his secretary for a time, and finally was instrumental in having him made commercial agent of the United States in France during the Revolution, an appointment that caused first "oblique Censures," and ultimately outspoken denunciations. Williams was accused of dishonesty, and his uncle promptly wrote:

I have no desire to screen Mr. Williams on account of his being my nephew; if he is guilty of what you charge him with, I care not how soon he is deservedly punished and the family purged of him; for I take it that a rogue living in a family is a greater disgrace to it than *one hanged out of it*.

Fortunately, the nephew was able to clear himself; but the appointment had caused scandal, and had been one source of the American divisions in Paris, as well as in

Franklin's sister Sarah died shortly after marriage—"a loss without doubt regretted by all who knew her, for she was a good woman."

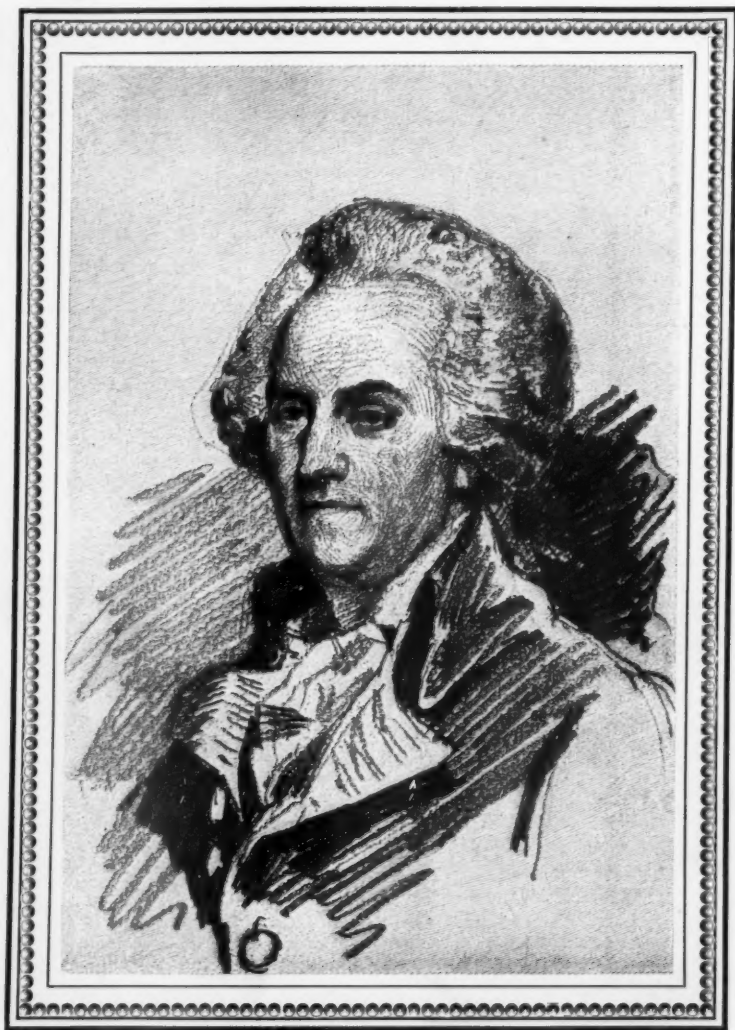


MRS. RICHARD BACHE (SARAH FRANKLIN), DAUGHTER OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. AFTER THE HOPPNER PORTRAIT PAINTED IN 1792, IN POSSESSION OF MRS. DUNCAN S. WALKER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

the Continental Congress. Another unfortunate result was that Williams later became embarrassed in some private ventures in France, and Franklin unjustifiably used the influence of his position to secure from the French government a *surséance* as regarded his creditors.

Her husband, Josiah Davenport, encouraged by his brother-in-law, removed to Philadelphia, and opened a bakery, where he sold "Choice middling bisket," varied by occasional offerings of "Boston loaf sugar" and "choice pickled and spiced Oisters in Cags."

One of her sons, on the death of Peter the girl was married at fifteen, the brother Franklin, was appointed by his uncle post-master of Philadelphia; but he does not appear to have been competent, and was soon writing her, upon the event, that he had "almost determined" to send her "a tea table, but when I considered the character



WILLIAM FRANKLIN, ELDER SON OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. AFTER A PENCIL DRAWING BY ALBERT ROSENTHAL FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING, THE PROPERTY OF DR. THOMAS HEWSON BACHE.

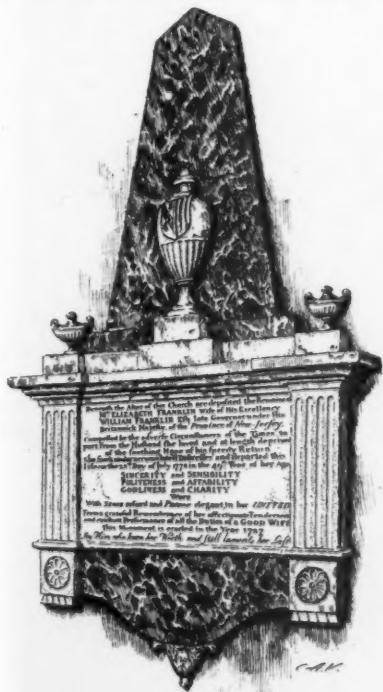
superseded by another appointee, and given a smaller office under the government.

Of all his sisters, the youngest, Jane, was, so Franklin told her, "ever my peculiar favorite"; and he took pride in the news that she had "grown a celebrated beauty." Evidently it was not merely a fraternal view, for

of a good house wife was far preferable to that of being only a pretty gentlewoman, I concluded to send you a *spinning wheel*, which I hope you will accept as a small token of my sincere love and affection." And in this monitory strain the aged brother of twenty continued:

Sister, farewell, and remember that modesty as it makes the most homely virtue amiable and charming, so the want of it infallibly renders the most perfect beauty disagreeable and odious. But when that brightest of female virtues shines among other perfections of body and mind in the same person, it makes the woman more lovely than an angel. Excuse this freedom, and use the same with me. I am, dear Jenny, Your loving brother.

A very large progeny resulted from this marriage, in all of whom Franklin took an interest. "My compliments to my new niece, Miss Abiah, and pray her to accept the enclosed piece of gold, to cut her teeth; it may afterwards buy nuts for them to crack," he wrote of one arrival; and gave material help to the children as they grew up, aiding one to sell the soap he made; taking a second as an apprentice in his printing-office, and afterward assisting in his establishment in that business; endeavoring to get a government position for a third; and, on the marriage of a fourth, sending a gift of "fifty pounds, lawful money," to be laid out in "furniture as my sister shall think proper."



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

MEMORIAL TABLET TO MRS. WILLIAM FRANKLIN, IN THE CHANCEL OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BROADWAY AND FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.



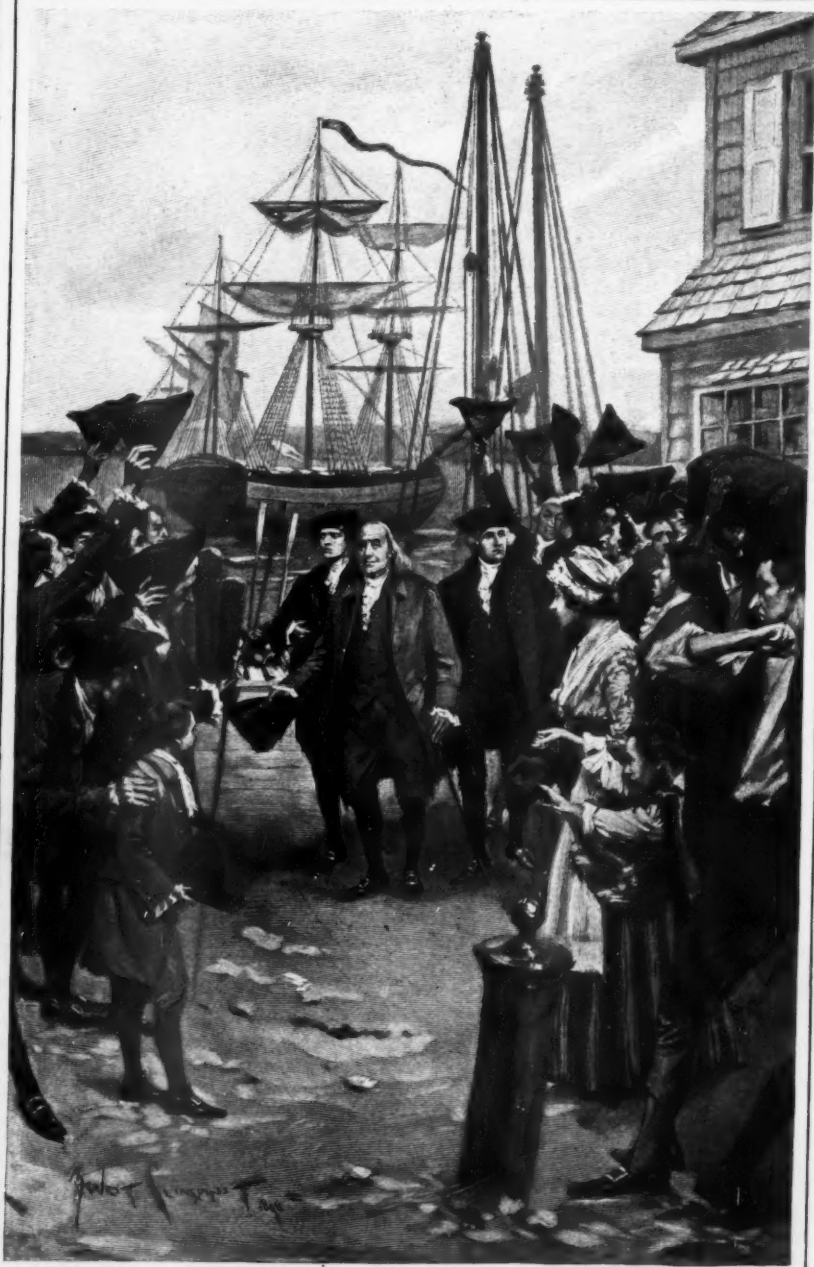
DRAWN BY GEORGE F. ARATA, AFTER ORIGINAL PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF MRS. GILLESPIE, PHILADELPHIA. BORDER BY F. C. GORDON.

FRANCIS FOLGER FRANKLIN, YOUNGER SON OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

From this niece he received an exuberant acknowledgment, declaring that:

My Heart, has ever been susceptible of the warmest gratitude for your frequent Benefactions to the whole Family, but your last kind, unexpected, as well as undeserved, Noble presents in particular to me, calls for a particular acknowledgment from me. Except then dearest sir, my most sincere and hearty Thanks, with a promise, that your Kindness shall ever be gratefully remembered and your donation be made the best use of.

Jane herself carried this admiration even to the point of veneration; yet when absent from her brother she expressed her regret, having "had time to reflect and see my error, in that I suffered my diffidence or the awe of your superiority to prevent the familiarity I might have taken with you, and which your kindness to me might have convinced me would be acceptable." Her feeling was further shown by her often-repeated prayer that he "pardon my bad writing and confused composure," which led the brother to answer that "you need not be afraid in writing to me about your bad spelling; for, in my opinion, as our alphabet now stands, the bad spelling, or what is called so, is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters and of the words." With extreme reverence she wrote to Franklin that "it is not Profanity to compare you to our Blessed Saviour who Employed much of his time while on Earth in doing good to the body's as well as souls of men & I am shure I think the compareson just."



DRAWN BY W. WEST CLINEBINGST.

FRANKLIN LANDING AT THE MARKET STREET WHARF ON HIS RETURN
FROM FRANCE, 1785.

This adoration is the more excusable when Franklin's services to her are weighed. Her husband's death left her a large family to rear, and but for Benjamin's constant eking of her means it would have fared hard with the widow. She told her brother that her happiness was derived from "yr Bounty without wick I must have been distressed as much as many others," and assured him that she could not "find expression suitable to acknowledge my gratitude; how I am by my dear brother enabled to live at ease in my old age." "My self and children have always been a tax upon you," she wrote to him, "but your great and uncommon goodness has carried you cheerfully under it." Nor was Franklin's charity an enforced one:

You always tell me that you live comfortably [he chided], but I sometimes suspect that you may be too unwilling to acquaint me with any of your difficulties, from an apprehension of giving me pain. I wish you would let me know precisely your situation, that I may better proportion my assistance to your wants. . . . Lest you should be straitened during the present winter I send you fifty dollars.

And not satisfied that she acknowledged all her needs, he questioned other relatives:

How has my poor old sister gone through the winter? Tell me frankly whether she lives comfortably or is pinched. I am afraid she is too cautious of acquainting me of her difficulties, though I am always ready and willing to relieve her, when I am acquainted with them.

Jane and Benjamin outlived all their brothers and sisters, and Franklin, upon the death of one of the last, said to her: "Of these thirteen there now remain but three. As our number diminishes, let our affection to each other rather increase." In one of her later letters the sister recurred to this, writing: "You once told me, my dear brother, that as our number of brethren and sisters lessened the affection of those of us that remained should increase to each other. You and I are now left; my affection for you has always been so great I see no room for increase, and you have manifested yours for me in such large measure that I have no reason to suspect its strength." Jane Mecom alone of Josiah Franklin's seventeen children survived the famous son, and in his will Franklin left to her "a house and lot I have in Unity Street, Boston," gave her "the yearly sum of fifty pounds sterling," and left a small sum of money to her descendants.

"He who takes a wife, takes care," runs an aphorism that Poor Richard thought fit

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to embody in his Almanac; and Franklin, from his own experience, could have added, with the humorous quirk he so often used, "of his wife's relatives." When he took unto himself a helpmate, he brought to live with them her mother, who henceforth conducted her trade at his printing-shop, making known to her customers, through advertisements in her son-in-law's newspaper, that: "The Widow Read [had] removed from the upper end of High-street, to the New Printing Office near the Market," where she sold "ointments" for various ills that might have been avoided by a better patronage of the Franklin "crown soap."

A brother and sister of his wife also lived for a time with Franklin, and he aided the former to get a government office. There was some friction, however, with another of her relatives. At first Franklin told him that his "visits never had but one thing disagreeable in them; that is they are always too short"; but presently "Jemmy" Read endeavored to get a "small office from me, which I took . . . amiss," and they ceased to be "on speaking terms," while the ill feeling was deepened by Franklin's becoming the agent to enforce a business contract in which Read proved to be delinquent, if not dishonest.

Franklin's eldest son, William, was born out of wedlock, but so far as lay within the father's power he repaired the wrong to which, separated from the influence of both father and mother, the fellow of twenty-four had let his "hard-to-be-governed passion of youth" lead him. The boy was reared in Franklin's home, being openly acknowledged and treated as a son. A friend who saw much of the family declared that "his father . . . is at the same time his friend, his brother, his intimate, and easy companion," a systematic kindness for which William Franklin thanked his father, saying: "I am extremely obliged to you for your Care in supplying me with Money, and shall ever have a grateful Sense of that with the other numberless Indulgences I have received from your paternal Affection."

As the lad grew up, the parent came to take positive pride in him, writing: "Will is now nineteen years of age, a tall, proper youth, and much of a beau." This opinion was echoed by William Strahan, who declared: "Your son I really think one of the prettiest young gentlemen I ever knew from America," proving that Franklin's praise was not wholly due to the parental fondness satirized in Poor Richard's lines:

fr

by whole intelligences I have not from my son, I should
and what intelligence I have had by the a gentleman that comes
pretty often to doubt that I am pretty much inclined to think
that you are my brother's grand son that I lived with 11 years.
I know of no advantage neither do I propose any to my
self or you by forming a acquaintance with you, but as I think
children seem to have a more than common affection one for another
and I having the same affection of former I shall rejoice to
hear of the welfare of my brother's family and I hope I shall
not be ungrateful to you if we are related in favour of me with
a few lines as opportunity presents which may be best performed by
the way of Philadelphia directing it to Benth Franklin's possession.
You may be kind as to send me a letter but it is mislead at my son
too that I never had it, if you in the person of my son related to me
of grand father's name and John's death was Thomas after by
grand father Thomas, now my father will say for his estate in
land was to go to the male line now my eldest brother has no
son so that of course it must be my brother John that I lived with
and he had a son named Thomas which I suppose was of the father
which I could get no certain account of after he left his father's
my brother John lived in Danbury in Oxford street and purchased a
house by the mill my father lived at about 4 miles from Hollis
now I was informed by the gentleman above mentioned that you be
lieved the value of good farming which I suppose is about the value
that my father was left of which he came to by 12 great grand
fathers. I understand also you practice farming, which my
father practiced also so that his influence must for not might fall to
if I should be that I have given you my consent if you
to send me an answer I shall count my self obliged to, and
with my kindest regards to you, I am at present from
humble brother

Josiah Franklin

P.S. If you are the gentleman I suppose you to be then you are like
you can give me account of my father's family as well as my
father's, I am so long since I came away that I have lost the
copy of all communications having been in Boston 60 years last
almost a Row ever it is I cannot expect to find correspondence
you but a short time being this very good day 80 years ago
but I have a son which it is possible may be glad of the same
mainly I believe some of his words be glad if they can do
any service today and John Franklin taken charge at the
post Franklin at Newport one of a vessel of the town
at Philadelphia which you know.

Boston Jan^y 11 1744

2 Recd. Nov^r 15 1744

Where yet was ever found the mother
Who 'd change her booby for another?

As soon as William was old enough, Franklin obtained for him a commission in the provincial forces, in which he served till "peace cut off his prospect of advancement in that way." Through the same influence he was then made postmaster of Philadelphia, and next clerk of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, meantime having been entered as a student of law at the Inns of Court in London. When he accompanied his father to England, in 1757, to complete his title to practise as a barrister, Franklin sought to bring about a marriage between him and Miss Mary Stevenson, an English girl to whom he himself became much attached during this visit. The son, however, chose otherwise, and finally, with his father's "consent and approbation," he married, so Franklin states, "a very agreeable West Indian lady." Meantime, William Franklin had secured the appointment as governor of New Jersey, a selection much disrelished at first by the province, and which, it has been suggested, was given to the son in the hope of winning the father to the government side. This, it is needless to say, it did not effect; but it at least served to seduce the son, and as the rift between the mother-country and the colonies widened, the father accused him of having become "a thorough government man." When the English government removed Franklin from his postmaster-generalship, in 1774, he appealed to the son to resign his office; and, on his refusal to resent the disgrace which his superiors had sought to inflict on the father, the latter wrote to him bitterly: "You who are a thorough courtier, see everything with government eyes." His loyalty to the English government resulted not only in a complete break with his father, and in his imprisonment by the Continental Congress as an active and dangerous Tory, but led him eventually to leave America and take up his residence in England. On the conclusion of peace, a feeble attempt at a renewal of the old-time relation was made. Franklin wrote his son: "I am glad to find you desire to revive the affectionate intercourse that formerly existed between us. It would be very agreeable to me; indeed, nothing has hurt me so much, and filled me with such keen sensations, as to find myself deserted in my old age by my only son; and not only deserted, but to find him taking up arms against me in a cause wherein my good fame, fortune, and life were all at stake." Yet, in express-

ing his sorrow thus strongly, the father added: "I ought not to blame you for differing in sentiment with me in public affairs," and "I should be glad to see you when convenient." The two met for a brief moment at Southampton, in 1785, when Franklin was returning from France to America. But the endeavor to revive the old relation seems to have been unsuccessful; they never made further attempts to see each other, and in Franklin's will, drawn up three years after this meeting, though he left his son certain property in Nova Scotia, he stated: "The part he acted against me in the late war, which is of public notoriety, will account for my leaving him no more of an estate he endeavoured to deprive me of."

The affection which Franklin no longer gave to William he transferred to William's illegitimate child, assuming from the first the relation of father to him. Under his superintendence the boy was placed at school near London, and during the many years of Franklin's stay in that city he had the lad often to visit him, telling the father, on one occasion: "Temple has been at home with us during the Christmas Vacation from School. He improves continually, and more and more engages the regard of all that are acquainted with him by his pleasing, sensible, manly Behaviour." At another time, in making up an account with William Franklin, and noting that "the heaviest Part is the Maintenance & Education of Temple," the grandfatherly pride expressed itself in the assertion: "But that his friends will not grudge when they see him." On Franklin's return to America, in 1775, he brought the lad with him, and the boy went to live with his father, taking at the same time the family name, in place of that of William Temple—a change pleasing to at least one friend, who wrote Franklin: "I rejoice to hear he has the addition of Franklin, which I always knew he had some right to, and I hope will prove worthy the honorable Appellation."

Temple Franklin, as he was customarily called henceforth, returned soon to live with his grandfather, in order to attend college; but the plan was interfered with by Franklin's being sent to France in 1776, and his desire to have the boy go with him. Once in Paris, the young fellow became Franklin's private secretary, and there are frequent references to him in that capacity in Franklin's letters, as, for instance: "My grandson, whom you may remember when a saucy boy at school," is "my amanuensis in writing the within

letter." This employment roused sharp criticism both from Franklin's fellow-commissioners and from members of Congress, based partly on the questionableness of giving the position to a relative, partly on the lad's youthfulness, and partly on the fact that he was the son of an open and avowed Tory. A motion was even offered in Congress that he should be dismissed, which so exasperated Franklin that he declared warmly:

I am surprised to hear that my grandson, Temple Franklin, being with me, should be an objection against me, and that there is a cabal for removing him. Methinks it is rather some merit that I have rescued a valuable young man from the danger of being a Tory, and fixed him in honest republican Whig principles; as I think, from the integrity of his disposition, his industry, his early sagacity, and uncommon abilities for business, he may in time become of great service to his country. It is enough that I have lost my son; would they add my grandson? An old man of seventy, I undertook a winter voyage at the command of the Congress, and for the public service, with no other attendant to take care of me. I am continued here in a foreign country, where, if I am sick, his filial attention comforts me, and if I die, I have a child to close my eyes and take care of my remains. His dutiful behavior towards me, and his diligence and fidelity in business, are both pleasing and useful to me. His conduct, as my private secretary, has been unexceptionable, and I am confident the Congress will never think of separating us.

A mere retention in this minor office did not content Franklin, and he lost no opportunity in endeavoring to secure his grandson political preferment. In 1783 he made personal appeals to each one of the Peace Commissioners to have Temple made secretary of the commission. He wrote to the Continental Congress, asking, "as a favour to me," that the "young gentleman" should be made a secretary of legation, or a *chargé*. To reinforce this application, he wrote to members known to him, making the same request, and Jefferson tells us that "the Doctor" was "extremely wounded by the inattention of Congress to his application

for him. He expects something to be done as a reward for his services." Again, he used all his influence to have the grandson made secretary of the Federal Convention in 1787, and was keenly disappointed when that body selected some one else. No sooner was the national government organized than he applied to Washington for some office for the young man, and seriously resented a refusal to gratify his wish. In the meantime he had already in effect purchased and given to Temple his father's farm in New Jersey, valued at four thousand pounds sterling, and in his will he left him other property, including his library, and made him his literary executor.

In Franklin's paper, the "Pennsylvania Gazette," under date of December 13, 1736, appeared the following advertisement:

UNDERSTANDING 'tis a current
Report, that my Son *Francis*, who died lately of the Small Pox, had it by Inoculation; and being desired to satisfy the Publick in that Particular; inasmuch as some People are, by that Report (join'd with others of the like kind, and perhaps equally groundless) deter'd from having that Operation perform'd on their Children, I do hereby sincerely declare, that he was not inoculated, but receiv'd the Distemper in the common Way of Infection: And I suppose the Report could only arise from its being my known Opinion, that Inoculation was a safe and beneficial Practice; and from my having said among my Acquaintance, that I intended to have my Child inoculated, as soon as he should have recovered sufficient Strength from a Flux with which he had been long afflicted.

B. FRANKLIN.

The son thus referred to, Francis Folger, who died when only four years of age, seems to have been his father's favorite. Long after, in referring to a grandson, who was declared to be "an uncommonly fine boy," Franklin said that the child "brings often afresh to my mind the idea of my son Franky, though now dead thirty-six years, whom I have seldom since seen equalled in everything, and whom to this day I cannot think of without a sigh."

The last of Franklin's three children was his daughter Sally, born in 1744, in whom her father took unconcealed pride, assuring his mother that "your granddaughter is the greatest lover of her book and school of any child I ever knew, and is very dutiful to her mistress as well as to us." Half jokingly, Franklin proposed a match, when she was a child of six, between her and the son of his friend William Strahan, and, the offer being

accepted in the same vein, he frequently sent word of her progress to "my son-in-law." "Please to acquaint him that his spouse grows finely," he requested, continuing, "and will probably have an agreeable person; that with the best natural disposition in the world, she discovers daily the seeds and tokens of

presently thanked him, and said that "nothing was ever more admired than my new gown." Yet at no time did Franklin encourage this desire for dress, and when, in 1779, Sally asked him to send her some clothes from Paris, he wrote so reprovingly of her extravagance that she replied:

Copy of Dec^r reader by H. Child M^r Fisher
of Wellingborough, who gave Bond with the
M^r Fisher's personal Estate, viz.

To Adeline's share to the late M^r Fisher's
To a legacy bequeathed by the late M^r Fisher
By my pay to people, at the 31. 2. 2
By the equal share at 11. 6. 13. 6
To all the children of my father, viz. 3 sons at 30. 0. 0
To the late M^r Fisher's personal Estate, viz. 111. 0. 6
Total 161. 0. 6

Note. M^r Fisher's Effects were to be distributed among
his Children, of equal Degree, which were as follows

| | |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| M ^r John Fisher's Daughter of the late M ^r Fisher | } Thomas Fisher and his family |
| M ^r Francis Fisher's Daughter of the late M ^r Fisher | |
| M ^r Hannah Fisher's Daughter of the late M ^r Fisher | |
| M ^r Elizabeth Fisher's Daughter of the late M ^r Fisher | |
| M ^r John Fisher's Son of the late M ^r Fisher | } Thomas Fisher and his family |
| M ^r John Fisher's Daughter of the late M ^r Fisher | |

I gave my share to be divided between M^r
Fisher & M^r Fisher's two sons, viz. M^r Fisher
The other share belonging to M^r Fisher in Amer-
ica, are in my hands, viz.

James Fisher's share
John Fisher's share
John Fisher's share

FAMILY ACCOUNT IN FRANKLIN'S WRITING. IN THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

industry, economy, and, in short, of every female virtue, which her parents will endeavour to cultivate for him." Six years later he said: "Our daughter Sally is indeed a very good girl, affectionate, dutiful and industrious, has one of the best hearts, and though not a wit, is, for one of her years, by no means deficient in understanding." The imposed task of cultivating simple habits of frugality was not an altogether easy one, the girl's mother complaining that "Sally had nothing fit to wear suitable" for the Philadelphia society into which she began to be drawn, while Sally herself wrote "to ask my Papa for some things that I cannot get here . . . 't is some gloves, both white and mourning, the last to be of the largest"; and he seems to have yielded to the double pressure for finery, for the daughter

But how could my dear Papa give me so severe a reprimand for wishing a little finery. He would not, I am sure, if he knew how much I have felt it. . . . You would have been the last person, I am sure, to have wished to see me dressed with singularity; though I never loved dress so much as to wish to be particularly fine, yet I never will go out when I cannot appear so as to do credit to my family and husband.

Even in death Franklin consistently sought to teach her simplicity and economy, for in bequeathing to Sally "the king of France's picture, set with four hundred and eight diamonds," which had been presented to him upon his leaving the French court, he requested "that she would not form any of those diamonds into ornaments, either for herself or daughters, and thereby introduce or countenance the expensive, vain and use-

less fashion of wearing jewels in this country." Throughout his whole life the father endeavored to train his daughter, in his own words, so that "she will, in the true sense of the word, be *worth* a great deal of money, and, consequently, a great fortune," to her husband.

The match with the Strahan boy never got further than the wishes of the parents, and presently Franklin was notified that his daughter had chosen Richard Bache, a Philadelphia merchant, of whom Franklin knew "very little," but of whom he hoped that: "His expectations are not great of any fortune to be had with our daughter before our death"; and then explained:

I can only say that if he proves a good husband to her and a good son to me, he shall find me as good a father as I can be; but at present I suppose you would agree with me that we cannot do more than fit her out handsomely in clothes and furniture, not exceeding in the whole five hundred pounds of value. For the rest, they must depend, as you and I did, on their own industry and care, as what remains in our hands will be barely sufficient for our support, and not enough for them, when it comes to be divided at our decease.

Having made this explanation, Franklin left the decision entirely to his wife, who gave her consent to the marriage. The course of true love, however, did not run altogether smoothly, for Bache shortly became bankrupt in his business, upon which the father advised a postponement of the wedding. He was, however, by some influence, speedily won over; but the marriage was not favorably viewed by some, for William Franklin wrote that "Mrs. Franklin became angry with our friends for not approving the match," and there even seems to have been some ill feeling within the family over it.

Once his daughter was wedded, the father was not wholly consistent in compelling the young people to depend entirely on themselves. He gave Bache two hundred pounds toward setting him up in business, very quickly found a berth for him in the post-office,—which ever proved in Franklin's hands to have an elastic capacity as regarded his relatives,—presently made him Deputy Postmaster-General, and for many years let the couple live in his house in Philadelphia, "at no expense for rent." Furthermore, when Congress removed Bache from his office of Postmaster-General, and he was compelled once more to start in business, Franklin, with questionable delicacy, considering his official position in France, exerted influence to secure him business from

various French commercial houses. Mrs. Bache, according to Marbois, took a prominent part in the Revolution "in exertions to rouse the zeal of the Pennsylvania ladies; and she made on this occasion such a happy use of the eloquence which you know she possesses that a large part of the American army was provided with shirts bought with their money or made with their own hands"; and the Frenchman continued: "If there are in Europe any women who need a model of attachment to domestic duties and love for their country, Mrs. Bache may be pointed out to them as such." The Marquis de Chastellux echoed this praise by a description which spoke of her as "simple in her manners"; "like her respectable father, she possesses his benevolence." She is said, furthermore, to have much resembled Franklin, and was referred to by Manasseh Cutler, in 1787, as "a very gross and rather homely lady." On Franklin's final return to America, "My son-in-law came in a boat for us; we landed at Market Street wharf, where we were received by a crowd of people with huzzas, and accompanied with acclamations quite to my door." During the few remaining years of his life the Baches and he made one family, and the father told a friend that "I, too, have got into my niche after being kept out of it twenty-four years by foreign employments," and "am again surrounded by my friends, with a large family of grandchildren about my knees, an affectionate, good daughter and son-in-law to take care of me."

Of the Bache children, the eldest, and his namesake, was the most endeared to Franklin, and even before he had ever seen the boy, his frequent inquiries showed his interest in him; indeed, his American correspondents quickly learned that they could write nothing which would please him more than news of the "Little King Bird," or "your young Hercules," as he was called. "I came to town with Betsey," wrote William Franklin to his father, "in order to stand for my young nephew. He is not so fat and lusty as some children at his time are, but he is altogether a pretty little fellow and improves in his looks every day. Mr. Baynton stood as proxy for you and named Ben'n Franklin and my mother and Betsey were the god-mothers." His wife's letters, too, constantly brought the sponsor news of the godchild. The grandmother viewing him as "an extraordinary little fellow," Franklin welcomed her news, telling her "I am much pleased with your little histories of our grandson and

happy in thinking how much amusement he must afford you," and confessing that they made "me long to be at home to play with Ben." He rarely failed to send his love to the child, and often "some little things for Benny Boy," and once he complained that "you have so used me to have something pretty about the boy that I am a little disappointed in finding nothing more of him than that he is gone up to Burlington. Pray give me in your next as usual a little of his history." At a dinner in London he reports that "the chief toast of the day was Master Benjamin Bache, which the venerable old lady began in a tumbler of *mountain*. The Bishop's lady politely added, 'And that he may be as good a man as his grandfather.' I said I hoped he would be *much better*. The Bishop, still more complaisant than his lady, said, 'We will compound the matter and be contented if he should not prove *quite so good*.'"

When Franklin went to France in 1776, he took this grandson with him, to "give him a little French language and address." With still other ends in view, so soon as he was settled in Paris, he "sent him to finish his education at Geneva," as "I intend him for a Presbyterian as well as a republican." Here the boy remained four years, and then returned to live with his grandfather, who wrote the mother: "I have had a great deal of pleasure in Ben. He is a good honest lad, and will make, I think, a valuable man." "He gains daily upon my affection," and "we love him very much." Young Bache came to America with his grandfather, and by his aid was established as a printer, Franklin supplying all the equipment for the office, which he left him in his will, together with other property. In his behalf, also, he asked Washington for some public office, an application which shared the same fate as that he had made for his other grandson, by being refused. It was the common feeling of the time that Franklin had used civil office to serve his family more than to serve the public, and so there was sufficient prejudice to make exclusion of his relatives almost a policy with the new government. This discrimination, in time, led to ill feeling, and eventually Benjamin Franklin Bache became the standard-bearer of the journalists who abused Washington.

If Benjamin, from this long intimacy, was his favorite of the Bache children, Franklin was unquestionably fond of them all, though the rest were too young to have been more than playthings to him. In writing of his home toward the end of his life, he described his pleasure in "a dutiful and affectionate daughter, who, together with her husband and six children, compose my family. The children are all promising, and even the youngest, who is but four years old, contributes to my amusement"; and only two years before his death he noted "the addition of a little good-natured girl, whom I begin to love as well as the rest."

Nor was the affection of the grandfather unreciprocated, one of Franklin's callers recording that Mrs. Bache "had three of her children about her, over whom she seemed to have no kind of command, but who appeared to be excessively fond of their Grandpapa." Franklin himself tells a story of a child that is worth repeating as showing the grandsire's feeling. His wife had written of Mrs. Bache's over-severe punishment of one of the children, and the husband had replied:

It was very prudently done of you not to interfere when his mother thought fit to correct him; which pleased me the more, as I feared, from your fondness of him, that he would be too much humored, and perhaps spoiled. There is a story of two little boys in the street; one was crying bitterly; the other came to him to ask what was the matter. "I have been," says he, "for a penny-worth of vinegar, and I have broken the glass, and spilled the vinegar, and my mother will whip me." "No, she won't whip you," says the other. "Indeed she will," says he. "What," says the other, "have you then got ne'er a grandmother?"

At seventeen years of age the runaway apprentice had left his family; from that time he saw but little of them. As agent for Pennsylvania, and as minister to France, Franklin was, save for two short home-comings, continuously in Europe from 1757 to 1785, and necessarily separated from his wife, and, except as already narrated, from his children and grandchildren. Yet of all his kith and kin he was undoubtedly truly fond, not merely as relatives, but as companions, and not to one does he seem to have been lacking in interest and kindness.

(To be continued.)

COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN (1756-1823).

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.



HE best painter, in a technical sense, among all our so-called English masters was not an Englishman, but a Scotchman—Sir Henry Raeburn. Handling the power to use the brush with certainty and ease—was his in large degree. He could hardly be called an imaginative artist, nor was he a draftsman or a colorist beyond the ordinary; but, in the Manet sense, he was quite a perfect painter. There are artists in history who seem to have been born to the brush rather than to the crayon—artists who take to paint as instinctively as swans to water. The names of Frans Hals and Velasquez come to mind at once as the chiefs of the class; and yet, in a smaller way, Tiepolo, Teniers, Goya, and Raeburn were just as truly to the manner born. Wilkie, when studying Velasquez in Spain, was continually reminded of the “square touch” of Raeburn. The resemblance in method—in a way of seeing and doing things—could not fail of notice. The men were of the same brotherhood, if not of the same rank, and in eye and hand they were both preëminently painters.

Raeburn's birth and education throw no light whatever on his peculiar technical ability. He sprang from peasant stock, and though the Scotch have always had fine native feeling in art matters, it was not to be supposed that one coming from the soil could overcome the final and most difficult phase of the painter's technic at the start. And yet that is what Raeburn apparently did. There is no record that he ever learned facility of handling from any one. He was virtually self-taught. Born near Edinburgh in 1756, he was left an orphan, at six years of age, in charge of an elder brother. It has been stated, and denied, that he received an elementary education at Heriot's school; but it seems well established that at fifteen he was apprenticed to a goldsmith named Gilliland. In the goldsmith's employ he developed a talent for miniature-painting, and his master, suspecting an incipient genius, took him to the studio of David Martin, who was the local “face-painter” for Edinburgh at that

time. Martin seems to have encouraged the youth and given him some of his own portraits to copy; but they soon quarreled,—as is the not infrequent habit of master and pupil,—and what instruction the young man had received is unknown. Martin could scarcely have taught more than he himself knew, and that was little. Nor does it appear that any after instruction came to Raeburn. There was no other painter in Edinburgh at that time to teach him, and he did not leave the town until both his style and his reputation were in a measure established. Then he married a young widow with something of a fortune, and about 1785 went up to London, and met Sir Joshua.

It is said that in London Raeburn worked in Sir Joshua's “painting-room” for a couple of months. The statement is questioned, though the painter certainly was not slow in adopting such methods of composition from the older man as he thought serviceable. Reynolds was very gracious to the young Scotchman, advised him to go to Rome, and, of course, recommended a study of Michelangelo, with whose work Raeburn could have had little or no sympathy. It is said that Sir Joshua, not knowing the young painter's easy circumstances through marriage (an ignorance which would argue against the “painting-room” story), generously offered him money and letters of introduction to painters in Rome. Raeburn accepted the latter, went to Rome, and remained there two years. He seems to have brought back with him some good advice, got from an art-dealer by the name of Byers, which he spoke of frequently as being of great service to him. The advice was cheap, and at this day is quite hackneyed. It was, in substance, to work from the model, and not from memory. This was Raeburn's natural inclination, and of course he fell in with it. There is no trace in his painting that he brought back anything else from Rome. Evidently the old masters never persuaded him, never made a dent of any kind in his Scotch nature. What were all the fine linear compositions of the Vatican to one



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, AFTER THE PAINTING BY BAEBURN.

ORIGINAL IN THE NATIONAL SCOTCH GALLERY, EDINBURGH.

LORD NEWTON.

whose eyes were focused to see in patched bulk rather than in sharp outline? What were the thin fields of color used by the Florentines to one who could work to advantage only with a heavily loaded brush? One portrait by Velasquez—say the "Innocent X," in the Doria Gallery—were worth them all. Raeburn may have seen this portrait; he may have seen Venetian, French, even Dutch painting at Rome, for that city has always been a great depot of art; but there is no tale in his life, nor trace in his art, of influences from these quarters. The simple Scot came home to Edinburgh, and, barring some acquired facility and a slight tendency to pay tribute to Sir Joshua's point of view, painted his portraits in the old way.

He soon established himself as the first portrait-painter in Scotland, and for many years employed his brush in painting such national characters as Blair, Erskine, Mackenzie, Robertson, Wilson, Dugald Stewart, and Walter Scott. At one time he contemplated moving up to London; but Lawrence persuaded him that it was better to be the Scottish Reynolds in Edinburgh than plain Raeburn in London. He visited London only a few times, and it was not until 1814 that he began sending portraits to the Royal Academy for exhibition. He was then elected an Associate, and the next year an Academician. In 1822, when George IV was in Edinburgh, Raeburn was knighted, and shortly afterward made "his Majesty's limner and painter for Scotland"; but he did not live long enough to enjoy the office. After a week's illness, he died June 16, 1823, leaving as the last work upon his easel a portrait of Sir Walter Scott. In addition to being a member of many foreign art societies, he had been president of the Society of Artists in Scotland, and had received honors even from far-away America.

Considering the lack of technical education, Raeburn's art seems little less than astonishing. He achieved almost at the start, and apparently without effort, those qualities of simplicity and directness which many painters struggle for all their lives, and then often fall short of attaining. It was not only that he was able to paint simply, but he saw things simply, to begin with. And yet it remains to be said that both his range and his success were limited. The problem he undertook was not complex. He made few sallies into the domain of historical painting, and he knew nothing about decorative composition. He was a portrait-painter, and as such saw little more than the human face.

By his own confession, a head was much easier for him to paint than a piece of drapery. He stumbled over accessory objects, often slurred them, and even his countryman, the Duke of Buccleugh, complained of his carelessness in painting hands. It is probable that he cared little for them. His Scotch mind went directly at the head, and his painter's eye was drawn by the expressive features. In giving the characteristic look of his sitter he was usually successful, though Scott said that he made a "chowder-headed person" of him. When he went further, and tried to give the whole-length portrait in landscape or with elaborate background, he was not so happy. His "Lady in White," in the National Gallery, London, done after the Reynolds formula, is somewhat heavy in spirit and flat in handling; his "Professor John Wilson," standing beside his horse, in the Scottish Portrait Gallery, is weak; his "Niel Gow," in Highland costume, with a violin, comes perilously near the bizarre. Given the bust portrait, and he could, at times, render it with great force. Nothing could be better of its kind than the portrait of Lord Newton that Mr. Cole has engraved. The bluff bulk of beef and beer in the head and shoulders is something wonderful. In giving the physical presence Frans Hals could not have gone beyond it. The portrait of Dr. Adam, hanging near the "Lord Newton" in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, has the same qualities of structure, and is struck off with the same square touch. Both portraits are quite perfect in their way.

These heads show Raeburn in his most energetic style—in fact, his best style. He could not always reach up to it, and with portraits of women he frequently fell below it. He never understood the "eternal womanly," and the gaiety and coquetry of the sex made no such appeal to him as to Reynolds and Romney. A somewhat matter-of-fact Scotchman, large-framed and athletic, fond of outdoor games, machinery, ship-building,—all strong, muscular pursuits,—he naturally sympathized with the powerful, and preferred the masculine to the feminine type. But he was not wholly indifferent to womanly grace and charm, and in such portraits as those of Mrs. Scott Moncrieff, Mrs. Bell, and his own wife he showed refinement, delicacy, and not a little sense of beauty. These portraits are given, however, with less pronounced modeling than shows in his portraits of men, and with the surfaces rubbed smooth. His concession to Sir Joshua was

more marked just here than elsewhere. His fair women hardly suggest an individual point of view, and one gains the impression that the painter is somehow following the Reynolds pattern—working with intelligence and skill, but without enthusiasm or conviction. The graceful contours and elaborate costume of a duchess were not to his fancy, as compared with the rugged features and the strong flesh-notes of a well-fed judge or a Scotch landlord.

One cannot imagine a head like that of the "Lord Newton" having been first drawn with chalk or coal. It must have been painted, like so many of the heads by Frans Hals, with a full brush and a free hand. And that was Raeburn's way of working. He used the brush from the start, drawing and modeling with it, relying upon it for everything, and finishing a portrait with it in four or five sittings. Absolute accuracy did not always accompany his facility; but bulk, weight, character,—in short, the personal presence,—were almost always given in a convincing manner. Unfortunately, Raeburn was fond of bitumen (something he may have heard of from Sir Joshua), and he employed that painter's plague not a little in his shadows. The results were, of course, disastrous. To-day the forehead curls in the portrait of Mrs. Scott Moncrieff have nearly slipped over the eyes from having been under-based in treacherous bitumen. The head of the "Lord Newton" has suffered in the shadows from a like cause. Raeburn did not use it invariably, and some of his portraits, like that of the Rev. John Home, in the National Portrait Gallery in London, are sound in every respect, and models of good craftsmanship.

There was nothing remarkable in Rae-

burn's art, aside from his simple point of view, his grasp of the portrait presence, and his mastery of the brush. He had little subtlety, shrewdness, or depth, little decorative sense in either line or color. His coloring was sober, often somber; or, if brilliant, it was shrill, or perhaps false, in its lighting. Tone was a feature he never quite mastered, and atmosphere bothered him whenever he tried to give a naturalistic background. He lacked knowledge of the aerial envelop, just as he failed in the perception of the relation of objects one to another. The isolated face and figure he did very well, but the grouped or related figure baffled him.

He had several different styles of working, but it is almost impossible to give them in order, for he never kept a record of his sitters or dated his canvases. It seems that at first he was timid and tentative, employing his early miniature methods upon an enlarged scale. Then he grew broader and freer, developing a robust manner, resembling at times that of an American painter,—Gilbert Stuart,—but oftener recalling the style of Velasquez. It seems that finally, following Reynolds or Lawrence, he painted with a smoother and a weaker brush. His method of handling must always have an interest for people of the craft; but to the public, that cares little about methods, he has been, and will doubtless continue to be, simply a good painter with limitations. He never illustrated history or poetry, and had nothing to do with figures in group or tales in paint. He was only a portrait-painter, and even in that department he was more of a skilled craftsman than a creative artist. As a craftsman he had no rival in his age and country, and to this day Scotland is still looking for his superior.

A HAZARD OF LOVE.

BY WILLIAM SHARP.

I COUNT my gain a loss,
If that should be to thee
The shadow of a cross
On thy felicity.

But if, dear saint, there be
In loss of mine thy gain,
How sweet it were for me
To please thee with my pain!

Let, then, my loss be thine,
My loss thy gain, sweet nun;
Yet, dear, were 't not divine
If gain and loss were one?

THE VIZIER OF THE TWO-HORNED ALEXANDER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

WITH PICTURES BY R. B. BIRCH.



"HIS WIFE WAS A SLENDER LADY."

I WAS on a French steamer bound from Havre to New York, when I had a peculiar experience in the way of a shipwreck. On a dark and foggy night, when we were about three days out, our vessel collided with a derelict—a great, heavy, helpless mass, as dull and colorless as the darkness in which she was enveloped. We struck her almost head on, and her stump of a bowsprit was driven into our port bow with such tremendous violence that a great hole—nobody knew of what dimensions—was made in our vessel.

The collision occurred about two hours before daylight, and the frightened passengers who crowded the upper deck were soon informed by the officers that it would be necessary to take to the boats, for the vessel was rapidly settling by the head.

Now, of course, all was hurry and confusion. The captain endeavored to assure his passengers that there were boats enough to carry every soul on board, and that there was time enough for them to embark quietly and in order. But as the French people did not understand him when he spoke in English, and as the Americans did not readily comprehend what he said in French, his ex-

hortations were of little avail. With such of their possessions as they could carry, the people crowded into the boats as soon as they were ready, and sometimes before they were ready; and while there was not exactly a panic on board, each man seemed to be inspired with the idea that his safety, and that of his family, if he had one, depended upon precipitate individual action.

I was a young man, traveling alone, and while I was as anxious as any one to be saved from the sinking vessel, I was not a coward, and I could not thrust myself into a boat when there were women and children behind me who had not yet been provided with places. There were men who did this, and several times I felt inclined to knock one of the poltroons overboard. The deck was well lighted, the steamer was settling slowly, and there was no excuse for the dastardly proceedings which were going on about me.

It was not long, however, before almost all of the passengers were safely embarked, and I was preparing to get into a boat which was nearly filled with the officers and crew, when I was touched on the shoulder, and turning, I saw a gentleman whose acquaintance I had made soon after the steamer had left Havre. His name was Crowder. He was a middle-aged man, a New-Yorker, intelligent and of a social disposition, and I had found him a very pleasant companion. To my amazement, I perceived that he was smoking a cigar.

"If I were you," said he, "I would not go in that boat. It is horribly crowded, and the captain and second officer have yet to find places in it."

"That's all the more reason," said I, "why we should hurry. I am not going to push myself ahead of women and children, but I've just as much right to be saved as the captain has, and if there are any vacant places, let us get them as soon as possible."

Crowder now put his hand on my shoulder as if to restrain me. "Safety!" said he. "You need n't trouble yourself about safety. You are just as safe where you are as you could possibly be in one of those boats. If they are not picked up soon,—and they may float about for days,—their sufferings and discomforts will be very great. There is a

shameful want of accommodation in the way of boats."

"But, my dear sir," said I, "I can't stop here to talk about that. They are calling for the captain now."

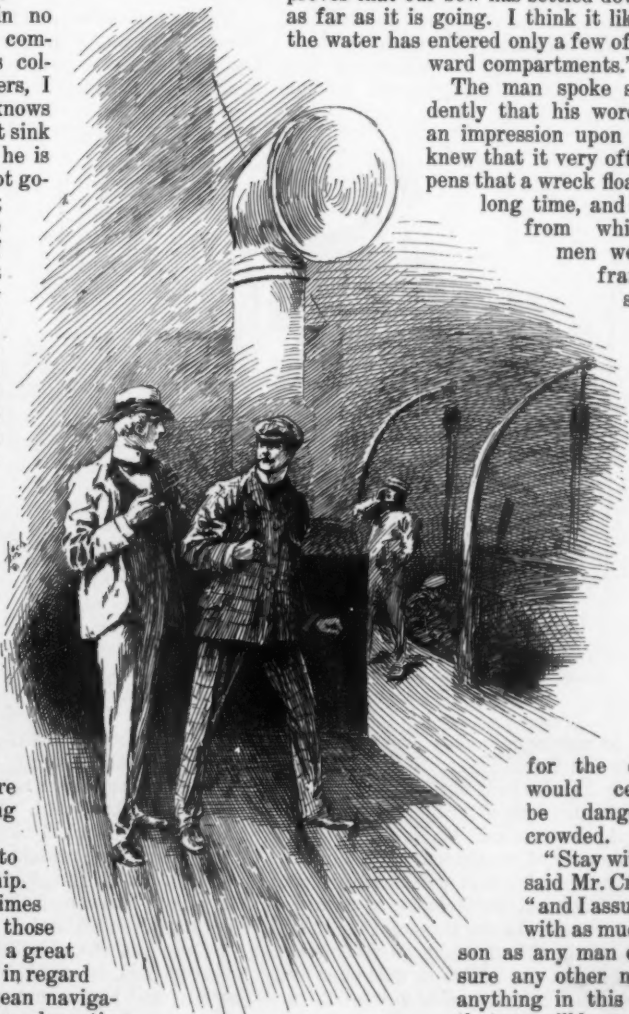
"Oh, he 's in no hurry," said my companion. "He 's collecting his papers, I suppose, and he knows his vessel will not sink under him while he is doing it. I'm not going in that boat; I have n't the least idea of such a thing. It will be odiously crowded, and I assure you, sir, that if the sea should be rough that boat will be dangerous. Even now she is overloaded."

I looked at the man in amazement. He had spoken earnestly, but he was as calm as if we were standing on a sidewalk, and he endeavoring to dissuade me from boarding an overcrowded street-car. Before I could say anything he spoke again:

"I am going to remain on this ship. She is a hundred times safer than any of those boats. I have had a great deal of experience in regard to vessels and ocean navigation, and it will be a long time before this vessel sinks, if she ever sinks of her own accord. She 's just as likely to float as that derelict we ran into. The steam is pretty nearly out of her boilers by this time, and nothing is likely to happen to her. I wish you would stay with me. Here we will be safe, with plenty of room, and plenty to eat and drink. When it is daylight we will hoist a flag of distress, which will be much more likely to

be seen than anything that can flutter from those little boats. If you have noticed, sir, the inclination of this deck is not greater now than it was half an hour ago. That proves that our bow has settled down about as far as it is going. I think it likely that the water has entered only a few of the forward compartments."

The man spoke so confidently that his words made an impression upon me. I knew that it very often happens that a wreck floats for a long time, and the boat from which the men were now frantically shouting



for the captain would certainly be dangerously crowded.

"Stay with me," said Mr. Crowder, "and I assure you, with as much reason as any man can assure any other man of anything in this world, that you will be perfectly safe. This steamer is not going to sink."

"DON'T YOU DO IT."

There were rapid footsteps, and I saw the captain and his second officer approaching.

"Step back here," said Mr. Crowder, pulling me by the coat. "Don't let them see us. They may drag us on board that confounded boat. Keep quiet, sir, and let them get off. They think they are the last on board."

Involuntarily I obeyed him, and we stood

in the shadow of the great smoke-stack. The captain had reached the rail.

"Is every one in the boats?" he shouted, in French and in English. "Is every one in the boats? I am going to leave the vessel."

I made a start as if to rush toward him, but Crowder held me by the arm.

"Don't you do it," he whispered very earnestly. "I have the greatest possible

very disagreeable slant to my berth. The next day, early in the afternoon, our signal of distress was seen by a tramp steamer on her way to New York, and we were taken off.

We cruised about for many hours in the direction the boats had probably taken, and the day after we picked up two of them in a sorry condition, the occupants having



"TIME OF ABRAHAM!" I EXCLAIMED."

desire to save you. Stay where you are, and you will be all right. That overloaded boat may capsize in half an hour."

I could not help it; I believed him. My own judgment seemed suddenly to rise up and ask me why I should leave the solid deck of the steamer for that perilous little boat.

I need say but little more in regard to this shipwreck. When the fog lifted about ten o'clock in the morning we could see no signs of any of the boats. A mile or so away lay the dull black line of the derelict, as if she were some savage beast who had bitten and torn us, and was now sullenly waiting to see us die of the wound. We hoisted a flag, union down, and then we went below to get some breakfast. Mr. Crowder knew all about the ship, and where to find everything. He told me that he had made so many voyages that he felt almost as much at home on sea as on land. We made ourselves comfortable all day, and at night we went to our rooms, and I slept fairly well, although there was a

suffered many hardships and privations. We never had news of the captain's boat, but the others were rescued by a sailing-vessel going eastward.

Before we reached New York, Mr. Crowder had made me promise that I would spend a few days with him at his home in that city. His family was small, he told me,—a wife, and a daughter about six,—and he wanted me to know them. Naturally we had become great friends. Very likely the man had saved my life, and he had done it without any act of heroism or daring, but simply by impressing me with the fact that his judgment was better than mine. I am apt to object to people of superior judgment, but Mr. Crowder was an exception to the ordinary superior person. From the way he talked it was plain that he had had much experience of various sorts, and that he had greatly advantaged thereby; but he gave himself no airs on this account, and there was nothing patronizing about him. If I were able to tell

him anything he did not know,—and I frequently was,—he was very glad to hear it.

Moreover, Mr. Crowder was a very good man to look at. He was certainly over fifty,

My relatives were few, and they lived in the West, and I never had had a friend whose company was so agreeable to me as that of Mr. Crowder.



MOSES ASKED EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS.

and his closely trimmed hair was white, but he had a fresh and florid complexion. He was tall and well made, fashionably dressed, and had an erect and somewhat military carriage. He was fond of talking, and seemed fond of me, and these points in his disposition attracted me very much.

Mr. Crowder's residence was a handsome house in the upper part of the city. His wife was a slender lady, scarcely half his age, with a sweet and interesting face, and was attired plainly but tastefully. In general appearance she seemed to be the opposite of her husband in every way. She had suffered

a week of anxiety, and was so rejoiced at having her husband again that when I met her, some hours after Crowder had reached the house, her glorified face seemed like that of an angel. But there was nothing demonstrative about her. Even in her great joy she was as quiet as a dove, and I was not surprised when her husband afterward told me that she was a Quaker.

I was entertained very handsomely by the Crowders. I spent some days with them, and although they were so happy to see each other, they made it very plain that they were also happy to have me with them, he because he liked me, she because she liked me.

On the day before my intended departure, Mr. Crowder and I were smoking, after dinner, in his study. He had been speaking of people and things that he had seen in various parts of the world, but after a time he became a little abstracted, and allowed me to do most of the talking.

"You must excuse me," he said suddenly, when I had repeated a question; "you must not think me willingly inattentive, but I was considering something important—very important. Ever since you have been here,—almost ever since I have known you, I might say,—the desire has been growing upon me to tell you something known to no living being but myself."

This offer did not altogether please me; I had grown very fond of Crowder, but the confidences of friends are often very embarrassing. At this moment the study door was gently opened, and Mrs. Crowder came in.

"No," said she, addressing her husband with a smile; "thee need not let thee con-

science trouble thee. I have not come to say anything about gentlemen being too long over their smoking. I only want to say that Mrs. Norris and two other ladies have just called, and I am going down to see them. They are a committee, and will not care for the society of gentlemen. I am sorry to lose any of your

company, Mr. Randolph, especially as you insist that this is to be your last evening with us; but I do not think you would care anything about our ward organizations."

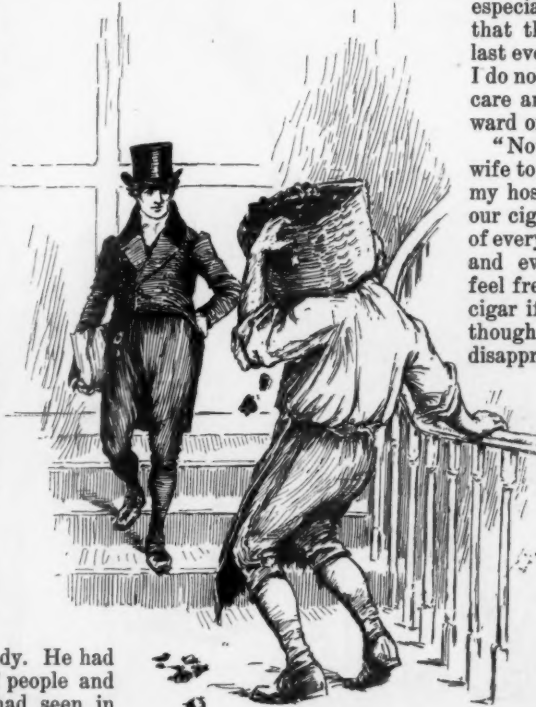
"Now, is n't that a wife to have!" exclaimed my host, as we resumed our cigars. "She thinks of everybody's happiness, and even wishes us to feel free to take another cigar if we desire it, although in her heart she disapproves of smoking."

We settled ourselves again to talk, and as there really could be no objections to my listening to Crowder's confidences, I made none.

"What I have to tell you," he said presently, "concerns my life, present, past, and future. Pretty

comprehensive, is n't it? I have long been looking for some one to whom I should be so drawn by bonds of sympathy that I should wish to tell him my story. Now, I feel that I am so drawn to you. The reason for this, in some degree at least, is because you believe in me. You are not weak, and it is my opinion that on important occasions you are very apt to judge for yourself, and not to care very much for the opinions of other people; and yet, on a most important occasion, you allowed me to judge for you. You are not only able to rely on yourself, but you know when it is right to rely on others. I believe you to be possessed of a fine and healthy sense of appreciation."

I laughed, and begged him not to bestow



AN ENCOUNTER WITH CHARLES LAMB.

too many compliments upon me, for I was not used to them.

"I am not thinking of complimenting you," he said. "I am simply telling you what I think of you in order that you will understand why I tell you my story. I must first assure you, however, that I do not wish to place any embarrassing responsibility upon you by taking you into my confidence. All that I say to you, you may say to others when the time comes; but first I must tell the tale to you."

He sat up straight in his chair, and put down his cigar. "I will begin," he said, "by stating that I am the Vizier of the Two-horned Alexander."

I sat up even straighter than my companion, and gazed steadfastly at him.

"No," said he; "I am not crazy. I expected you to think that, and am entirely prepared for your look of amazement and incipient horror. I will ask you, however, to set aside for a time the dictates of your own sense, and hear what I have to say. Then you can take the whole matter into consideration, and draw your own conclusions." He now leaned back in his chair, and went on with his story: "It would be more correct, perhaps, for me to say that I was the Vizier of the Two-horned Alexander, for that great personage died long ago. Now, I don't believe you ever heard anything about the Two-horned Alexander."

I had recovered sufficiently from my surprise to assure him that he was right.

My host nodded. "I thought so," said he; "very few people do know anything about that powerful potentate. He lived in the time of Abraham. He was a man of considerable culture, even of travel, and of an adventurous disposition. I entered into the service of his court when I was a very young man, and gradually I rose in position until I became his chief officer, or vizier."

I sprang from my chair. "Time of Abraham!" I exclaimed. "This is simply—"

"No; it is not," he interrupted, and speaking in perfect good humor. "I beg you will sit down and listen to me. What I have to say to you is not nearly so wonderful as the nature and power of electricity."

I obeyed; he had touched me on a tender spot, for I am an electrician, and can appreciate the wonderful.

"There has been a great deal of discussion," he continued, "in regard to the peculiar title given to Alexander, but the appellation

'two-horned' has frequently been used in ancient times. You know Michelangelo gave two horns to Moses; but he misunderstood the tradition he had heard, and furnished the prophet with real horns. Alexander

wore his hair arranged over his forehead in the shape of two protruding horns. This was simply a symbol of high authority; as the bull is monarch of the herd, so was he monarch among men. He was the first to use this symbol, although it was imitated afterward by various Eastern potentates.

"As I have said, Alexander was a man of enterprise, and it had come to his knowledge that there existed somewhere a certain spring the waters of which would confer immortality upon

any descendant of Shem who should drink of them, and he started out to find this spring. I traveled with him for more than a year. It was on this journey that he visited Abraham when the latter was building the great edifice which the Mohammedans claim as their holy temple, the Kaaba.

It was more than a month after we had parted from Abraham that I, being in advance of the rest of the company, noticed a little pool in the shade of a rock, and being very warm and thirsty, I got down on my hands and knees, and putting my face to the water, drank of it. I drank heartily, and when I raised my head I saw, to my amazement, that there was not a drop of water left in the spring. Now it so happened that



"I CUT THAT PICTURE FROM ITS FRAME."

when Alexander came to this spot, he stopped, and having regarded the little hollow under the rock, together with its surroundings, he dismounted and stood by it. He called me, and said: 'According to all the descriptions I have read, this might have been the spring of immortality for which I have been searching; but it cannot be such now, for there is no water in it.' Then he stooped down and looked carefully at the hollow. 'There has been water here,' said he, 'and that not long ago, for the ground is wet.'

"A horrible suspicion now seized upon me. Could I have drained the contents of the spring of inestimable value? Could I, without knowing it, have deprived my king of the great prize for which he had searched so long, with such labor and pains? Of course I was certain of nothing, but I bowed before Alexander, and told him that I had found an insignificant little puddle at the place, that I had tasted it and found it was nothing but common water, and in quantity so small that it scarcely sufficed to quench my thirst. If he would consent to camp in the shade, and wait a few hours, water would trickle again into the little basin, and fill it, and he could see for himself that this could not be the spring of which he was in search.

"We waited at that place for the rest of the day and the whole of the night, and the next morning the little basin was empty and entirely dry. Alexander did not reproach me; he was accustomed to rule all men, even himself, and he forbade himself to think that I had interfered with the great object of his search. But he sent me home to his capital city, and continued his journey without me. 'Such a thirsty man must not travel with me,' he said. 'If we should really come to the immortal spring, he would be sure to drink it all.'

"Nine years afterward Alexander returned to his palace, and when I presented myself before him he regarded me steadfastly. I knew why he was looking at me, and I trembled. At length he spoke: 'Thou art not one day older than when I dismissed thee from my company. It was indeed the fountain of immortality which thou didst discover, and of which thou didst drink every drop. I have searched over the whole habitable world, and there is no other. Thou, too, art an aristocrat; thou, too, art of the family of Shem. It was for this reason that I placed thee near me, that I gave thee great power; and now thou hast destroyed all my hopes, my aspira-

tions. Thou hast put an end to my ambitions. I had believed that I should rule the world, and rule it forever!' His face grew black; his voice was terrible. 'Retire!' he said. 'I will attend to thy future.'

"I retired, but my furious sovereign never saw me again. I was fifty-three years old when I drank the water in the little pool under the rock, and I was well aware that at the time of my sovereign's return I felt no older and looked no older. But still I hoped that this was merely the result of my general good health, and that when Alexander came back he would inform me that he had discovered the veritable spring of immortality; so I retained my high office, and waited. But I had made my plans for escape in case my hope should not be realized. In two minutes from the time I left his presence I had begun my flight, and there were no horses in all his dominions which could equal the speed of mine.

"Now began a long, long period of danger and terror, of concealment and deprivation. I fled into other lands, and these were conquered in order that I might be found. But at last Alexander died, and his son died, and the sons of his son died, and the whole story was forgotten or disbelieved, and I was no longer in danger of living forever as an example of the ingenious cruelty of an exasperated monarch.

"I do not intend to recount my life and adventures since that time; in fact, I shall scarcely touch upon them. You can see for yourself that that would be impossible. One might as well attempt to read a history of the world in a single evening. I merely want to say enough to make you understand the situation.

"A hundred years after I had fled from Alexander I was still fifty-three years old, and knew that that would be my age forever. I stayed so long in the place where I first established myself that people began to look upon me with suspicion. Seeing me grow no older, they thought I was a wizard, and I was obliged to seek a new habitation. Ever since, my fate has been the necessity of moving from place to place. I would go somewhere as a man beginning to show signs of age, and I would remain as long as a man could reasonably be supposed to live without becoming truly old and decrepit. Sometimes I remained in a place far longer than my prudence should have permitted, and many were the perils I escaped on account of this rashness; but I have gradually learned wisdom."

The man spoke so quietly and calmly, and

made his statements in such a matter-of-fact way, that I listened to him with the same fascinated attention I had given to the theory of telegraphy without wires, when it was first propounded to me. In fact, I had been so influenced by his own conviction of the truth of what he said that I had been on the point of asking him if Abraham had really had anything to do with the building of the Islam temple, but had been checked by the thought of the utter absurdity of supposing that this man sitting in front of me could possibly know anything about it. But now I spoke. I did not want him to suppose that I believed anything he said, nor did I really intend to humor him in his insane retrospections; but what he had said suggested to me the very apropos remark that one might suppose he had been giving a new version of the story of the Wandering Jew.

At this he sat up very straight, on the extreme edge of his chair; his eyes sparkled.

"You must excuse me," he said, "but for twenty seconds I am going to be angry. I can't help it. It is n't your fault, but that remark always enrages me. I expect it, of course, but it makes my blood boil, all the same."

"Then you have told your story before?" I said.

"Of course I have," he answered. "I have told it often before. Some have believed it, some have not; but, believers or disbelievers, all have died and disappeared. Their opinions are nothing to me. You are the only living being who knows my story."

I was going to ask a question here, but he did not give me a chance. He was very much moved.

"I hate that Wandering Jew," said he, "or, I should say, I despise the thin film of a tradition from which he was constructed. There never was a Wandering Jew. There could not have been; it is impossible to conceive of a human being sent forth to wander in wretchedness forever. Moreover, suppose there had been such a man, what a poor, modern creature he would be compared with me! Even now he would be less than two thousand years old. You must excuse my perturbation, but I am sure that during the whole of the Christian era I have never told my story to any one who did not, in some way or other, make an absurd or irritating reference to the Wandering Jew. I have often thought, and I have no doubt I am right, that the ancient story of my adventures as Kroudh, the Vizier of the Two-horned Alexander, combined with what I

have related, in one century or another, of my subsequent experiences, has given rise to the tradition of that very unpleasant Jew of whom Eugène Sue and many others have made good use. It is very natural that there should be legends about people who in some way or other are enabled to live forever. In all ages there have been individuals who have desired earthly immortality, or supposed they desired it; and when people want things, there will always be legends to suit their fancy. If De Soto and his companions had mysteriously disappeared during their expedition in search of the Fountain of Youth, there would be stories now about rejuvenated Spaniards who are wandering about the earth, and would always continue to wander. But the Fountain of Youth is not a desirable water-supply, and a young person who should find such a pool would do well to wait until he had arrived at maturity before entering upon an existence of indefinite continuance.

"But I must go on with my story," said he. "At one time I made myself a home, and remained in it for many, many years without making any change. I became a sort of hermit, and lived in a rocky cave. I allowed my hair and beard to grow, so that people really thought I was getting older and older; and at last I acquired the reputation of a prophet, and was held in veneration by a great many religious people. Of course I could not prophesy, but as I had such a vast deal of experience I was able to predicate intelligently something about the future from my knowledge of the past. I became famed as a wonderful seer, and there were a great many curious stories told about me.

"Among my visitors at that time was Moses. He had heard of me, and came to see what manner of man I was. We became very well acquainted. He was a man anxious to obtain information, and he asked me questions which embarrassed me very much; but I do not know that he suspected I had lived beyond the ordinary span of life. There are a good many traditions about this visit of Moses, some of which are extant at the present day; but these, of course, are the result of what might be called cumulative imagination. Many of them are of Moslem origin, and the great Arabian historian Tabari has related some of them.

"I learned a great deal while I lived in this cave, both from scholars and from nature; but at last new generations arose who did not honor or even respect me, and by some I was looked upon as a fraudulent

successor to the old prophet of whom their ancestors had told them, and I thought it prudent to leave."

My interest in this man's extraordinary tissue of retrospection was increasing, and I felt that I must not doubt or deny; to do so would be to break the spell, to close the book.

"Did it not sometimes fill you with horror to think that you must live forever?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered; "that has happened to me; but such feelings have long, long passed away. If you could have lived as I have, and had seen the world change from what it was when I was born to what it is now, you would understand how a man of my disposition, a man of my overpowering love of knowledge, love of discovery, love of improvement, love of progress of all kinds, would love to live. In fact, if I were now to be told that at the end of five thousand years I must expire and cease, it would fill me with gloom. Having seen so much, I expect more than most men are capable of comprehending. And I shall see it all—see the centuries unfold, behold the wonderful things of the future arise! The very thought of it fills me with inexpressible joy."

For a few moments he remained silent. I could understand the state of his mind, no matter how those mental conditions had been brought about.

"But you must not suppose," he continued, "that this earthly immortality is without its pains, its fears, I may say its horrors. It is precisely on account of all these that I am now talking to you. The knowledge that my life is always safe, no matter in what peril I may be, does not relieve me from anxiety and apprehension of evil. It would be a curse to live if I were not in sound physical condition; it would be a curse to live as a slave; it would be a curse to live in a dungeon. I have known vicissitudes and hardships of every kind, but I have been fortunate enough to preserve myself whole and unscathed, in spite of the dangers I have incurred.

"I often think from what a terrible fate I saved my master, Alexander of the two horns. If he had found the fountain he might have enjoyed his power and dominion for a few generations. Then he would have been thrown down, cast out, and even if he had escaped miseries which I cannot bear to mention, he never could have regained his high throne. He would have been condemned to live forever in a station for which he was not fitted.

"It is very different with me. My nature

allows me to adapt myself to various conditions, and my habits of prudence prevent me from seeking to occupy any position which may be dangerous to me by making me conspicuous, and from which I could not easily retire when I believe the time has come to do so. I have been almost everything; I have even been a soldier. But I have never taken up arms except when obliged to do so, and I have known as little of war as possible. No weapon or missile could kill me, but I have a great regard for my arms and legs. I have been a ruler of men, but I have trembled in my high estate. I feared the populace. They could do everything except take my life. Therefore I made it a point to abdicate when the skies were clear. In such cases I set out on journeys from which I never returned.

"I have also lived the life of the lowly; I have drawn water, and I have hewn wood. By the way, that reminds me of a little incident which may interest you. I was employed in the East India House at the time Charles Lamb was a clerk there. It was not long after he had begun to contribute his *Elia* essays to the 'London Magazine.' I had read some of them, and was interested in the man. I met him several times in the corridors or on the stairways, and one day I was going up-stairs, carrying a hod of coals, as he was coming down. Looking up at him, I made a misstep, and came near dropping a portion of my burden. 'My good man,' said he, with a queer smile, 'if you would learn to carry your coals as well as you carry your age you would do well.' I don't remember what I said in reply; but I know I thought if Charles Lamb could be made aware of my real age he would abandon *Elia* and devote himself to me."

"It is a pity you did not tell him," I now suggested.

"No," replied my host. "He might have been interested, but he could not have appreciated it, even if I had told him everything. He would not really have known my age, for he would not have believed me. I might have found myself in a lunatic asylum. I never saw Lamb again, and very soon after that meeting I came to America."

"There are two points about your story that I do not comprehend," said I (and as I spoke I could not help the thought that in reality I did not comprehend any of it). "In the first place, I don't see how you could live for a generation or two in one place and then go off to an entirely new locality. I should think there were not enough inhabited spots

in the world to accommodate you in such extensive changes."

Mr. Crowder smiled. "I don't wonder you ask that question," he said; "but in fact it was not always necessary for me to seek new places. There are towns in which I have taken up my residence many times. But as I arrived each time as a stranger from afar, and as these sojourns were separated by many years, there was no one to suppose me to be a person who had lived in that place a century or two before."

"Then you never had your portrait painted," I remarked.

"Oh, yes, I have," he replied. "Toward the close of the thirteenth century I was living in Florence, being at that time married to a lady of wealthy family, and she insisted upon my having my portrait painted by Cimabue, who, as you know, was the master of Giotto. After my wife's death I departed from Florence, leaving behind me

the impression that I intended to return; and I would have been glad to take the portrait with me, but I had no opportunity. It was in 1503 that I returned to Florence, and as soon as I could I visited the stately mansion where I had once lived, and there in the gallery still hung the portrait. This was an unsatisfactory discovery, for I might wish at some future time to settle again in Florence, and I had hoped that the portrait had faded, or that it had been destroyed; but Cimabue painted too well, and his work was then held in high value, without regard to his subject. Finding myself entirely alone in the gallery, I cut that picture from its frame; I concealed it under my cloak, and when I reached my lodging I utterly destroyed it. I did not feel that I was committing any crime in doing this; I had ordered and paid for that picture, and I felt that I had a right to do what I pleased with it."

(To be concluded.)



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

SHE told the story, and the whole world wept
 At wrongs and cruelties it had not known
 But for this fearless woman's voice alone.
 She spoke to consciences that long had slept:
 Her message, Freedom's clear reveille, swept
 From heedless hovel to complacent throne.
 Command and prophecy were in the tone,
 And from its sheath the sword of justice leapt.
 Around two peoples swelled a fiery wave,
 But both came forth transfigured from the flame.
 Blest be the hand that dared be strong to save,
 And blest be she who in our weakness came—
 Prophet and priestess! At one stroke she gave
 A race to freedom, and herself to fame.

VIA CRUCIS.¹

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

I.



HE sun was setting on the fifth day of May, in the year of our Lord's grace eleven hundred and forty-five. In the little garden between the outer wall and the moat of Stoke Regis Manor, a lady slowly walked along the narrow path between high rose-bushes trained upon the masonry, and a low flower-bed, divided into many little squares, planted alternately with flowers and sweet herbs on one side, and bordered with budding-violets on the other. From the line where the flowers ended, spiked rushes grew in sharp disorder to the edge of the deep-green water in the moat. Beyond the water stretched the close-cropped sward; then came great oak-trees, shadowy still in their spring foliage; and then corn-land and meadow-land, in long green waves of rising tilth and pasture, as far as a man could see.

The sun was setting, and the level rays reddened the lady's golden hair, and fired the softness of her clear blue eyes. She walked with a certain easy undulation, in which there were both strength and grace; and though she could barely have been called young, none would have dared to say that she was past maturity. Features which had been coldly perfect and hard in early youth, and which might grow sharp in old age, were smoothed and rounded in the full fruit-time of life's summer. As the gold deepened in the mellow air, and tinged the lady's hair and eyes, it wrought in her face changes of which she knew nothing. The beauty of a white-marble statue suddenly changed to burnished gold might be beauty still, but of different expression and meaning. There is always something devilish in the too great profusion of precious metal—something that suggests greed, spoil, gain, and all that he lives for who strives for wealth; and sometimes, by the mere absence of gold or silver, there is dignity, simplicity, even solemnity.

Above the setting sun, tens of thousands of little clouds, as light and fleecy as swan's-

down, some dazzling bright, some rosy-colored, some, far to eastward, already purple, streamed across the pale sky in the mystic figure of a vast wing, as if some great archangel hovered below the horizon, pointing one jeweled pinion to the firmament, the other down and unseen in his low flight. Just above the feathery oak-trees, behind which the sun had dipped, long streamers of red and yellow and more imperial purple shot out to right and left. Above the moat's broad water, the quick, dark May-flies chased one another, in dashes of straight lines, through the rosy haze; and as the sinking sun shot a last farewell glance between the trunks of the oak-trees on the knoll, the lady stood still, and turned her smooth features to the light. There was curiosity in her look, expectation and some anxiety, but there was no longing. A month had passed since Raymond Warde had ridden away with his half-dozen squires and servants to do homage to the Empress Maud. Her court was, indeed, little more than a show, and Stephen ruled in wrongful possession of the land; but here and there a sturdy and honest knight was still to be found, who might, perhaps, be brought to do homage for his lands to King Stephen, but who would have felt that he was a traitor, and no true man, had he not rendered the homage of fealty to the unhappy lady who was his rightful sovereign. And one of these was Raymond Warde, whose great-grandfather had ridden with Robert the Devil to Jerusalem, and had been with him when he died in Nicæa; and his grandsire had been in the thick of the press at Hastings, with William of Normandy, wherefore he had received the lands and lordship of Stoke Regis in Hertfordshire; and his name is on the Battle Abbey Roll to this day.

During ten years Stephen of Blois had reigned over England with varying fortune, alternately victor and vanquished, now holding his great enemy, Robert of Gloucester, a prisoner and hostage, now himself in the empress's power, loaded with chains, and languishing in the keep of Bristol Castle.

¹ Copyright, 1898, by F. Marion Crawford.

Yet of late the tide had turned in his favor; and though Gloucester still kept up the show of warfare for his half-sister's sake,—as, indeed, he fought for her so long as he had breath,—the worst of the civil war was over; the partizans of the empress had lost faith in her sovereignty, and her cause was but lingering in the shadow of death. The nobles of England had judged Stephen's character from the hour in which King Henry died, and they knew him to be a brave soldier, a desperate fighter, an indulgent man, and a weak ruler.

Finding themselves confronted by a usurper who had no great talent to recommend him, nor much political strength behind his brilliant personal courage, their first instinct was to refuse submission to his authority, and to drive him out as an impostor. It was not until they had been chilled and disappointed by the scornful coldness of the empress-queen's imperious bearing that they saw how much pleasanter it would be to rule Stephen than to serve Maud. Yet Gloucester was powerful, and, with his feudal retainers and devoted followers and a handful of loyal independent knights, he was still able to hold Oxford, Gloucester, and the northernmost part of Berkshire for his sister.

Now, in the early spring of this present year, the great earl had gone forth, with his followers and a host of masons and laboring-men, to build a new castle on the height by Farringdon, where good King Alfred had carved the great white horse by tearing the turf from the chalky hill, for an everlasting record of victory. Boldly Gloucester had traced the outer wall and bastions, the second rampart within that, and the vast fortress which was to be thus trebly protected. The building was to be the work of weeks, not months, and, if it were possible, of days rather than of weeks. The whole was to be a strong outpost for a fresh advance, and neither gold nor labor was to be spared in the execution of the plan. Gloucester pitched his sister's camp and his own tent upon the grassy eminence that faced the castle. Thence he himself directed and commanded, and thence the Empress Maud, sitting beneath the lifted awning of her imperial tent, could see the gray stone rising, course upon course, string upon string, block upon block, at a rate that reminded her of that Eastern trick which she had seen at the emperor's court, performed by a turbaned juggler from the East, who made a tree grow from the seed to the leafy branch and

full ripe fruit while the dazed courtiers who looked on could count fivescore.

Thither, as to a general trysting-place, the few loyal knights and barons went up to do homage to their sovereign lady, and to grasp the hand of the bravest and gentlest man who trod English ground; and thither, with the rest, Raymond Warde was gone, with his only son, Gilbert, then only eighteen years of age, whom this chronicle chiefly concerns; and Raymond's wife, the Lady Goda, was left in the manor-house of Stoke Regis, under the guard of a dozen men-at-arms, mostly stiff-jointed veterans of King Henry's wars, and under the more effectual protection of several hundred sturdy bondmen and yeomen, devoted, body and soul, to their master, and ready to die for his blood or kin. For throughout Hertfordshire and Essex and Kent there dwelt no Norman baron nor any earl who was beloved of his Saxon people as was the Lord of Stoke; wherefore his lady felt herself safe in his absence, though she knew well enough that only a small part of that devotion was for herself.

There are people who seem able to go through life, with profit to themselves, if not to others, by a sort of vicarious grace arising out of the devotion wasted on them by their nearest and dearest, and dependent upon the success, the honor, and the reputation of those who cherish them. The Lady Goda set down to her own full credit the faithful attachment which her husband's Saxon swains not only felt for him, but owed him in return for his unchanging kindness and impartial justice; and she took the deserts to herself, as such people will, with a whole-souled determination to believe that it was her due, though she knew that she deserved none of it.

She had married Raymond Warde without loving him, being ambitious of his name and honors, when his future had seemed brilliant in the days of good King Henry. She had borne him an only son, who worshiped her with a chivalric devotion that was almost childlike in its blindness; and the most that she could feel, in return, was a sort of motherly vanity in his outward being; and this he accepted as love, though it was as far from that as devotion to self is from devotion to another—as greed is far from generosity. She had not been more than sixteen years of age when she had married, being the youngest of many sisters, left almost dowerless when their father had departed on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land,

from which he had never returned. Raymond Warde had loved her for her beauty, which was real, and for her character, which was entirely the creation of his own imagination; and with the calm, unconscious fatuity which so often underlies the characters of honest and simple men, he had continued throughout his married life to believe that his wife's affection, if neither very deep nor very high, was centered upon himself and upon Gilbert. Any man a jot less true and straightforward would have found out the utter emptiness of such belief within a year. Goda had been bitterly disappointed by the result of her marriage, so far as her real tastes and ambitions were concerned. She had dreamed of a court; she was condemned to the country. She loved gaiety; she was relegated to dullness. And the Lord of Stoke was strong rather than attractive, imposing rather than seductive, and he had never dreamed of that small coin of flattery which greedy and dissatisfied natures require, at all costs, when their real longings are unfulfilled. It is their nature to give little; it is their nature and their delight to ask much, and to take all that is within their reach. So it came to pass that Goda took her husband's loving generosity and her son's devotion as matters foregone and of course, which were her due, and which might stay hunger, though they could not satisfy her vanity's large appetite; and she took, besides, such other things, both good and bad, as she found in her path, especially and notably the heart of Arnold de Curboil, a widowed knight, cousin to the Archbishop of Canterbury who had crowned Stephen king, after swearing allegiance to Maud. This Arnold, who had followed his great cousin in supporting King Stephen's cause, had received for his service broad lands, both farm and forest, in Hertfordshire, bordering upon the hereditary estates of the Wardes; and in the turmoil and chaos of the long civil war, his word, at first without Raymond's knowledge, had more than once saved the latter's little castle from siege and probable destruction. Warde, in his loyalty to the rightful sovereign, had, indeed, rather drawn back from the newcomer's friendship than made advances to win it; but Raymond had yielded, in the end, to his wife's sarcasms, and to his own sense of obligation, as he began to find out how, again and again, in the turning tides of civil strife, his neighbor, though of opposite conviction, served him by protecting his bondmen, his neat cattle, and his growing crops from pillage and destruction. Ray-

mond did not trace such acts of neighborly kindness to the day when, hawking with his lady and little Gilbert, then hardly big enough to sit upon a horse, they had been overtaken by a winter storm not far from Arnold's lands, and when Arnold himself, returning from a journey, had bidden them take shelter in a small outlying manor-house, where he was to spend the night, and whither his servants had brought his little daughter Beatrix to meet her father. Raymond had accepted the offer for his wife's sake, and the two houses had made acquaintance on that evening, by the blazing fire in the little hall.

Before supper, the men had talked together with that sort of cheery confidence which exists almost before the first meeting between men who are neighbors and of the same rank, and the Lady Goda had put in a word now and then, as she sat in the high-backed chair, drying the bright blue cloth skirt of her gown before the crackling logs; and meanwhile, too, young Gilbert, who had his mother's hair and his father's deep-set eyes, walked round and round the solemn little dark-faced girl, who sat upon a settle by herself, clad in a green cloth dress, which was cut in the fashion of grown-up women, and having two short, stiff plaits of black hair hanging down behind the small coverchief that was tied under her fat chin. And as the boy, in his scarlet doublet and green cloth hose, walked backward and forward, stopping, moving away, then standing still to show off his small hunting-knife, drawing it half out of its sheath, and driving it home again with a smart push of the palm of his hand, the little girl's round black eyes followed all his movements with silent and grave curiosity. She was brotherless, he had no sisters, and both had been brought up without companions, so that each was an absolute novelty to the other; and when Gilbert threw his round cap, spinning on itself, up to the brown rafters of the dim, fire-lit chamber, and caught it upon one finger as it came down again, the little Beatrix laughed aloud. This seemed to him nothing less than an invitation, and he immediately sat down beside her on the settle, holding his cap in his hands, and began to ask her how she was called, and whether she lived in that place all the year round; and before long they were good friends, and were talking of plovers' eggs and kingfishers' nests, and of the time when they should each have a hawk of their own, and a horse, and each a hound and a footman.

But when supper was over, and a serving-woman had taken the little Beatrix away to sleep in the women's upper chamber, and when the steward of the manor-farm, and his wife, and the retainers and servants, who had eaten and drunk their fill at the lower end of the hall, were all gone to their quarters in the outbuildings,—and when a bed had been made for Gilbert, in a corner near the great chimneypiece, by filling with fresh straw a large linen sack which was laid upon the chest in which the bag was kept during the daytime, and was then covered with a fine Holland sheet and two thick woolen blankets, under which the boy was asleep in five minutes,—then the two knights and the lady were left to themselves in their great carved chairs before the fire. But the Lord of Stoke, who was a strong man and heavy, and had eaten well and had drunk both ale and Gascony wine at supper, stretched out his feet to the fire-dogs, and rested his elbows upon the arms of his chair, and matched his hands together by the thumbs, and by the forefingers, and by the other fingers, one by one; and little by little the musical, false voice of his lady, and the singularly gentle and unctuous tones of his host, Arnold de Curboil, blended together and lost themselves, just as the gates of dreamland softly closed behind him.

The Lady Goda, who had been far too tired to think of riding home that night, was not in the least sleepy, and, moreover, she was profoundly interested in what Sir Arnold had to say, while he was much too witty to say anything which should not interest her. He talked of the court, and of the fashions, and of great people whom he knew intimately and whom the Lady Goda longed to know; and from time to time he managed to convey to her the idea that the beauties of King Stephen's court would stand in a poor comparison with her, if her husband could be induced to give up his old-fashioned prejudices and his allegiance to the Empress Maud. Lady Goda had once been presented to the empress, who had paid very little attention to her, compared with the interest she showed in Sir Raymond himself. At the feast which had followed the formal audience, she had been placed between a stout German widow and an Italian abbot from Normandy, who had talked to each other across her, in dog-Latin, in a way which had seemed to her very ill-mannerly; and the German lady had eaten pieces of game-pie with her knife, instead of using her fingers, as a lady should before forks were

invented. On the following morning the Lady Goda had been taken away again by her husband, and her experiences of court life had been brought to an abrupt close. If the great earl, Robert of Gloucester, had deigned to bestow a word upon her, instead of looking through her with his beautiful calm blue eyes at an imaginary landscape beyond, her impressions of life at the empress's court might have been very different, and she might ever afterward have approved her husband's loyalty. But although she had bestowed unusual pains upon the arrangement of her splendid golden hair, and had boxed the ears of a clumsy tirewoman with so much vivacity that her own hand ached perceptibly three hours afterward, yet the great earl paid no more attention to her than if she had been a Saxon dairy-maid. These things, combined with the fact that she unexpectedly found the ladies of the empress's court wearing pocket-sleeves shaped like overgrown mandolins, and almost dragging on the rushes as they walked, whereas her own were of the old-fashioned open cut, had filled her soul with bitterness against the legitimate heir to King Henry's throne, and had made the one-sided barrier between herself and her husband—which she could see so plainly, but which was quite invisible to him—finally and utterly impassable. He not only bored her himself, but he had given her over to be bored by others, and from that day no such thing as even the mildest affection for him was to be thought of on her side.

It was no wonder that she listened with breathless interest to all Sir Arnold told her, and watched with delight the changing expression of his subtle face, contrasted at every point with the bold, grave features of the Lord of Stoke, solemnly asleep beside her. And Curboil, on his side, was not only flattered, as every man is when a beautiful woman listens to him long and intently, but he saw also that her beauty was of an unusual and very striking kind. Too straight, too cold, too much like marble, yet with hair almost too golden, and a mouth like a small red wound; too much of every quality to be natural, and yet without fault or flaw, and too vivid not to delight the tired taste of the man of pleasure of that day, who had seen the world from London to Rome, and from Rome to the court of Henry V.

And she, on her side, saw in him the type to which she would naturally have been attracted had she been free to make her choice of a husband. Contrasted with the

man of action, of few words, of few feelings and strong ones, she saw the many-sided man of the world, whose mere versatility was a charm, and the thought of whose manifold experiences had in it a sort of mysterious fascination. Arnold de Curboil was, above all, a man of tact and light touch, accustomed to the society of women, and skilled in the art of appealing to that unsatisfied vanity which is the basis of most imperfect feminine characters. There was nothing weak about him, and he was, at least, as brave as most men, besides being more skilful than the majority in the use of weapons. His small, well-shaped, olive-tinted hand could drive a sword with a quicker thrust than Raymond Warde's, and with as sure an aim, though there might not be the same massive strength behind it. In the saddle he had not the terrible grip of the knee which could make a strong horse shrink and quiver and groan aloud; but few riders of his day were more profoundly skilled in the art of showing a poor mount to good advantage, and of teaching a good one to use his own powers to the utmost. When Warde had ridden a horse six months, the beast was generally gone in the fore quarters, and broken-winded, if not dead outright; but in the same time Curboil would have ridden the same horse twice as far, and would have doubled his value. And so in many other ways, with equal chances, the one seemed to squander where the other turned everything to his own advantage. Standing, Sir Arnold was scarcely of medium height, but seated he was not noticeably small; and, like many men of short stature, he bestowed a constant and thoughtful care upon his person and appearance, which resulted in a sort of permanent compensation. His dark beard was cut to a point, and so carefully trimmed as to remind one of those smoothly clipped trees representing peacocks and dragons, which have been the delight of the Italian gardener ever since the days of Pliny. He wore his hair neither long nor short, but the silky locks were carefully parted in the middle, and smoothed back in rich dark waves. There was something almost irritating in their unnatural smoothness, in the perfect transparency of the man's healthy olive complexion, in the mouse-like sleekness of his long, arching eyebrows, and in the complete self-satisfaction and confidence of his rather insolent reddish-brown eyes. His straight, round throat, well proportioned, well set upon his shoulders, and as transparently smooth as his

own forehead, was thrown into relief by the exquisite gold embroidery that edged the shirt of finest Flemish linen. He wore a close-fitting tunic of fine scarlet cloth, with tight sleeves, slightly turned back to display his shapely wrists; it was gathered to his waist by a splendid sword-belt, made of linked and enameled plates of silver, the work of a skilled Byzantine artist, each plate representing in rich colors a little scene from the life and passion of Christ. The straight, cross-hilted sword stood leaning against the wall near the great chimney-piece, but the dagger was still at the belt, a marvel of workmanship, a wonder of temper, a triumph of Eastern art, when almost all art was Eastern. The hilt of solid gold, eight-sided and notched, was cross-chiseled in a delicate but deep design, picked out with rough gems, set in cunning irregularity; the guard, a hollowed disk of steel, graven and inlaid in gold with Cufic characters; the blade, as long as a man's arm from the elbow to the wrist-joint, forged of steel and silver by a smith of Damascus, well balanced, slender, with deep blood-channels scored on each side to within four fingers of the thrice-hardened point, that could prick as delicately as a needle, or pierce fine mail like a spike driven by a sledge-hammer. The tunic fell in folds to the knee, and the close-fitted cloth hose were of a rich dark brown. Sir Arnold wore short riding-boots of dark purple leather, having the tops worked round with a fine scarlet lacing; but the spur-leathers were of the same color as the boot, the spurs themselves of steel, small, sharp, unornamented, and workmanlike.

Six years had passed since that evening, and still, when the Lady Goda closed her eyes and thought of Sir Arnold, she saw him as she had seen him then, with every line of his expression, every detail of his dress, sitting beside her in the warm fire-light, leaning forward a little in his chair, and talking to her in a tone of voice that was meant to be monotonous to the sleeper's ear, but not by any means to her own. Between Warde and Curboil the acquaintance had matured—had been, in a measure, forced in its growth by circumstances and mutual obligations; but it had never ripened into the confidence of friendship on Warde's side, while on Sir Arnold's it had been only a well-played comedy to hide his rising hatred for the Lady Goda's husband. And she, on her side, played her part as well. An alliance in which ambition had held the place of heart could not remain an alliance at all when am-

bition had been altogether disappointed. She hated her husband for having disappointed her; she despised him for having made nothing of his many gifts and chances, for clinging to an old cause, for being old-fashioned, for having seen much and taken nothing,—which makes “rich eyes and poor hands,”—for being slow, good-natured, kind-hearted, and a prey to all who wished to get anything from him. She reflected with bitterness that for a matter of seven or eight years of waiting, and a turn of chance which would have meant happiness instead of misery, she might have had the widowed Sir Arnold for a husband, and have been the Archbishop of Canterbury's cousin, high in favor with the winning side in the civil war, and united to a man who would have known how to flatter her cold nature into a fiction of feeling, instead of wasting on her the almost exaggerated respect with which a noble passion envelops its object, but which, to most women, becomes, in the end, unspeakably wearisome.

Many a time during those six years had she and Sir Arnold met and talked as on the first night. Once, when the Empress Maud had taken King Stephen prisoner, and things looked ill for his followers, Warde had insisted that his neighbor should come over to Stoke Regis, as being a safer place than his own castle; and once again, when Stephen had the upper hand, and Sir Raymond was fighting desperately under Gloucester, his wife had taken her son, and the priest, and some of her women, and had ridden over to ask protection of Sir Arnold, leaving the manor to take care of itself.

At first Curboil had constantly professed admiration for Warde's mental and physical gifts; but little by little, tactfully feeling his distance, he had made the lady meet his real intention half-way by confiding to him all that she suffered, or fancied that she suffered,—which with some women is the same thing,—in being bound for life to a man who had failed to give her what her ambition craved. Then, one day, the key-word had been spoken. After that, they never ceased to hope that Raymond Warde might come to an untimely end.

During those years Gilbert had grown from a boy to a man, unsuspicious, worshiping his mother as a kind of superior being, but loving his father with all that profound instinct of mutual understanding which makes both love and hatred terrible within the closer degrees of consanguinity. As time went by, and the little Beatrix grew

tall and straight and pale, Gilbert loved her quite naturally, as she loved him—two young people of one class, without other companions, and very often brought together for days at a time, in the isolated existence of medieval castles. Perhaps Gilbert never realized just how much of his affection for his mother was the result of her willingness to let him fall in love with Beatrix. But the possibility of discussing the marriage was another excuse for those long conversations with Sir Arnold which had now become a necessary part of Goda's life, and it made the frequent visits and meetings in the hawking season seem quite natural to the unsuspecting Sir Raymond. In hunting with Sir Arnold, he had more than one narrow escape. Once, when almost at close quarters with an old boar, he was stooping down to meet the tusker with a low thrust. His wife and Sir Arnold were some twenty paces behind him, and all three had become separated from the huntsmen. Seeing the position and the solitude, the Lady Goda turned her meaning eyes to her companion. An instant later Sir Arnold's boar-spear flew, like a cloth-yard arrow, straight at Sir Raymond's back. But in that very instant, too, as the boar rushed upon him, Warde sprang to one side, and, almost dropping to his knee, ran the wild beast through with his hunting-sword. The spear flew harmless, unseen and unheard, over his head, and lost itself in the dead leaves twenty yards beyond him. On another day, Raymond, riding along, hawk on wrist, ten lengths before the others, as was his wont, did not notice that they gradually fell behind, until he halted in a narrow path of the forest, looked round, and found himself alone. He turned his horse's head and rode back a few yards, when suddenly three masked men, whom he took for highway robbers, sprang up in his path, and fell upon him with long knives. But they had misreckoned their distance by a single yard, and their time by one second, and when they were near enough to strike, his sword was already in his hand. The first man fell dead; the second turned and fled, with a deep flesh-wound in his shoulder; the third followed without striking a blow; and Sir Raymond rode on unhurt, meditating upon the uncertainty of the times. When he rejoined his wife and friend, he found them dismounted and sitting side by side on a fallen tree, talking low and earnestly, while the footmen and falconers were gathered together in a little knot at some distance. As they heard

his voice, Goda started with a little cry, and Arnold's dark face turned white; but by the time he was beside them they were cool again, and smiled, and asked him whether he had lost his way. Raymond said nothing of what had happened to him, fearing to startle the delicate nerves of his lady; but late on the following night, when Sir Arnold was alone in his bedchamber, a man, ghastly white from loss of blood, lifted the heavy curtain, and told his story in a low voice.

II.

Now Raymond and his son had gone over into Berkshire, to the building of the great castle at Farringdon, as has been said; and for a while Sir Arnold remained in his hold, and very often he rode over alone to Stoke, and spent many hours with the Lady Goda, both in the hall and in the small garden by the moat. The priest, and the steward, and the men-at-arms, and the porter, were all used to see him there often enough when Sir Raymond was at home, and they thought no evil because he came now to bear the lonely lady company; for the manners of those days were simple.

But on a morning at the end of April there came a messenger from King Stephen, bidding all earls, barons, bannerets, and knights join him, with their fighting men, in Oxford, upon their oath of fealty. For form's sake, the messenger came to Stoke Regis, as not admitting that any Norman knight should not be on the king's side. And, the drawbridge being down, he rode under the gateway, and when the trumpeter who was with him had blown three blasts, he delivered his message. Then the steward, bowing deeply, answered that his lord was absent on a journey; and the messenger turned and rode away, without bite or sup. But, riding on to Stortford Castle, he found Sir Arnold, and delivered the king's bidding with more effect, and was hospitably treated with meat and drink. Sir Arnold armed himself slowly in full mail, saving his head; for the weather was strangely warm, and he would ride in his hat rather than wear the heavy steel cap with the broad nasal. Before an hour was past, he was mounted, with his men, and his footmen were marching before and behind him on the broad Hertford road. But he had sent a messenger secretly to the Lady Goda, to tell her that he was gone; and after that she heard nothing for many days.

In the morning, and after dinner, and be-

fore sunset she came every day to the little garden under the west wall of the manor, and looked long toward the road—not that she wished Sir Raymond back, nor that she cared when Gilbert came, but she well knew that the return of either would mean that the fighting was over, and that Sir Arnold, too, would be at leisure to go home.

And on that fifth of May, as the sun was going down, she stood still and looked out toward the road for the tenth time since Curboil had gone to join the king. And the sun sank lower, and still she saw nothing; and she felt the chill of the damp evening air, and would have turned to go in, but something held her. Far up the road, on the brow of the rising ground, she saw a tiny spark, a little dancing flame like the corpse-candles that run along the graves on a summer's night—first one, then all at once three, then, as it seemed to her, a score at least, swaying a little above a compact, dark mass against the red sky. The lights were like little stars rising and falling on the horizon, and always just above a low, black cloud. A moment more, and the evening breeze out of the west brought a long-drawn harmony of chanting to the Lady Goda's ear, the high, sweet notes of youthful voices sustained by the rich counterpoint of many grown men's tones. She started, and held her breath, shivered a little, and snatched at the rose-bush beside her, so that the thorns struck through the soft green gauntlet and pricked her, though she felt nothing. There was death in the air; there was death in those moving lights; there was death in the minor wail of the monks' voices. In the first moment of understanding, it was Arnold whom they were bringing home to her, slain in battle by her lawful husband, or by Gilbert, her son; it was Arnold whom they were bringing back to her who loved him, that she might wash his wounds with her tears, and dry his damp brow with her glorious hair. Wide-eyed and silent, as the train came near, she moved along by the moat to meet the procession at the drawbridge, not understanding yet, but not letting one movement of the men, one flicker of the lights, one quaver of the deep chant, escape her reeling senses. Then, all at once, she was aware that Gilbert walked bareheaded before the bier, half wrapped in a long black cloak that swept the greensward behind him. As she turned the last bastion before reaching the drawbridge, the funeral procession was moving along by the outer edge of the moat, and there was only the broad water between

her and them, reflecting the lights of the moving tapers, the dark cowls of the monks, the white surplices of the song-boys. They moved slowly, and she, as in a dream, followed them on the other side with little steps, wondering, fearing, starting now with a wild thrill of liberty at last, now struggling with a half-conventional, half-hysterical sob, that rose in her throat at the thought of death so near. She had lived with him, she had played the long comedy of love with him, she had loathed him in her heart, she had smiled at him with well-trained eyes; and now she was free to choose, free to love, free to be Arnold's wife. And yet she had lived with the dead man; and in the far-off past there were little tender lights of happiness, half real, half played, but never forgotten, upon which she had once taught her thoughts to dwell tenderly and sadly. She had loved the dead man in the first days of marriage as well as her cold and unawakened nature could love at all—if not for himself, at least for the hopes of vanity built on his name. She had hated him in secret, but she could not have hated him so heartily had there not once been a little love to turn so fiercely sour. She could not have trained her eyes to smile at him so gently had she not once smiled for his own sake. And so, when they brought him dead to the gate of his own house, his wife had still some shreds of memories for weeds to eke out a show of sorrow.

She passed through the postern in the small round tower beside the gateway, knowing that when she came out under the portcullis the funeral train would be just reaching the other end of the bridge. The little vaulted room in the lower story of the tower was not four steps in width across from door to door; but it was almost dark, and there the Lady Goda stopped one moment before she went out to meet the mourners. Standing still in the dimness, she pressed her gloved hands to her eyes with all her might, as though to concentrate her thoughts and her strength. Then she threw back her arms, and looked up through the gloom, and almost laughed; and she felt something just below her heart that stifled her like a great joy. Then all at once she was calm, and touched her eyes again with her gloved hands, but gently now, as though smoothing them and preparing them to look upon what they must see presently. She opened the little door, and was suddenly standing in the midst of the frightened herd of retainers and servants, while the last

strains of the dirge came echoing under the deep archway. At that instant another sound rent the air—the deep bell-note of the great bloodhounds, chained in the courtyard from sunrise to sunset; and it sank to a wail, and the wail broke to a howl, dismal, ear-rending, wild. Before it had died away, one of the Saxon bondwomen shrieked aloud, and the next took up the cry, and then another, as a likewake dirge, till every stone in the shadowy manor seemed to have a voice, and every voice was weeping for the dead lord. And many of the women fell upon their knees, and some of the men, too, while others drew up their hoods, and stood with bent heads and folded hands against the rough walls.

Slowly and solemnly they bore him in and set the bier down under the mid-arch. Then Gilbert Warde looked up and faced his mother; but he stood aside, that she might see her husband; and the monks and the song-boys stood back also, with their wax torches, which cast a dancing glare through the dim twilight. Gilbert's face was white and stern; but the Lady Goda was pale, too, and her heart fluttered, for she had to play the last act of her married life before many who would watch her narrowly. For one moment she hesitated whether to scream or to faint in honor of her dead husband. Then, with the instinct of the born and perfect actress, she looked wildly from her son's face to the straight, still length that lay beneath the pall. She raised one hand to her forehead, pressing back her golden hair with a gesture half mad, half dazed, then seemed to stagger forward two steps, and fell upon the body, in a storm of tears.

Gilbert went to the bier, and lifted one of his mother's gloved hands from the covered face, and it dropped from his fingers as if lifeless. He lifted the black cloth pall, and turned it back as far as he could without disturbing the woman's prostrate figure; and there lay the Lord of Stoke, in his mail, as he had fallen in fight, in his peaked steel helmet, the straight, fine ring-mail close-drawn round his face and chin, the silky brown mustache looking terribly alive against the dead face. But across the eyes and the forehead below the helmet there was laid a straight black band, and upon his breast the great mailed hands clasped the cross-hilted sword that lay lengthwise with his body. Gilbert, bareheaded and unarmed, gazed down into his father's face for a while, then suddenly looked up and spoke to all the people who thronged the gateway.

"Men of Stoke," he said, "here lies the body of Sir Raymond Warde, your liege lord, my father. He fell in the fight before Farrington Castle, and this is the third day since he was slain; for the way was long, and we were not suffered to pass unmolested. The castle was but half built, and we were encamped about it with the Earl of Gloucester, when the king came suddenly from Oxford with a great host; and they fell upon us unawares at early morning, when we had but just heard the mass, and most of us were but half armed, or not at all. So we fought as we could, and many fell, and not a few we killed with our hands. And I, with a helmet on my head and a gambeson but half buckled upon my body, and my hands bare, was fighting with a full-armed Frenchman, and was hard pressed. But I smote him in the neck, so that he fell upon one knee and reeled. And even that moment I saw this sight: A score of paces from me, my father and Sir Arnold de Curboil met face to face, suddenly and without warning, their swords lifted in the act to strike; but when my father saw his friend before him, he dropped his sword-arm, and smiled, and would have turned away to fight another; but Sir Arnold smiled also, and lowered not his hand, but smote my father by the point, unguarded, and thrust his sword through head and hood of mail at one stroke, treacherously. And so my father, your liege lord, fell dead unshriven, by his friend's hand; and may the curse of man, and the damnation of almighty God, be upon his murderer's head, now and after I shall have killed him! For, as I would have sprung forward, the Frenchman, who was but stunned, sprang to his feet and grappled with me; and by the time he had no breath left, and the light broke in his eyes, Sir Arnold was gone, and our fight was lost. So we made a truce to bury our dead, and brought them away, each his own."

When he had spoken there was silence for many moments, broken only by the Lady Goda's unceasing sobs. In the court within, and on the bridge without, the air grew purple and dark and misty; for the sun had long gone down, and the light from the wax torches, leaping, flaming, and flickering in the evening breeze, grew stronger and yellower under the gateway than the twilight without. The dark-robed monks looked gravely on, waiting till they should be told to pass into the chapel—men of all ages and looks, red and pale, thin and stout, dark and fair, but all having that something in their faces that marks the churchman from

century to century. Between them and the dead knight Gilbert stood still, with bent head and downcast eyes, with pale face and set lips, looking at his mother's bright hair and at her clutching hands, and listening to the painfully drawn breath, broken continually by her agonized weeping. Suddenly the bloodhounds' bay broke out again, fierce and deep; and on the instant a high young voice rang from the court through the deep arch:

"Burn the murderer! To Stortford, and burn him out!"

Gilbert looked up quickly, peering into the gloom whence the voice had spoken. He did not see how, at the words, his mother started back from the corpse, steadied herself with one hand, and fixed her eyes in the same direction; but before he could answer, the cry was taken up by a hundred throats:

"Burn the traitor! burn the murderer! To Stortford! Fagots! Fagots and pitch!"

High, low, hoarse, clear, the words followed one another in savage yells; and here and there among the rough men there were eyes that gleamed in the dark like a dog's.

Then through the din came a rattling of bolts and a creaking of hinges, as the grooms tore open the stable doors to bring out the horses and saddle them for the raid; and one called for a light, and another warned men from his horse's heels. The Lady Goda was on her feet, her hands stretched out imploringly to her son, instinctively and for the first time, as to the head of the house. She spoke to him, too; but he neither heard nor saw, for in his own heart a new horror had possession, beside which what had gone before was as nothing. He thought of Beatrice.

"Hold!" he cried. "Let no man stir, for no man shall pass out who would burn Stortford. Sir Arnold de Curboil is the king's man, and the king has the power in England; so that if we should burn down Stortford Castle to-night, he would burn Stoke Manor to-morrow over my mother's head. Between Arnold de Curboil and me there is death. To-morrow I shall ride out to find him, and kill him in fair fight. But let there be no raiding, no harrying, and no burning, as if we were Stephen's French robbers, or King David's red-haired Scots. Take up the bier; and you," he said, turning to the monks and songmen, "take up your chant, that we may lay him in the chapel and say prayers for his unshriven soul."

The Lady Goda's left hand had been pressed to her heart as though she were in fear and pain; but as her son spoke it fell by her side, and her face grew calm before she

remembered that it should grow sad. Until to-day her son had been in her eyes but a child, subject to his father, subject to herself, subject to the old manor priest who had taught him the little he knew. Now, on a sudden, he was full-grown and strong; more than that, he was master in his father's place, and at a word from him, reevemen and men-at-arms and bondmen would have gone forth on the instant to slay the man she loved, and to burn and to harry all that was his. She was grateful to him for not having spoken that word; and since Gilbert meant to meet Curboil in single combat, she felt no fear for her lover, the most skilled man at fence in all Essex and Hertfordshire, and she felt sure, likewise, that for his reputation as a knight he would not kill a youth but half his age.

And while she was thinking of these things, the monks had begun to chant again; the confusion was ended in the courtyard; the squires took up the bier, and the procession moved slowly across the broad paved space to the chapel opposite the main gate.

An hour later Sir Raymond's dead body lay before the altar, whereon burned many waxen tapers. Alone, upon the lowest step, Gilbert was kneeling, with joined hands and uplifted eyes, as motionless as a statue. He had taken the long sword from the dead man's breast, and had set it up against the altar, straight and bare. It was hacked at the edges, and there were dark stains upon it from its master's last day's work. In the simple faith of a bloody age, Gilbert Warde was vowing, by all that he and his held sacred, before God's altar, upon God's sacred body, upon his father's unburied corpse, that before the blade should be polished again, it should be black with the blood of his father's murderer.

And as he knelt there, his lady mother, now clad all in black, entered the chapel, and moved slowly toward the altar-steps. She meant to kneel beside her son; but when she was yet three paces from him, a great terror at her own falseness descended into her heart, and she sank upon her knees in the aisle.

III.

VERY early in the morning, Gilbert Warde was riding along the straight road between Sheering Abbey and Stortford Castle. He rode in his tunic and hose and russet boots, with his father's sword by his side; for he meant not to do murder, but to fight his enemy to death, in all the honor of even

chance. He judged that Sir Arnold must have returned from Farrington; and if Gilbert met him now, riding over his own lands in the May morning, he would be unmailed and unsuspecting of attack. And should they not meet, Gilbert meant to ride up to the castle gate, and ask for the baron, and courteously propose to him that they should ride together into the wood. And, indeed, Gilbert hoped that it might turn out so; for, once under the gateway, he might hope to see Beatrix for a moment; and two weeks had passed, and terrible things had happened, since he had last set eyes upon her face.

He met no one in the road; but in the meadow before the castle, half a dozen Saxon grooms, in loose hose and short homespun tunics, were exercising some of Curboil's great Normandy horses. The baron himself was not in sight, and the grooms told Gilbert that he was within. The drawbridge was down, and Gilbert halted just before entering the gate, calling loudly for the porter. But instead of the latter, Sir Arnold himself appeared at that moment within the courtyard, feeding a brace of huge mastiffs with gobbets of red raw meat from a wooden bowl, carried by a bare-legged stable-boy with a shock of almost colorless flaxen hair, and a round, red face, pierced by two little round blue eyes. Gilbert called again, and the knight instantly turned and came toward him, beating down with his hands the huge dogs that sprang up at him in play and seemed trying to drive him back. Sir Arnold was smooth, spotless, and as carefully dressed as ever, and came forward with a well-composed smile in which hospitality was skilfully blended with sympathy and concern. Gilbert, who was as thorough a Norman in every instinct and thought as any whose fathers had held lands from the Conqueror, did his best to be suave and courteous on his side. Dismounting, he said quietly that he desired to speak with Sir Arnold alone upon a matter of weight, and, as the day was fair, he proposed that they should ride together for a little way into the greenwood. Sir Arnold barely showed a slight surprise, and readily assented. Gilbert, intent upon his purpose, noticed that the knight had no weapon.

"It were as well that you took your sword with you, Sir Arnold," he said, somewhat emphatically. "No one is safe from highwaymen in these times."

The knight met Gilbert's eyes, and the two looked at each other steadily for a moment; then Curboil sent the stable-boy to

fetch his sword from the hall, and himself went out upon the drawbridge, and called to one of the grooms to bring in a horse. In less than half an hour from the time when Gilbert had reached the castle, he and his enemy were riding quietly side by side in a little glade in Stortford wood. Gilbert drew rein and walked his horse, and Sir Arnold instantly did the same. Then Gilbert spoke:

"Sir Arnold de Curboil, it is now full three days since I saw you treacherously kill my father."

Sir Arnold started and turned half round in the saddle, his olive skin suddenly white with anger; but the soft, fresh color in Gilbert's cheek never changed.

"Treacherously!" cried the knight, angrily and with a questioning tone.

"Fouly," answered Gilbert, with perfect calm. "I was not twenty paces from you when you met, and had I not been hampered by a Frenchman of your side, who was unreasonably slow in dying, I should have either saved my father's life, or ended yours, as I mean to now."

Thereupon Gilbert brought his horse to a stand, and prepared to dismount; for the sword was smooth and hard, and there was room enough to fight. Sir Arnold laughed aloud, as he sat still in the saddle watching the younger man.

"So you have brought me here to kill me!" he said, as his mirth subsided.

Gilbert's foot was already on the ground, but he paused in the act of dismounting.

"If you do not like the spot," he answered coolly, "we can ride farther."

"No; I am satisfied," answered the knight; but before he had spoken the last word he broke into a laugh again.

They tied up their horses, out of reach of one another, to trees at a little distance, and Gilbert was the first to return to the ring of open ground. As he walked, he drew his father's sword from its sheath, slipped the scabbard from the belt and threw it to the edge of the grass. Sir Arnold was before him a moment later; but his left hand only rested on the pommel of his sheathed weapon, and he was still smiling as he stopped before his young adversary.

"I should by no means object to fighting you," he said, "if I had killed your father in treachery. But I did not. I saw you as well as you saw me. Your Frenchman, as you call him, hindered your sight. Your father was either beside himself with rage, or did not know me in my mail. He dropped his point one instant, and then flew at me like a

bloodhound, so that I barely saved myself by slaying him against my will. I will not fight you unless you force me to it; and you had better not, for if you do, I shall lay you by the heels in two passes."

"Bragging and lying are well coupled," answered Gilbert, falling into guard. "Draw before I shall have counted three, or I will skewer you like a trussed fowl. One—two—"

Before the next word could pass his lips, Sir Arnold's sword was out, keen and bright as if it had just left the armorer's hands, clashing upon Gilbert's hacked and blood-rusted blade.

Sir Arnold was a brave man, but he was also cautious. He expected to find in Gilbert a beginner of small skill and reckless bravery, who would expose himself for the sake of bringing in a sweeping blow in carte, or attempting a desperate thrust. Consequently he did not attempt to put his bragging threat into practice, for Gilbert was taller than he, stronger, and more than twenty years younger. Unmailed, as he stood in his tunic and hose, one vigorous sword-stroke of the furious boy might break down his guard and cut him half in two. But in one respect Curboil was mistaken. Gilbert, though young, was one of those naturally gifted fencers in whom the movements of wrist and arm are absolutely simultaneous with the perception of the eye, and not divided by any act of reasoning or thought. In less than half a minute Sir Arnold knew that he was fighting for his life; the full minute had not passed before he felt Gilbert's jagged blade deep in the big muscles of his sword-arm, and his own weapon, running past his adversary, fell from his powerless hand.

In those days it was no shame to strike a disarmed foe in a duel to the death. As Sir Arnold felt the rough steel wrenched from the flesh-wound, he knew that the next stroke would be his end. Quick as light, his left hand snatched his long dagger from its sheath at his left side, and even as Gilbert raised his blade to strike, he felt as if an icicle had pierced his throat; his arm trembled in the air, and lost its hold upon the hilt; a scarlet veil descended before his eyes, and the bright blood gushed from his mouth, as he fell straight backward upon the green turf.

Sir Arnold stepped back, and stood looking at the fallen figure curiously, drawing his lids down, as some short-sighted men do. Then, as the sobbing breast ceased to heave and the white hands lay quite still



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

"SHE . . . FELL UPON THE BODY, IN A STORM OF TEARS."

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upon the sword, he shrugged his shoulders, and began to take care of his own wound by twisting a leathern thong from Gilbert's saddle very tight upon his upper arm, using a stout oak twig for a lever. Then he plucked a handful of grass with his left hand, and tried to hold his dagger in his right, in order to clean the reddened steel. But his right hand was useless, so he knelt

on one knee beside the body, and ran the poniard two or three times through the skirt of Gilbert's dark tunic, and returned it to its sheath. He picked up his sword, too, and succeeded in sheathing it. He mounted his horse, leaving Gilbert's tethered to the tree, cast one more glance at the motionless figure on the grass, and rode away toward Stortford Castle.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE "MAINE."

BY HER COMMANDER, CAPTAIN CHARLES DWIGHT SIGSBEE, U. S. N.

FIRST PAPER.

I. OUR RECEPTION AT HAVANA.

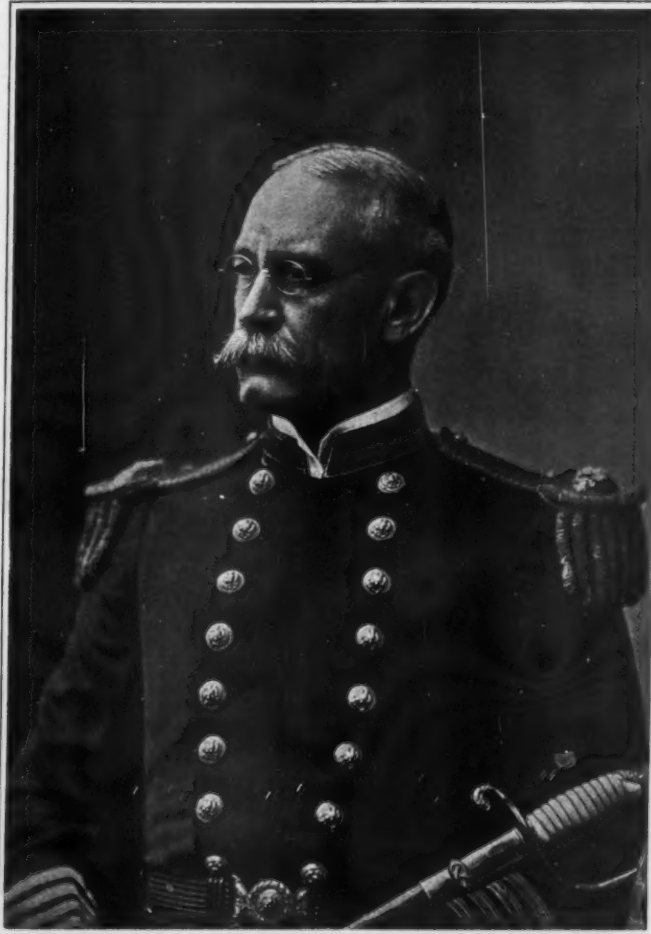
THE explosion of the *Maine* at Havana, on February 15, 1898, was the ultimate incident which impelled the people of the United States to regard Spain as an impossible neighbor. Although the war which followed was not founded on the destruction of the *Maine* as a political cause, that disaster was the pivotal event of the conflict which has terminated Spanish possession in the Western World. Considerations like these must continue to give the *Maine* a unique place in the history of the United States, especially since the character and magnitude of the disaster make it one of the most shocking on record.

The story of the *Maine* leading up to the explosion may be said to begin at the Southern drill-ground of the North Atlantic Squadron, as far back as October 9, 1897. The *New York*, *Iowa*, *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Indiana*, *Texas*, and *Maine*—all now historic—had been on a cruise along the New England coast, ending at Bar Harbor on August 31. From Bar Harbor they proceeded in squadron to the Southern drill-ground, about twenty-five miles to the eastward of Cape Charles, a locality set apart for drills by reason of its comparative remoteness from the common commercial route of coasting-vessels, as well as its convenient depth of water for anchorage. The squadron was under the command of Rear-Admiral Montgomery Sicard. The night of October 8 terminated a period of hard work of the kind which brought overwhelming victory later. Part of the time had been spent at Hampton Roads in recoaling, and at York-

town in sham-fighting on shore, and in small-arms target practice. The days at sea had been spent in squadron evolutions, target practice, and signaling, and the nights, at least in part, in night-signaling, search-light drill, and in secondary-battery practice, simulating the conditions of attack by torpedo-boats. It was not mere routine; it was the business of warfare, pursued with stern official conscience, under a commander-in-chief who throughout his whole career had been conspicuous for official conscience.

On the night of October 8, the squadron was at the Southern drill-ground awaiting the arrival of the *Brooklyn*, which had gone to Hampton Roads for minor repairs. It was expected that the whole squadron would get under way for Boston that night. We of the *Maine* were wondering at the delay of the *Brooklyn*, when, toward midnight, the torpedo-boats *Porter* and *Ericsson* joined the squadron from Hampton Roads, with despatches for the commander-in-chief. As a result of these despatches, the *Indiana* (Captain H. C. Taylor) was detached and sent to Hampton Roads, and the *Maine*, my command, to Port Royal, South Carolina. The *Indiana* got away during the night, but the *Maine* was repairing some injury, and did not part company with the squadron until dawn of the following day. Thus began a virtually unbroken tour of independent service for the *Maine*, which was connected more or less intimately with the disturbed condition of affairs in Cuba, and culminated in the explosion at Havana.

The *Maine* arrived in Port Royal Sound on October 12. The next day she was taken up the river, and moored in a hole just large



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PARKER, WASHINGTON.

CAPTAIN CHARLES DWIGHT SIGSBEE, U. S. N.

enough to fit her, immediately above the naval station, and about four miles below Beaufort. She remained there until November 15. Having visited the place before, she excited no interest among the people of that locality. Excepting our pleasant association with friends at the naval station, we had a dull time. Having been ordered to Port Royal unexpectedly, the depleted state of my own larder made it difficult for me to return the dinners given me at the station. I resorted to invention, which suggested roast pig highly ornamented. My pig was brought on the table whole, bearing a silken

banner emblazoned with the legend: "This little pig went to market." My guests were courteous enough to make me believe that the pig was acceptable. My next subterfuge was to have been a possum. I had him undergoing the fattening process, but the *Maine* left before he had reached an amplitude that was satisfactory. One Sunday morning some of us were taken to a negro church by a party from the station. The officiating clergyman was a stout, thick-set negro, doubtless a very good man. He felt keenly the difficulty of preaching to a well-educated party of white people, and re-



THE CREW OF THE "MAINE" RETURNING FROM SHORE-DRILL, AT FORT MONROE.

marked, with some concern, "You got me in a tight place." After the prayer and hymn, he announced his text with a striking attitude. With uplifted hands and wide-spread arms, he paused for attention, and, getting it, gave the text, which was: "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." He said various things strange to cultivated ears, but his sermon was effective, and deeply impressed those for whom it was primarily intended.

Although my orders to Port Royal gave me no information as to the purpose, it was hoped at the time that the ship might be able to dock there; but the water outside the dock proved to be too shallow. It is probable, however, that in the visit of the *Maine* to Port Royal it was intended to have a United States man-of-war nearer Cuba. Many citizens were then very restless as to the safety of our own people in that island. I had no instructions to take any measures whatever; the *Maine* was simply awaiting further orders.

We left Port Royal on November 15, as already stated, and steamed north to the Norfolk navy-yard, where the vessel was docked and put under slight repairs. While at Norfolk, Lieutenant-Commander Adolph Marix, the executive officer,—and a very able one,—was detached. He was succeeded by Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, who afterward got his opportunity, and distinguished himself in command of the *Gloucester*, off Santiago de Cuba.

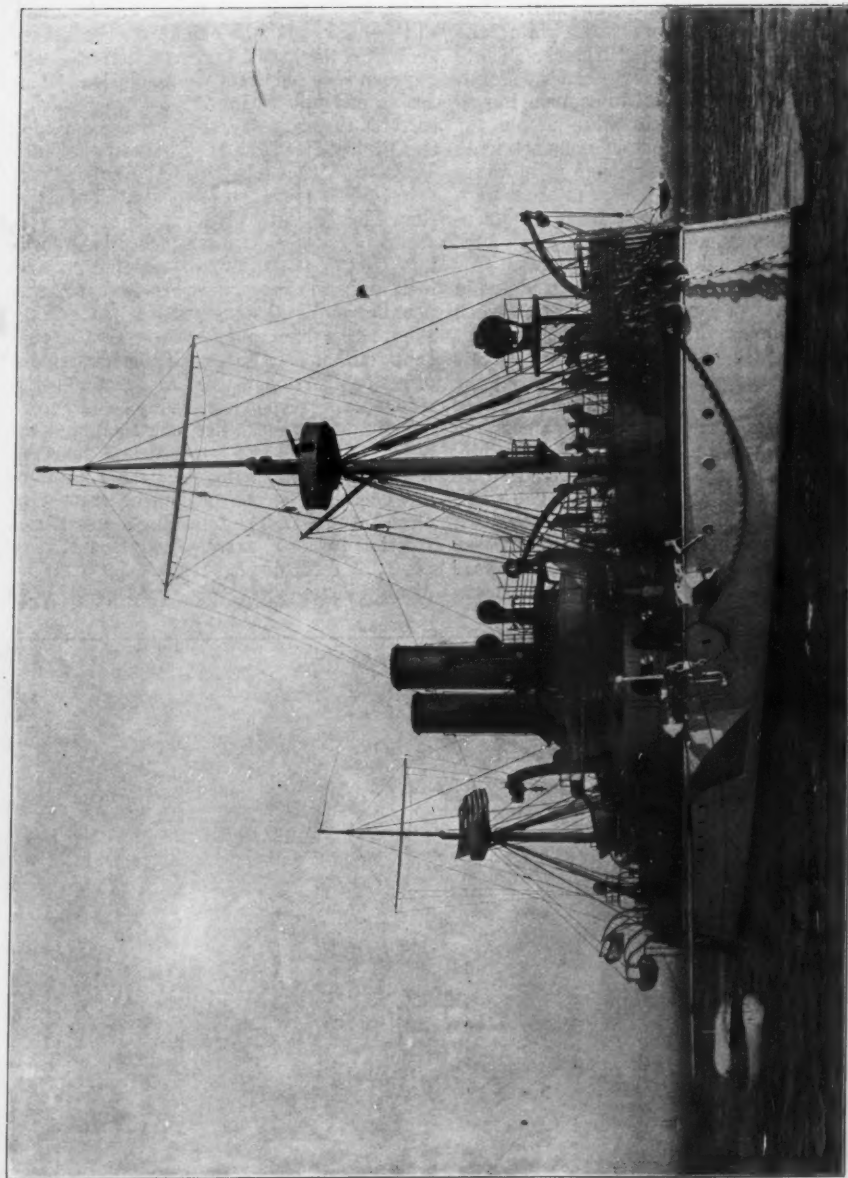
The *Maine* and the *Texas* were the first of the modern steel battle-ships built by the United States. The *Maine* was originally designed as an armored cruiser, with a considerable spread of square canvas. Her sail plan in my possession shows her as a bark with squaresails to topgallantsails, but no head-sails nor booms. It was then contemplated to give her 7135 square feet of canvas. Later, sails were abandoned, and she was styled a *second-class battle-ship*. She was designed at the Navy Department and built at the New York navy-yard. Her last keel-plate was laid September 17, 1889; she was launched November 18, 1890, commissioned September 17, 1895, and left the navy-yard at 10 A. M. on November 5, 1895, drawing 22 feet and 1 inch forward and 21 feet and 8 inches aft. When fully supplied with coal and provisions she was "down by the head." The *Maine* differed greatly in appearance from all other vessels of the United States navy. Instead of one superstructure, as commonly seen, she had three, forward, after, and central. All were of the same breadth transversely. Their sides at the bow and stern were formed by the continuation upward of the outside skin of the ship. Along the sides of the superstructures there was a clear deck-space affording enough room for formations and drills. I have frequently been asked to state the color of the *Maine's* outside paintwork.

Her hull was white to the rail; the superstructures, funnels, and masts, and all permanent fittings above the rail except the pilot-house, were dark straw-color. The boats and bower-anchors were white; the guns and search-lights were black. There were larger ships in the navy than the *Maine*, but none more delightful to command or to serve in. Her quarters were ample for everybody, although certain compartments were rather too hot for comfort in warm weather. The members of the crew were berthed chiefly in the forward and the central superstructures, and on the berth-deck forward of the junior officers' quarters. This distribution of the crew, when considered in connection with the region of the explosion, explains the loss of so many of the crew as compared with the officers. The quarters of the officers were aft; mine were in the after-superstructure, all of which had been apportioned to quarters for a flag-officer and the captain. The *Maine* was not a flagship; therefore the captain acquired the admiral's quarters in addition to his own. The ward-room state-rooms were on the berth-deck, below the captain's cabin. On the starboard side of the compartment immediately forward of the ward-room was the ward-room officers'

mess-room; and forward of this, also on the starboard side, and in the same compartment, were the junior officers' quarters. All forward of this compartment was assigned to the crew. It was chiefly on the berth-deck that the greatest destruction of sleeping men resulted from the explosion. The *Maine* had two "winged" or "sponsoned" turrets; that is to say, they were at the sides and projected a few feet beyond the hull. They were placed between the superstructures, one on each side of the ship, as is shown in the many photographs of the vessel. In each were two ten-inch breech-loading rifles. In addition, she carried six six-inch breech-loading rifles, besides seven six-pounder and eight one-pounder rapid-firing rifles. She had four above-water torpedo-tubes on her berth-deck. The arrangement of her compartments was simple for a battleship, so she responded readily to any work done on her to make her look clean and orderly. She had two hundred and fourteen water-tight compartments. All that were not occupied by the officers or crew were closed at night. The following are statistics relating to her: extreme length, 324 feet; beam, 57 feet; displacement, 6650 tons; indicated horse-power, 9290; trial speed, 17.45



CAPTAIN CROWNINSHIELD (DURING THE SPANISH WAR A MEMBER OF THE NAVAL BOARD) RECEIVING MR. HERBERT, THEN SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, ON BOARD THE "MAINE."



THE SECOND-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE." BLOWN UP IN HAVANA HARBOR, FEBRUARY 15, 1898.
COPYRIGHT, 1897 BY C. E. SCLES, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

knots. She had an armored belt extending 180 feet at the water-line on each side, over which was a flat, armored deck. Joining the two forward ends of the belt was a heavy steel bulkhead, at the bottom of which was an armored deck that continued to the stem. The flat, steel deck above armor dipped down abaft the belt, and was continued to the stern, one deck below, with a slightly diminished thickness. Her barbettes and turrets were of heavy steel. The barbettes rested on the armored deck below.

From Norfolk the *Maine* was ordered to Key West, where we arrived on December 15, and moored in the harbor off the city. My orders there were confidential, but they were of such a nature that they might at any time have been made public with propriety, had the government so desired. They were, in brief, that the *Maine* was to proceed to Havana in case of grave local disturbances in that city, to give asylum to American citizens, and to afford them the usual protection. The immediate judgment as to the necessity for the services of the *Maine* was to come from General Fitzhugh Lee, United States consul-general at Havana.

I promptly opened communication with General Lee, both by letter and by telegraph. My letters were sent in such a way as to be entirely secret. There was no impropriety in the measures that were taken. True or false, the Havana post-office was not free from the suspicion of delaying letters. It was arranged between General Lee and myself that on the receipt from him, by telegraph or otherwise, of the words "Two dollars," the *Maine* was to make preparations to start for Havana two hours after further notice. The actual start was to be made on the receipt of a second preconcerted message.

The form of our correspondence was a matter between General Lee and myself. Toward the last it was deemed necessary to make occasional tests to ascertain if telegraphic communication continued open. Therefore nearly every day I sent a mes-

sage to General Lee, and he answered it. Some of these messages were rather absurd. In one I inquired of General Lee the state of the weather on the south side of Cuba. He promptly replied that he did not know—which was quite as gratifying as if he had been fully informed. At another time I cabled, "What is the price of bull-fight fans?" to which he replied, giving me quotations. Afterward I bought some of the fans commonly used as souvenirs of a Havana visit, and they were lost with the *Maine*.

One night, about six or seven o'clock, I got the preliminary message. The *Maine* was immediately prepared for sea.

Knowing that Key West would be alert as to any sign of movement, I gave orders that all hands should repair on board immediately upon the firing of a gun from the *Maine*; then, in company with a number of the officers, I went on shore to a dance at the hotel, my particular object being to divert suspicion. I was asked a number of questions as to the departure of the *Maine*; but we had managed so well that some of the crew had already given out that we were going to New York.

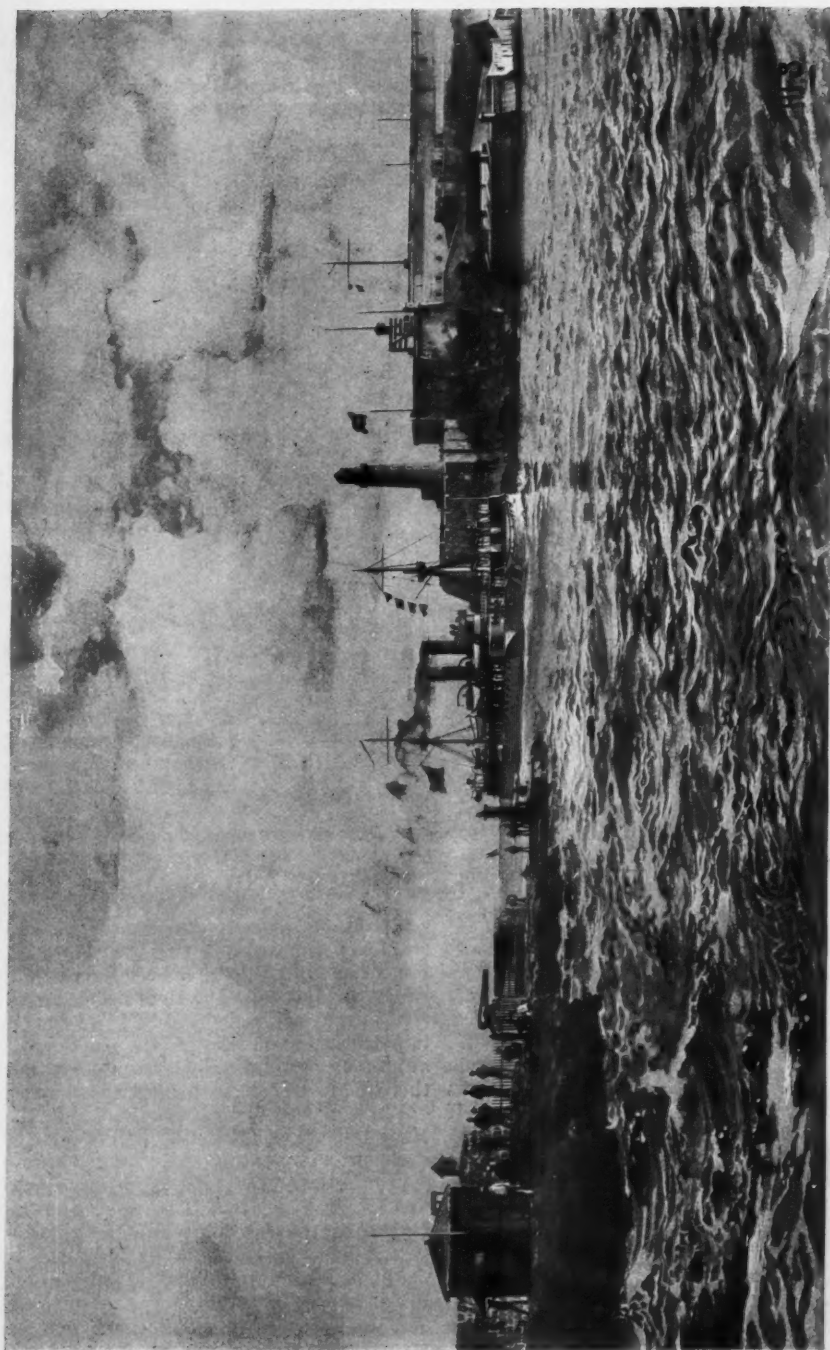
The final message to the *Maine* from General Lee never came. During the whole visit I was kept fully informed as to the state of affairs at Havana. The riot that occurred about that time in the streets, in which certain newspaper offices were the chief object of attack, most naturally led us to fear that there might be danger to American citizens.

While at Key West I was directed by the Navy Department to assist the collector of that port in operating against filibustering expeditions. At that time the Spanish press was indignant because it assumed that the United States was doing nothing to put a stop to filibustering. Certainly the American public had far more ground for indignation; it was almost impossible to put a complete stop to filibustering where there were so many bases of operation as existed along the Florida reefs and on the coasts north of them. It was generally the case that when



GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, UNITED STATES
CONSUL-GENERAL AT HAVANA.

From a photograph made on the deck of
the *Montgomery*.



THE "MAINE" ENTERING HAVANA HARBOR. MORRO CASTLE ON THE RIGHT.

an expedition was able to leave the United States, it landed in Cuba according to schedule. At one time five vessels engaged in watching for filibusters were in touch with the *Maine* by telegraph; and the *Maine's* steam-launches, as well as the *Marblehead's* launches, were out at night, bringing to vessels moving out of Key West harbor. We did our work conscientiously.

On Christmas Eve and again on Christmas night, the *Maine* was illuminated with hundreds of electric lights, to the great delight of the people of Key West, very few of whom had ever seen such a display. The following is quoted from one of the local newspapers:

"The beautiful illumination of the battleship *Maine*, on Christmas Eve and night, was one of the finest displays of electricity ever witnessed in the city, or perhaps in the South. Hundreds of incandescent lights from the bow to the stern, up the masts and funnel, and around the ship's sides, made her one mass of lights. It was a picture not often seen in the tropical regions."

It became known after a time that the other large vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron, under command of Rear-Admiral Sicard, were to come to the waters about Key West for fleet drills and evolutions. At that time of year it was impracticable to have the drills elsewhere. The United States could not afford to abandon its best winter drill-ground for no other reason than its proximity to Cuba. The squadron came and had its drills, as intended, but until war was opened never went nearer to Cuba than Key West and Tortugas, nor, so far as my knowledge goes, was it ever intended that it should.

During our visit to Key West I had inquired as to the best pilot for the reefs. There was a general concurrence of opinion that Captain Smith was the best man. He held himself subject to my call during our whole stay at Key West, when I might have been obliged to go out at night with the search-lights. The squadron was duly reported off Jupiter Inlet, on its passage south. We knew, therefore, at Key West, very nearly the hour when it would arrive off the reefs. The *Maine* had received orders to join the squadron when it appeared. The squadron arrived off the reefs on Sunday, January 23, 1898. I sent ashore for our pilot, who in response was obliged to report that the pilot commissioners refused to let him take the *Maine* out, because their local rule of precedence required that the pilot who brought us in should by right take us out.

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I appealed against this rule as being merely one of local convenience or comfort, out of all proportion to the value of the *Maine* and the important public interests involved. The board of pilot commissioners weakened not—neither did I. The *Maine* went out without a pilot; so somebody lost nearly one hundred and fifty dollars, which remained in the coffers of the United States. After the departure of the *Maine*, the torpedo-boat *Cushing*, Lieutenant Albert Gleaves, was charged with the maintenance of communication with General Lee.

On Sunday night, the squadron, including the *Maine*, eight vessels altogether, anchored outside the reefs, off Sand Key light. The next day it got under way and steamed west. It anchored that night on the bank about ten miles to the southward of the southeastern entrance to Tortugas Roads. After anchoring, the vessels were directed by signal to bank fires. Later, while the squadron was receiving night-signals from the flagship, a vessel's running lights were sighted to the eastward. From the disposition of the lights it was evident that the vessel was of very low free-board and of very narrow beam. I assumed, therefore, that it was a torpedo-boat coming from Key West with despatches for the commander-in-chief. It occurred to me also that she was bearing despatches for the *Maine* to go to Havana. It was an intuition, nothing more; but without waiting for orders, I directed that fires be spread and preparations made for getting under way. The torpedo-boat, which proved to be the *Dupont*, communicated with the flagship. After some delay the flagship made signal for the commanding officer of the *Maine* to repair on board, and for the *Maine* to prepare to get under way. The *Maine* replied that she was all ready. My gig had already been lowered, and I was soon off for the flagship, some distance away. There was a fairly rough sea and a strong tidal current. The night was dark. Presently the bow of the *Dupont* was seen looming up over the gig. She had seen us, but the gig had not made out the *Dupont* clearly until close under her bow. I was taken aboard, and the gig was sent back to the *Maine*. The *Dupont* then steamed nearer the flagship, a boat was sent for me, and I presented myself to the commander-in-chief.

Admiral Sicard announced that he had received instructions from the Navy Department to send the *Maine* to Havana. I do not



MINSTREL GROUP WHO PERFORMED AT THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY THE CREW OF THE "MAINE" TO THE CREW OF THE "COLUMBIA."

The sailor with tall hat and striped shirt is Walsh, coxswain of the captain's gig, who was killed; the man in cook's costume at the right, private marine Joseph Lutz, was saved, and is now Captain Sigbee's orderly on board the *Texas*.

know personally the precise reason which induced the United States government to act at that particular time. My orders were to proceed to Havana and make a friendly visit. I was left to act according to my own judgment, in the usual way; that is to say, it was undoubtedly assumed that I would know how to act on my arrival in Havana, and it was intended to hold me responsible for my action. The situation seemed to call for nothing more than a strictly careful adherence to the well-known forms of naval procedure and courtesy. It was to be expected that the Spanish people in Havana would prefer that the *Maine* should stay away; but with a lingering insurrection, the end of which was not in sight, with American interests in Cuba affected adversely, and American citizens in Cuba alarmed for their safety, the United States had decided to show its flag from a public vessel in Cuban waters. It is quite certain that I gave myself no concern over the peculiarities of the situation. My vessel was selected to go to Havana, and I was gratified at the choice, just as any other commanding officer would have been. I volunteered the remark to Admiral Sicard that I should try to make no mistakes.

The *Maine* got under way about 11 P. M., and stood to the southward into the Gulf

Stream. I did not desire to reach Havana at early daylight, but rather to steam in when the town was alive and on its feet; therefore a landfall was made at daylight the next morning, well to the westward. That was on Tuesday, January 25. The vessel was then slowed down and the decks were straightened up, so that she might present the usual orderly appearance for port. The crew was required to dress with exceptional neatness in blue; the officers were in frock coats. When all was ready, the *Maine* was headed to the eastward, nearly parallel to the shore-line of the city, and toward the entrance. She was sent ahead at full speed as she passed the city, and the United States national ensign was hoisted at the peak, and the "jack" at the foremast-head. This disclosed at once the nationality and purpose of the vessel; that is to say, the *Maine* was a United States man-of-war that desired a pilot to enter Havana harbor. All pilotage in and out of Havana, or within the harbor, is under the direction of the captain of the port, who is a naval officer. The pilot service is entirely official.

A pilot put off promptly to the *Maine*, and boarded her to seaward of the Morro quite in the normal way, without objection or unusual inquiry. He took her in through

the narrow entrance slowly, and with such care and excellent skill that I complimented him for it after we were made fast to the buoy. I also commended him to the captain of the port, later. There were then in the harbor, moored to permanent mooring-buoys, two other men-of-war: the Spanish cruiser *Alfonso XII*, which never changed her position from the time the *Maine* arrived until the *Maine* was sunk; and the square-rigged German training-steamer *Gniesenu*. The *Maine* moved slowly in, passing between the two men-of-war, and was moored to a mooring-buoy chosen by the pilot, about four hundred yards south of the German vessel in the man-of-war anchorage off the *Maquina* or Naval "Shears." She never left this buoy, but carried it down with her when she sank. It was approximately in the position of buoy No. 4, as shown on chart No. 307, published by the United States Hydrographic Office. At the time of the explosion of the *Maine* the Spanish despatch-boat *Legazpi* occupied the berth which had been held formerly by the *Gniesenu*. A day or two after the arrival of the *Maine*, the square-

rigged German training-steamer *Charlotte* entered the harbor. Other vessels were anchored or moored in localities more or less remote from the *Maine*—two hundred yards and upward.

Probably no forms of etiquette are more stable than those observed among navies in reciprocating courtesies. They are laid down in the navy regulations and are established by rigid international convention. Those relating to reciprocal courtesies between naval ships and military and civil authorities are quite as well established; they are known in all ports much frequented by naval vessels. On the arrival of a foreign vessel in port, the chief naval officer present of the nation to which the port belongs sends an officer of the rank of lieutenant, or below, to the commanding officer of the arriving vessel with an offer of civilities, or to express the wish of the naval authorities to give any assistance in their power. On the departure of the officer who makes this "visit of ceremony," an officer of the arriving vessel is promptly despatched to acknowledge the visit and to express the thanks of his com-

Tinsman.

Bloomer.

Hauk.

Howe.

Lambert.



Gorman. Newton.

Ebermann.

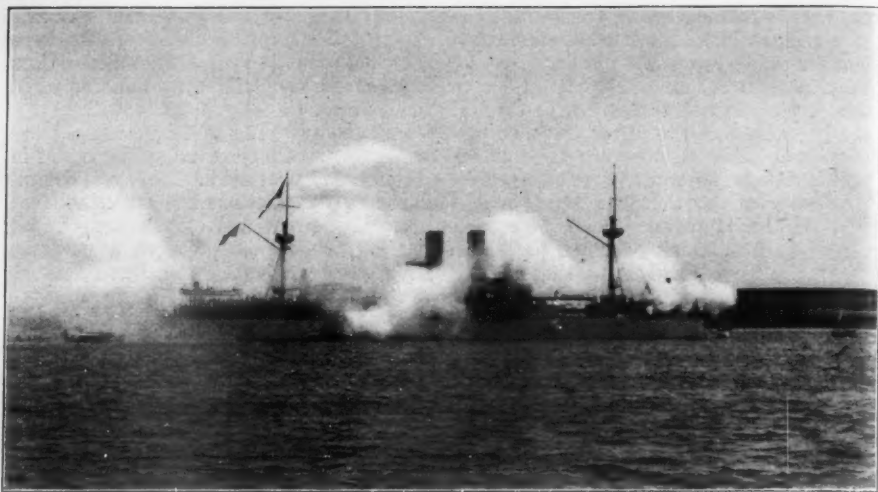
Merz.

Marston.

Bonner.

THE "MAINE'S" BASEBALL NINE AS ORGANIZED AT THE TIME OF THE EXPLOSION.

All were lost with the exception of Bloomer. Newton was the ship's bugler and sounded taps just before the explosion. The goat was left behind at Key West.



THE "MAINE" SALUTING THE SPANISH FLAG AFTER MAKING FAST TO THE OFFICIAL BUOY, AT WHICH SHE WAS DESTROYED.

manding officer. The next step, in respect to visits, is for the commanding officer of the arriving vessel to call on the commanding officers senior in rank to him in the navy of the nation to which the port belongs. These visits must be returned, by convention, within twenty-four hours. It is also customary to visit the highest civil officer and the highest military officer. By these forms of naval ceremony I was required to make visits at Havana to the captain-general (who is also governor-general), the Spanish admiral in charge of the station, the captain of the port, and the captain of the *Alfonso XII*. Visits are also exchanged in the United States service between the captain of an arriving man-of-war and the consular representative of the United States. General Fitzhugh Lee, as consul-general, was entitled to the first visit from me.

In command of the *Maine* at Havana, I had but one wish, which was to be friendly to the Spanish authorities, as required by my orders. I took pleasure in carrying out my orders in this respect. The first Spanish officer to come on board was a naval lieutenant who represented the captain of the port. His bearing was both dignified and polite (which, by the way, is invariably the rule with Spanish naval officers), but I thought he looked embarrassed and even humiliated in carrying out his duty. I greatly regretted that such should be the case, and did all that I could to make him feel at ease. After the arrival of a second Spanish lieu-

tenant, who seemed to take matters more philosophically, and of a German lieutenant, the naval officer who had arrived first appeared to lose his embarrassment. I made all the visits required of me by usage, and was everywhere received with courtesy. It is hardly to the point whether there was any great amount of actual friendliness for us beneath the surface. The Spanish officials on every hand gave us absolutely all the courtesy to which we were entitled by usage, and they gave it with all the grace of manner which is characteristic of their nation. I accepted it as genuine.

It is not essential to enter here into the details of usage in connection with salutes. It is enough to say that convention required the *Maine* to salute the Spanish national flag and also to salute Admiral Manterola. But such salutes are given only when it is known that they will be returned. I therefore deemed it prudent to determine this point, although the visit of a Spanish officer to the ship would ordinarily be thought sufficiently convincing. In the course of conversation with the Spanish naval officer who was the first to visit the *Maine*, I said: "I am about to give myself the honor of saluting your national flag; from which battery will the salute be returned?" He replied: "From the Cabaña." With that assurance both salutes were fired and returned. The salute to the Spanish admiral was returned by his flagship, the *Alfonso XII*.

Shortly after the arrival of the *Maine*, I sent my aid, Naval Cadet J. H. Holden, ashore to report to General Lee, and announce that I would soon follow. I promptly gave orders that no officers or men of the vessel should go ashore, unless by my express order. I desired first to test public feeling, private and official, with reference to the *Maine's* visit. I made my visit to Admiral Manterola in full dress, with cocked hat, epaulets, etc. I landed at the Machina, the man-of-war landing, which is virtually at the Spanish admiral's residence. There was a crowd assembled, but only of moderate size. There was no demonstration of any kind; the crowd closed in about me slightly. I thought the people stolid and sullen, so far as I could gather from an occasional glance, but I took very little notice of anybody. On my return, however, I noted carefully the bearing of the various groups of Spanish soldiers that I passed. They saluted me, as a rule, but with so much expression of apathy that the salute really went for nothing. They made no demonstration against me, however, not even by look.

The same day I made my visit to General Lee, and arranged with him for my visit to the acting captain- and governor-general, who at that time was General Parrado, Captain-General Blanco being absent on a tour of the island. It is customary in the case of high officials to make the visit at an appointed time. When I made my visit, on January 27, accompanied by General Lee, there seemed at first to be a probability of embarrassment. We called at the palace of General Blanco at the appointed time, and apparently nobody at the palace knew anything about our appointment. The ever-present American newspaper-man relieved the situation; he ascertained that General Parrado was in a residence across the way, where he was expecting us. We promptly repaired the mistake, and were received by General Parrado with great courtesy. He had a table spread with refreshments for our benefit. All of my official visits were returned promptly. General Parrado returned my visit in person, and was given the salute of a captain- and governor-general; that is to say, of the governor of a colony—seventeen guns, the same salute which is prescribed for the governor of one of the United States.

All visits were made without friction and with courtesy on both sides, and apparently with all the freedom of conversation and action usually observed. I showed General

Parrado through the *Maine*, and he seemed much pleased.

It had been announced in the local newspapers that there would be a series of bull-fights in Havana, in which would appear Mazzantini, the famous "gentleman bull-fighter of Spain." I had decided to go to the bull-fight, notwithstanding the day of its celebration was Sunday. I was anxious to know from my own observation the true feeling of the people of Havana toward the *Maine*. Knowing that the common people were likely to be greatly excited at the bull-fight, I decided that my presence there would afford the very best opportunity for my purpose. I told General Parrado of my intention, and he at once offered me a box. I declined the offer, saying that some of the officers of the *Maine* and I would go simply as ordinary observers. However, within a day or two, General Parrado sent me tickets for a box, which was an act of kindness greatly appreciated by us.

On the first Sunday after the arrival of the *Maine* at Havana, General Lee gave a luncheon-party to the officers of the ship, at the Havana Yacht Club at Marianao, a place on the sea-shore, about eight miles west of Havana. There we met some Cuban gentlemen, a few members of foreign consulates, and a number of press correspondents. In going there I was taken by the sea route, in a small steam-launch owned by one of the Cuban gentlemen. We went close alongshore, past all the batteries west of the entrance. There was no impropriety in this, because one could see the batteries to better advantage merely by driving along one of the most frequented driveways of the city. At Marianao there was a small Spanish garrison. Sentries were posted at various places, and at one time, I believe, they had occupied the roof of the club-house. There was no excitement or even special interest shown by the soldiers at the appearance there of United States officers. The entertainment passed off very pleasantly. General Lee toasted the naval party, and we toasted General Lee. Complimentary speeches were made on each side.

The box at the bull-fight which had been provided us by the courtesy of General Parrado contained six seats. I reserved one ticket for General Lee, one for Naval Cadet Holden, and one for myself. The other three I sent to the ward-room and the junior officers' mess, to be chosen by lot. The party therefore consisted of six people. We returned to Havana from the yacht club by

¡Españoles!

¡VIVA ESPAÑA CON HONRA!



¿Qué haceis que os dejais insultar de esa manera? ¿No veis lo que nos han hecho retirando á nuestro valiente y querido Weyler, que á estas horas ya hubiéramos acabado con esta indigna canalla insurrecta que pisotea nuestra bandera y nuestro honor?

Nos imponen la Autonomía para echarnos á un lado y dar los puestos de honor y mando á aquellos que iniciaron esta rebelion, estos mal nacidos autonomistas, hijos ingratos de nuestra querida patria!

Y por último, estos cochinos yankees que se mezclan en nuestros asuntos, humillándonos hasta el último grado, y para más vejámen nos mandan uno de los barcos de guerra de su podrida escuadra, despues de insultarnos en sus diarios y desde nuestra casa!

Españoles! Llegó el momento de accion, no dormiteis! Enseñemos á esos viles traidores que todavía no hemos perdido la vergüenza y que sabemos protestar con la energía que corresponde á una nacion digna y fuerte como es y siempre será nuestra España!

Mueran los americanos! Muera la Autonomía!
Viva España! Viva Weyler!

FACSIMILE OF THE COPY OF THE CIRCULAR SENT TO CAPTAIN SIGSBEE THROUGH THE HAVANA POST-OFFICE. (FOR A TRANSLATION SEE THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

The words underscored, with the hand pointing to them, mean "rotten squadron."

train, and could not help remarking the suitability of the country for guerrilla warfare. While we were yet in the train, an American gentleman discussed with us the propriety of going to the bull-fight. He explained that the common people on such occasions were generally greatly excited, and as our visit to Havana was not well regarded by the populace, there was a probability that one single cry against us might set the audience aflame. I believed that it was inconsistent with the friendly visit of the *Maine* that her officers should not be accorded the same freedom of appearance and

action that was permitted to officers of other navies; therefore, I reasserted our intention to go. Our friend said: "Well, if they will allow you there, they will allow you anywhere."

As we emerged from the train and passed out of the station on our arrival at Havana, I was handed by somebody (I think by one of the newspaper correspondents) the bellicose circular which has since been published in the newspapers. It was a small printed slip containing a protest to the public against submission to a visit from the *Maine*, and, translated, reads as follows:

SPANIARDS!

LONG LIVE SPAIN WITH HONOR!

What are you doing that you allow yourselves to be insulted in this way? Do you not see what they have done to us in withdrawing our brave and beloved Weyler, who at this very time would have finished with this unworthy, rebellious rabble who are trampling on our flag and on our honor?

Autonomy is imposed on us to cast us aside and give places of honor and authority to those who initiated this rebellion, these low-bred autonomists, ungrateful sons of our beloved country!

And, finally, these Yankee pigs who meddle in our affairs, humiliating us to the last degree, and, for a still greater taunt, order to us a man-of-war of their rotten squadron, after insulting us in their newspapers with articles sent from our own home!

Spaniards! the moment of action has arrived. Do not go to sleep! Let us teach these vile traitors that we have not yet lost our pride, and that we know how to protest with the energy befitting a nation worthy and strong, as our Spain is, and always will be!

Death to the Americans! Death to autonomy!
Long live Spain! Long live Weyler!

I put it in my pocket, and we went to the bull-fight, by means of the ferry plying between Havana and Regla. I have been asked many times what I thought of the circular. At the time I thought it of no importance whatever, and I have not changed my opinion. It could only have been the screaming appeal of some bigoted and impotent patriot. When a would-be conspirator finds it necessary thus to go out into the public streets and beg anonymously for assistance, he demonstrates that he is without friends. Circulars of that kind are not at all uncommon in Havana. General Lee received them frequently. In his case, the date was generally set for his destruction. He gave himself no concern over them, but let it be known generally that any one attempting to injure him bodily would be treated very summarily by himself. His poise in matters of that kind made murderous bulletins positively humorous.

There had formerly been a bull-ring in Havana, a well-appointed one, but for some reason it was closed, and the smaller ring at Regla had taken its place. When we arrived at the ring, we found that our box was high up above the rows of seats, and close to the box occupied by General Parrado, who was the presiding official at the sport on that day. Members of his staff were with him. Stationed at intervals throughout the audience were individual soldiers, under arms, and there were about twenty in the seat directly

in front of our box. General Parrado bowed to me pleasantly, but I thought that he and the officers about him were not entirely free from embarrassment because of our presence. General Parrado was always especially kind in his intercourse with me. I felt very friendly toward him. Occasionally on looking up suddenly I detected glances at me that were far from friendly.

Six bulls were killed during the day. Our party arrived as the first one was being hauled away dead. After the fifth bull had been despatched, it was decided, as a considerate measure in favor of General Parrado, that we should leave the building and return to Havana early, so as to avoid the crowd. We therefore left very quietly, just before the sixth bull entered the ring. We tried to reach the ferry promptly, so that we might return to Havana on a steamer having but few passengers. Three members of our party were successful in this attempt, but General Lee, Lieutenant Holman, and I failed. On our arrival a steamer had just left the landing. We then hailed a small passenger-boat, and were pulled to the *Maine*. While General Lee and I were conversing on the quarter-deck of the *Maine*, a ferry-boat came across the bay, carrying back to Havana a large number of people from the audience. There was no demonstration of any kind. The passengers were doubtless those who had left early, hoping, like ourselves, to avoid the crowd. The next ferry-boat was densely crowded. Among the passengers were a number of officers of the Spanish army and of the volunteers. As the ferry-boat passed the *Maine* there were derisive calls and whistles. Apparently not more than fifty people participated in that demonstration. It was not general, and might have occurred anywhere. I have never believed that the Spanish officers or soldiers took part. It is but fair to say that this was the only demonstration of any kind made against the *Maine* or her officers, either collectively or individually, so far as was made known to me, during our visit. Adverse feeling toward us was shown by the apathetic bearing of soldiers when they saluted, or of tradesmen when they supplied our needs. After the *Maine* had been sunk, and when the *Montgomery* and the *Fern* were in Havana, Spanish passenger-boatmen exhibited bad temper by withholding or delaying answers to our hails at night. The failure of the Spanish authorities to compel the boatmen to answer our hails impressed me as being very closely akin to active unfriendliness. It was at the



CAPTAIN SIGSBEE, GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, SEVERAL OFFICERS OF THE "MAINE,"
AND CIVILIANS AT THE HAVANA YACHT CLUB. (SEE PAGE 85.)

time when the *Vizcaya* and the *Oquendo* were in Havana, using picket-boats and occasionally search-lights at night, apparently to safeguard themselves. Hails were made sharply and answered promptly between the Spanish men-of-war and the boats constantly plying about the harbor at night. It must have been plain on board the Spanish men-of-war that the boatmen were trifling with us. This was after the *Vizcaya* had visited New York.

I have been taken to task on some sides in the United States for going to a bull-fight on

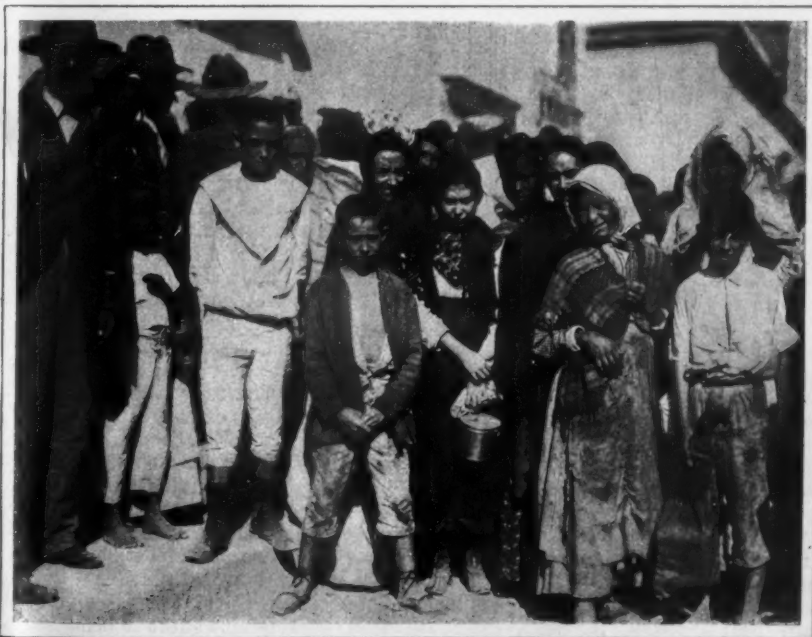
Sunday. Perhaps I should confess that I attended two bull-fights in Havana, on successive Sundays, that being the only day, I believe, on which bull-fights take place. On the second occasion I went with an American friend and a party of Cuban gentlemen. To comprehend the Spanish bull-fight it should be considered as a savage sport passed down from generation to generation from a remote period when human nature was far more cruel than at present. If the sport had not so developed, it is a fair infer-

ence that it could not now be instituted or tolerated by the Spanish people. Similar considerations might be thought to apply to our own prize-fights. During the progress of the last bull-fight that I attended, several poor, docile horses were killed under circumstances that were shocking to the American mind. In a box near that which my friends and I occupied, a little girl ten or twelve years of age sat apparently unmoved while a horse was prostrate and dying in prolonged agony near the middle of the ring.

As to the circular that was given to me before going to the first bull-fight, it may be stated that I received a second copy through the Havana mail. That copy was probably sent by some American, who judged it to be important. I sent it home, and afterward it was reproduced in the newspapers. I think General Lee sent a copy of that circular to the secretary-general of Cuba, Dr. Congosto. There was nothing to do in respect to the circular, even though I had believed it an influential attempt to foment disturbance. Every precaution that could be taken against injury or treachery was taken on board the *Maine*, so far as could be permitted under the restrictions of my orders requiring me to make a friendly visit. If one, when dining with a friend at his home, were to test the

dishes for poison, he would not be making a friendly visit. The harbor could not be dragged without giving offense; it could not be patrolled by our own picket-boats at night, nor could the search-lights be kept going; but every internal precaution was exercised that the situation suggested. There were sentries on the forecastle and poop, quartermaster and signal-boy on the bridge, and a second signal-boy on the poop, all of whom were charged with the necessity for a careful lookout. The corporal of the guard was specially instructed as to the port gangway, and the officer of the deck and the quartermaster as to the starboard gangway.

Instead of the usual anchor-watch, a quarter-watch was kept on deck at night. The sentries were supplied with ammunition; a number of rounds of rapid-fire ammunition were kept in the pilot-house and in the spare captain's pantry inside the after-superstructure. An additional supply of shells was kept at hand for the six-inch guns. In order to be prepared more completely to work the hydraulic mechanism of the turrets, steam was kept up on two boilers instead of one; special instructions were given to watch all the details of the hydraulic gear and to report defects. The officer of the deck was charged by me to make detailed reports, even



RECONCENTRADOS AT HAVANA GATHERED AT A RELIEF STATION.



CAPTAIN SIGSBEE IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN ON BOARD THE "MAINE."

The Admiral's cabin, similarly arranged, is seen to the right through the open, wide doorway.

in minor matters, acting on the suspicion that we might be in an unfriendly harbor. I personally instructed the master-at-arms and the orderly sergeant to keep a careful eye on every visitor that came on board, and to charge their own subordinates to the same purpose. I instructed them to follow visitors about at a proper distance whenever the ship was visited below; they were carefully to watch for any packages that might be laid down or left by visitors, on the supposition that dynamite or other high explosives might be used. They were also required to inspect the routes over which visitors had passed. The officer in charge of the marine guard was required to make at least two visits during the night to the various posts of the vessel. The purport of my own orders and instructions was that we should consider the *Maine* in a position demanding extreme vigilance, and requiring a well-sustained routine both by day and by night.

Until the night of the explosion nothing whatever was developed to show that there was any special need for extreme vigilance. Many people visited the ship, chiefly in parties. It is probable that nearly all were

Cubans. These were chiefly representatives of the refined class in Havana, who took great pride in visiting the ship—more, perhaps, than I could have wished, in view of the situation. There must have been three or four hundred of them on board from time to time. They were warmly demonstrative toward us, and at first were inclined to ask us to return their visits. I believe some of the *Maine's* officers took advantage of their invitations; but I always explained that my position in Havana was a delicate one, that I desired to know socially both the Spaniards and the Cubans, but that I should not feel free to accept hospitalities until the Spanish people first showed a willingness to accept the hospitalities of the ship. I often made inquiries in a rather jocular way as to the politics of the ladies who visited the ship. The ladies pointed out to me visitors of different shades of opinion, but I have my doubts whether any of them were really in sympathy with the Spaniards. I let it be known everywhere that it would please me greatly to entertain the Spanish people on board, and made considerable effort to bring about the desired result, but without success. It was

evident that the Spaniards would not visit us socially; they would do their official duty, but would not go beyond it.

I finally decided to make a very special effort. I knew two charming young Spanish ladies of American descent on their mother's side. Both were engaged to be married to Spanish army officers. Their father had been a Spanish officer. All their associations had been in Spanish military circles. They assured me that it was a mistake to suppose that the Spaniards would not visit us in a friendly way. To demonstrate their view, they offered to bring aboard the *Maine*, on a certain day, a party of Spanish officers. The ladies came at the appointed time, their mother being one of the party; but with them there was only one Spanish officer, and he was in what we might call a civil branch of the army. Each lady gave a somewhat different excuse for the absence of the officers, which only served to make it clear that the officers

would not come at all, and that there was a general understanding that the ship should not be visited by Spanish officers, except officially.

I then believed that I had made all the effort that was proper to put the visit of the *Maine* on a friendly plane socially. I made no effort thereafter beyond continuing to make it known in a general way that Spaniards would be welcomed. For about two days after the arrival of the *Maine*, her officers were not permitted to go ashore; after that they went freely, day and night. During the whole visit the crew remained on board, with the exception of an occasional visit to the shore, on duty, by some well-trusted petty officer. I regretted very much to retain the crew on board, because it had been my custom to give liberty freely before visiting Havana. Even the bum-boatmen did not seem to care especially for the custom of the men, doubtless because of the



THE WARD-ROOM OF THE "MAINE."

Lieutenant-Commander Marix, left foreground, was executive officer of the *Maine* when this photograph was made, but was detached before the explosion. He served as judge-advocate at the Court of Inquiry. Chaplain Chidwick stands in the middle background, and facing him is Lieutenant Jenkins, who was lost.



REVOLVER-DRILL ON THE STARBOARD SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE "MAINE." MOST OF THESE MEN WERE LOST.

undercurrent of feeling against us. The crew never complained—not in a single instance that I am aware of; they took the situation philosophically. I myself drove through the streets of Havana, day or night, entirely alone, just as I liked, without hindrance of any kind. To all outward appearance Havana was as orderly a city as I have ever seen.

Prior to the destruction of the *Maine*, I was unwittingly involved in one case of official friction. According to precedents, I was entirely in the right. The autonomistic government of Cuba had been established by General Blanco. The members of the government were much-respected gentlemen of the island. As captain of the *Maine*, I was not expected to show any political preference, but it was my duty to preserve good relations with the government as it existed. In visiting the captain-general, who, as already stated, is also the governor-general, and the naval authorities, I thought I had fulfilled all the courtesies required by usage; therefore it had not occurred to me to visit the civil members of the autonomistic council. In my cruises about the West Indies, I had made visits to colonial governors and to the naval and mili-

tary authorities; but it had never been expected of me to visit the members of the legislative council of a British colony. I was therefore greatly surprised to find that it had been reported to the United States government in Washington that I had failed to visit the members of the autonomistic council. I got several telegrams from the Navy Department referring to the matter. The despatches may not have been clearly deciphered on board the *Maine*, but I did not gather from them that I was required to make a visit to those officials. I hesitated to act without decisive orders after the matter had been carried to the government at Washington. Finally, I thought that I could detect in the telegrams a desire on the part of the Navy Department that I should, of my own volition, make the visit.

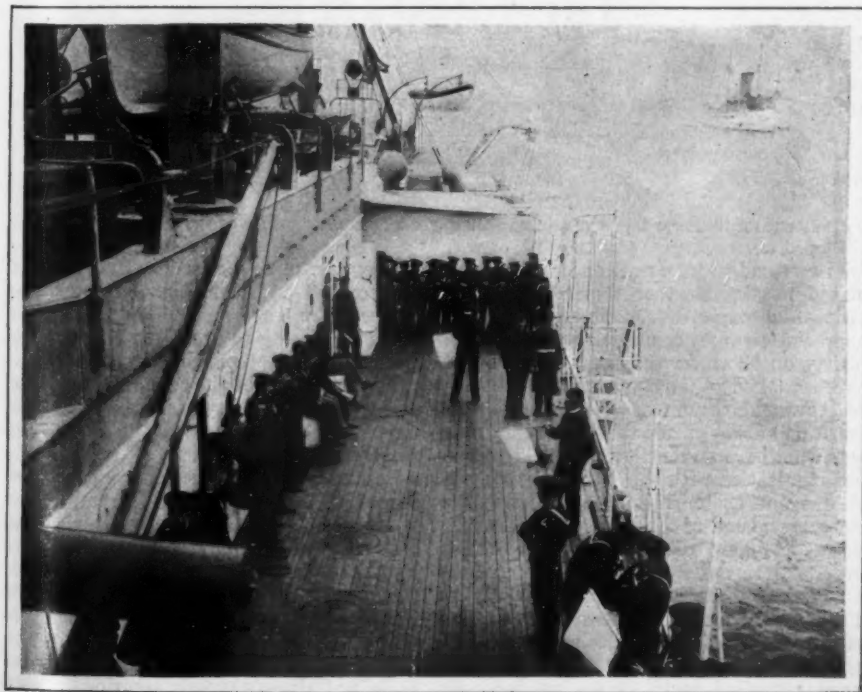
General Blanco had then returned to Havana, where he resumed his custom of giving receptions to gentlemen on a certain night in each week. General Lee had made an appointment for me to visit General Blanco officially the next day, and I took advantage of the reception to promote good feeling. In civilian's evening dress, I attended General Blanco's reception with General Lee, and took pleasure in the act. I said

to General Blanco that I attended his reception that evening informally, and that I would come officially the following day, according to appointment. General Blanco is a fine type of the Spanish gentleman—a man of distinguished bearing and address. I remarked to General Lee that General Blanco might pass for a very benevolent United States senator. This was a double-edged compliment intended to cut favorably in both directions. At the reception and on all other occasions General Blanco received me most kindly.

Soon after our arrival at the reception, General Lee introduced me to Dr. Congosto, the secretary-general of Cuba. Dr. Congosto immediately said, "May I introduce you to the members of the autonomistic council?" I replied that the introduction would give me great pleasure, and that I should gladly have acted on an earlier invitation. I was then introduced to several members of the council, including Señor Galvaez, the president. All were men that one would feel greatly honored to meet, whether officially or privately. I thought that I had a right to speak plainly, because I had been put in a false

position. I informed the gentlemen that there had been no time since my visit to Havana when I should not immediately have given myself the honor of visiting them had I received an intimation that a visit would be agreeable. I stated that I had not made a visit because I knew no precedent for it in naval etiquette, and that visits to civil officials on shore, if in excess of usage, might not be taken kindly, because a return visit afloat might not be convenient. I expressed the pleasure that I should take in going as far beyond precedent as might be agreeable to them. If permitted, I should visit the council officially the following day, after which I hoped the gentlemen of the council would visit the *Maine* and receive a salute.

The next day, with General Lee, I called on General Blanco officially, just as I had called on General Parrado when he was representing General Blanco. I admired General Blanco as a man and as a patriot, and desired to receive him on board the *Maine* and do him honor. I gave him an urgent invitation, stating at the same time that I knew it was not necessary for him to return my visit personally. He seemed pleased, and remarked pleasantly



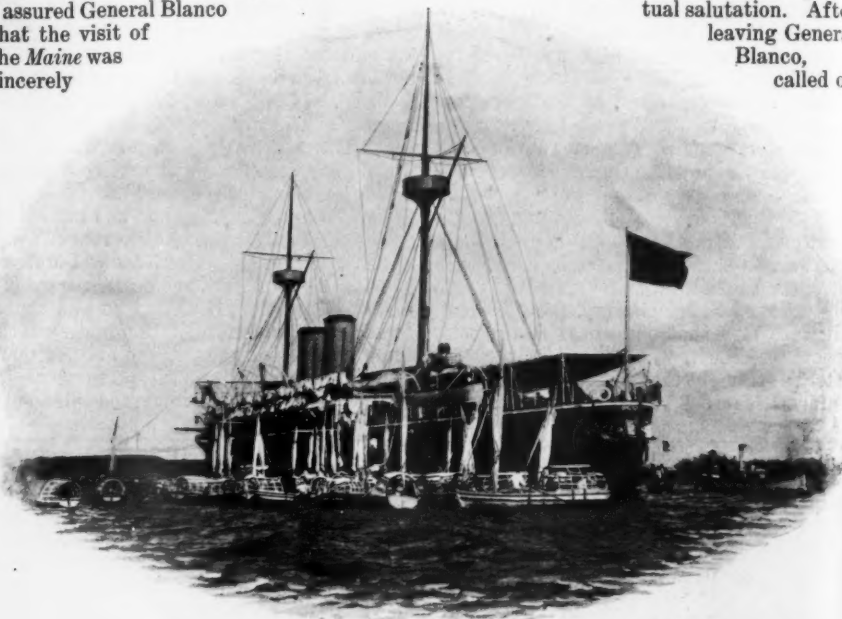
SIGNAL-DRILL ON THE DECK OF THE "MAINE."

that there was a decree against captains-general visiting foreign men-of-war, for the reason that many years ago a captain-general, while visiting an English man-of-war, had been abducted. I replied that on merely personal grounds I would be glad to run away with him, but I promised good behavior. He stated that it might be possible to make a visit—he would think it over.

I assured General Blanco that the visit of the *Maine* was sincerely

terminates a visit to Spanish officials. It was observed in this case. After taking leave in the usual way, in the room where the interview was held, General Blanco and Dr. Congosto accompanied us to the head of the stairs, and the civilities were repeated. There they remained until we had reached the first landing below, when we turned, and

the visit was ended by mutual salutation. After leaving General Blanco, I called on



HAVANA PASSENGER-BOATS AROUND THE SPANISH CRUISER "VIZCAYA" ON A VISITING DAY. (SEE PAGE 95.)

friendly and that my orders contemplated nothing further than the ordinary visit of a man-of-war. He expressed his appreciation of my commands against giving liberty on shore to the *Maine's* crew, and asked, as had other officials, how long the *Maine* would remain at Havana. To this question I always made the same reply, viz., that when our war-vessels were in telegraphic communication with the Navy Department it was not customary to include in their orders the time of their departure from a port; they were required to await further orders. I repeated to General Blanco what I had already said to General Parrado, that I hoped the Spanish men-of-war would reciprocate by reviving their friendly visits to the United States; that the cordiality of their reception could not be doubted. An exceptionally pleasing ceremonial feature

the members of the council, and was received with cordiality. I think the members of the autonomic government had really felt that I was trying to evade a visit, so I was glad to convince them to the contrary.

The gentlemen of the council returned my visit promptly. They were received with honors, and shown through the *Maine*. We greatly enjoyed their visit. Near the close, refreshments were served in my cabin, and Señor Galvaez made a complimentary speech in Spanish, which was interpreted to me briefly. The last thing that I desired was to involve myself in the politics of the island. I conceived that it would be highly injudicious on my part, as a foreign naval officer, to seem to take sides in any way, either by expression or by action. I made a response to Señor Galvaez's speech, assuring him that it had given me much gratification to make

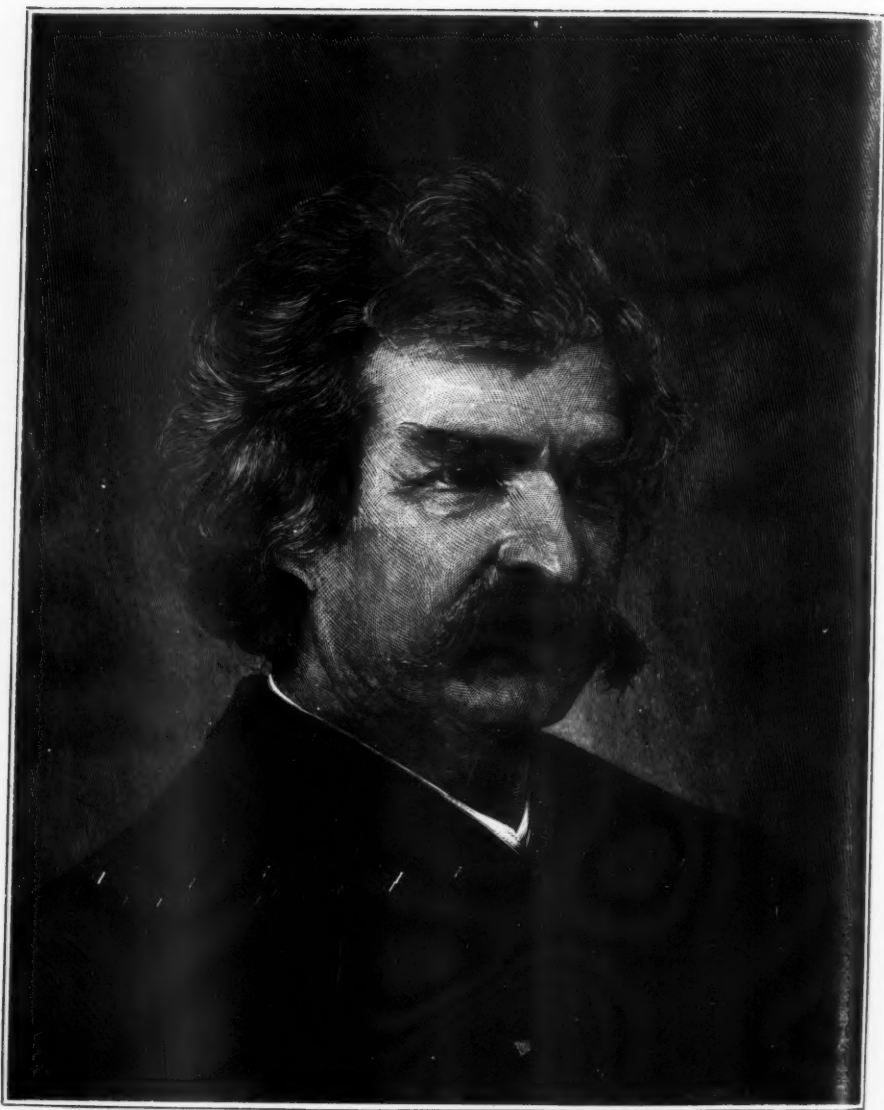
my visits to the council, and renewing my statement that I should have made an earlier visit had I known that it would have been agreeable. I welcomed them formally to the ship, and expressed the hope that they would return with their families and friends, and make social and informal visits whenever they thought they could find pleasure on board. Believing that the gentlemen of the council were desirous that I should give some expression of approval of the autonomic form of government, I evaded the point, and said only: "I beg to express my admiration for the high purpose of your honorable body." My reply was afterward printed in at least two newspapers in Havana, but the terms made me favor autonomic government for the island. I disliked this result when I considered it in connection with the censorship, but raised no protest against it. Judging from outward evidence, the autonomic government was then unpopular and without effective influence.

The next day the families and friends of the members of the council came aboard, and were received by me and the officers. It was a merry party, and many evidences of good will were given. This ended the only frictional incident prior to the destruction of the *Maine*.

While lying in the landlocked harbor of Havana, the *Maine* looked much larger than her actual size; she seemed enormous. Doubtless her strength was overestimated by the populace of Havana. The people apparently believed that we had sent our best ship to make a demonstration. There was much misconception on all sides, even among Spanish officers, as to the fighting strength of the United States navy. Evidently the Spaniards did not regard us as their equals in battle; their traditional pride made them overestimate their own fighting ability—or underestimate ours. On the other hand, to show how people may differ, I have never known it to be entertained in our own service that the Spanish navy could match ours. The Spanish naval officers that I met were alert, intelligent, and well informed professionally. They all had their polished national manner. Superficially, at least, their vessels were admirable; they seemed clean and well kept. Their etiquette was carefully observed, but apparently their crews were not comparable with ours, either in physique or in intelligence. I saw very little drilling of any kind on board the Spanish men-of-war at Havana. After the destruc-

tion of the *Maine*, General Weyler was credited in the press with the remark that "the *Maine* was indolent." If General Weyler did in fact make the remark, he must have got advices relative to the *Maine* that were not well based on observation. While at Havana, the *Maine* had no drills on shore, as a matter of course, but afloat she carried out her routine of drills day after day, except that she omitted "night quarters" and "clearing ship for action," as likely to give rise to misunderstanding. She also exercised her boats under oars and under sails, and had gun-pointing practice with the aid of a launch steaming about the harbor. In this latter practice, care was taken that our guns should never point toward the Spanish men-of-war. Every morning and evening the crew were put through the development drill. Most of the drills of the *Maine* were in plain view from without, by reason of her structure; she had no bulwarks on her main or upper deck.

After the destruction of the *Maine*, and while the *Vizcaya* and *Oquendo* were in the harbor, we could observe no drills taking place on board those vessels, although it is possible that they might have gone on without our being able to observe them. There was much ship-visiting on board. In everything they did, except in respect to etiquette, the practised nautical eye could not fail to note their inferiority in one degree or another to the vessels of our own squadron at Key West. Our vessels were then having "general quarters for action" three times a week, and were keeping up their other drills, including night-drills, search-light practice, etc. The vessels of the *Vizcaya* class, below in the captain's cabin and officers' quarters, were one long stretch of beautiful woodwork, finer than on board our own vessels. The smaller guns of their primary batteries, and the rapid-firing guns of their secondary batteries, were disposed between the turrets on two decks in such dovetailed fashion that in order to do great damage an enemy needed only to hit anywhere in the region of the funnels. I remarked several times—once to Admiral Sampson, who was then Captain Sampson of the court of inquiry on the destruction of the *Maine*—that the Spanish vessels would be all aflame within ten minutes after they had gone into close action, and that their quarters at the guns would be a slaughter-pen. Future events justified the statement. Afterward, when I boarded the wreck of the *Infanta Maria Teresa* near Santiago de Cuba, her armored deck was below



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARONY.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).

water, but above that there was not even a splinter of woodwork in sight; in fact, there was hardly a cinder left of her decks or of that beautiful array of bulkheads. It may have been that the *Maine* remained longer in Havana than had originally been intended by the Navy Department. It was expected, I believe, to relieve her by another vessel; which vessel, I do not know. I had hoped that the *Indiana* or the *Massachusetts* would be sent to dispel the prevailing ignorance among the Spanish people in regard to the strength and efficiency of our ships. The department may not have accepted my views.

Before reciting the details immediately connected with the destruction of the *Maine*, it may be said that I did not expect she would

be blown up, either from interior or exterior causes, although precautions were taken in both directions. Nevertheless, I believed that she could be blown up from the outside, provided a sufficient number of persons of evil disposition, and with the conveniences at hand, were free to conspire for the purpose. It was necessary to trust the Spanish authorities in great degree for protection from without. I believe that the primary cause of the destruction of the *Maine* was an explosion under the bottom of the ship, as reported by the court of inquiry. How it was produced, or whether it was produced by anybody intentionally, I do not know; therefore I have carefully avoided accusation. The facts of the explosion will be described in my next paper.

MARK TWAIN IN CALIFORNIA.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

THERE was a subtle and inexpressible means of transmitting news and gossip forward and backward over the transcontinental trail, in the old, old days when we traveled "the Plains across" to California. Imagine a long caravan of emigrants stretched over the vast and comparatively unknown region lying between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, numbering many thousands, but broken into innumerable bands and companies, each company traveling in its own way, several of these combining to present a formidable front while passing through the haunts of hostile and predatory Indians, but often passing and repassing one another when some travel-worn party would be camped by the trail for rest and recuperation, and all receiving in some unexplained manner tolerably accurate tidings of every other company then on the sinuous trail that was traced across the heart of the continent.

Here and there, at exceedingly rare intervals, we found the deserted cabin of some vanished explorer or trapper, in which were posted the rude bulletins of those who had preceded us, leaving their names and ports of hail, with scraps of information concerning water, grass, fords, and other matters necessary to the comfort and safety

of the emigrant. But, for the most part, the birds of the air (which were neither numerous nor sociable) appeared to have told us of the personal characteristics, names, haps and mishaps, of all who were on the trail before or behind us.

In this way we learned that in the great concourse of marching men always just behind us and never quite catching up with us were two brothers, who were traveling with a company known as the "Missouri fellers," and who were individually described as the "two Clemenses." Our curiosity was languidly stimulated by this vague characterization, and when, after their family name had been hopelessly juggled with in the rude vernacular of the Plains, we were told that these Clemenses, or whatever their real cognomen might be, were expecting to find official pap in the new Territory that had begun to loom in what was known as the Washoe country, we felt for the unseen young Missourians a certain respectful pity. In the course of time, but years afterward, when swarms of miners had covered the Comstock Lode, and fabulous riches were said to be locked up in the sterile Washoe country, then hanging on the arid skirts of California, and adding to the desolation of western Utah, the Territory of Nevada was organized. James W. Nye was governor, and Orion S. Clemens was secretary of

this new subdivision of the republic. We never heard that the other brother, Samuel L. Clemens, secured official recognition, and it is more than likely that the reports of the great expectations of the Clemenses were, like so much of the Plains gossip, mere idle rumors of the camps.

Striking off, as our own party did, into the northwestern part of the State, and entering the Sacramento valley by the way of the Feather and Yuba rivers, we lost all track of the Clemens brothers, and when, long afterward, we heard that Orion was in office, we dimly related him to the Missourians whose shadowy company had attended our journey across the Great Plains.

The Civil War came on, and, giving up my paper in Marysville (originally known as Nye's Ranch), a long sojourn in Washington interrupted my California acquaintance. Mark Twain was still in the "sage-brush" group of newspaper writers, and when I returned to take up my residence in San Francisco, I was advised to read certain amusing squibs and sketches in a Nevada newspaper (the "Virginia City Enterprise"), if I would see specimens of genuine American humor—frolicsome, extravagant, and audacious. These contributions, when signed at all, were over the somewhat puzzling signature of "Mark Twain." In due course of time their author crossed the mountains, and found casual employment on the "Morning Call," San Francisco. When Bret Harte introduced me to the eagle-eyed young man of tousled hair and slow speech, I found at last the missing member of the Clemenses, and we exchanged such information concerning our experiences on the Plains as had been impossible of transmission up and down the hard road we traveled.

Clemens's fugitive pieces in the daily newspapers gave him some local reputation as a humorist, but not even his most intimate friends suspected the existence of the genius which was destined to make the name of "Mark Twain" world-famous. And when, in 1867, the proprietors of the "Alta California," a daily newspaper of which I was then the managing editor, came to me with a proposition that the office should advance to Clemens the sum needed to pay his expenses on a trip into the Mediterranean, on condition that he should write letters to the paper, I was not surprised that they should regard the scheme with grave doubt of its paying them for their outlay. But the persuasiveness of Clemens's fast friend and admirer, Colonel John McComb (then a member

of our editorial-staff), turned the scale, and Mark Twain was sent away happy on his voyage of adventure and observation, sailing from New York on the steamer *Quaker City*.

His letters to the "Alta California" made him famous. It was my business to prepare one of these letters for the Sunday morning paper, taking the topmost letter from a goodly pile that was stacked in a pigeonhole of my desk. Clemens was an indefatigable correspondent, and his last letter was slipped in at the bottom of a tall stack.

It would not be quite accurate to say that Mark Twain's letters were the talk of the town; but it was very rarely that readers of the paper did not come into the office on Mondays to confide to the editors their admiration of the writer, and their enjoyment of his weekly contributions. The California newspapers copied these letters, with unanimous approval and disregard of the copyrights of author and publisher.

When Clemens returned to San Francisco, it was to find himself a celebrity. He accepted the situation without demur or inordinate pride. And when, after a short visit to the Hawaiian Islands, he prepared a lecture to be delivered in Mercantile Library Hall, San Francisco, he deprecatingly forestalled public opinion by adding at the bottom of his published announcements: "Trouble will begin at 8 o'clock P. M." To him the trouble impending appeared very real, and he faced the ordeal with many misgivings. But the lecture was highly successful. It gave San Francisco people their first near view of their popular humorist. Some of his friends had organized a claque to encourage the débutant and rouse the enthusiasm of the audience; shrieks of laughter and thunders of applause had been contrived to be launched at appropriate intervals. Some of these kindly meant demonstrations were ill-timed. No matter; the unpurchased suffrages of the people soon overwhelmed the less discriminating volleys of the claque. The lecturer, to his great surprise, rode triumphantly into favor on the swelling tide of popular applause.

Mark Twain's method as a lecturer was distinctly unique and novel. His slow, deliberate drawl, the anxious and perturbed expression of his visage, the apparently painful effort with which he framed his sentences, and, above all, the surprise that spread over his face when the audience roared with delight or rapturously applauded the finer passages of his word-painting, were unlike anything of the kind they had ever

known. All this was original; it was Mark Twain.

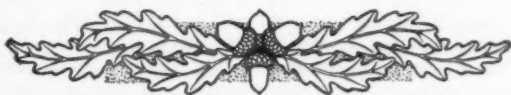
About this time, I think it was,—say in the latter part of 1867 or the first of 1868,—Mark Twain published his first book, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras." In later years, the question as to the originality of that celebrated tale has provoked much controversy among authors and antiquarians. It was then a classic of the mining-camps, rehearsed around camp-fires and in convivial gatherings, very much as the Homeric legends and the sagas of the Norseland were told to thrilled listeners. But, so far as I am aware, it had never been printed, although a learned pundit has found in Greek literature the seminal principle of the story. As soon as "The Jumping Frog" made its appearance in a printed book, there were many claimants for the credit of its invention. One of these was Samuel Seabough, the editor of a newspaper published in San Joaquin County; and he honestly believed that he was the originator of a legend that, as we now know, is older than the art of printing, but which was given the immortality of print by the man who is now generally credited with its actual authorship.

In July, 1868, a literary magazine, the "Overland Monthly," was first published in San Francisco. Bret Harte was the editor of this new and audacious publication in the very materialistic city of the Golden Gate; and as he did not think himself quite equal to the requirements of the work, William C. Bartlett (of the "Evening Bulletin") and I were conscripted from our respective desks to act as assistants and advisers. I remember very well the disappointment with which we read Mark Twain's contribution to the first number of the new magazine. It was entitled "By Rail through France," and did not show a gleam of that humor which had given him so much vogue through his newspaper letters. Subsequent numbers of the magazine showed fruits of his literary industry, but it was not until the October number appeared that he delighted his readers with a goodly show of his genius. Certainly that paper, "A Medieval Romance," which may have suggested the lines of his

later work, "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court," was extravagant and grotesque enough to satisfy the most exacting of his admirers.

During the summer of that year, while Clemens was in the Eastern States, there came to us a statement, through the medium of the Associated Press, that he was preparing for publication his letters which had been printed in the "Alta California." The proprietors of that newspaper were wroth. They regarded the letters as their private property. Had they not bought and paid for them? Could they have been written if they had not furnished the money to pay the expenses of the writer? And although up to that moment there had been no thought of making in San Francisco a book of Mark Twain's letters from abroad, the proprietors of the "Alta California" began at once their preparations to get out a cheap paper-covered edition of those contributions. An advance notice in the press despatches sent from California was regarded as a sort of answer to the alleged challenge of Mark Twain and his publishers. This sent the perplexed author hurrying back to San Francisco in quest of an ascertainment of his real rights in his own letters. Amicable counsels prevailed. The cheap San Francisco edition of the book was abandoned, and Mark Twain was allowed to take possession of his undoubted copyright, and his book of letters, entitled "The Innocents Abroad," was published in the latter part of that year—1868.

Bret Harte has continued to work the rich vein which he uncovered in California. With loyalty to his first ideals, he has again and again returned to the scenery, traditions, and human characteristics of California's earliest days. Mark Twain's stay in the Golden State was briefer than Harte's, and foreign travel has opened to him new fields for the employment of his genius. He has laid under contribution all history, all tradition, all human experience. If he occasionally harks back to Nevada and California, it is only to give us a casual glimpse into a career that has been crowded full of adventure, study, and close observation of men and manners.



FROM THE "LONDON TIMES" OF 1904.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I.

Correspondence of the "London Times."



CHICAGO, April 1, 1904.
RESUME by cable-telephone where I left off yesterday. For many hours, now, this vast city—along with the rest of the globe, of course—has talked of nothing but the extraordinary episode mentioned in my last report. In accordance with your instructions, I will now trace the romance from its beginnings down to the culmination of yesterday—or to-day; call it which you like. By an odd chance, I was a personal actor in a part of this drama myself. The opening scene plays in Vienna. Date, one o'clock in the morning, March 31, 1898. I had spent the evening at a social entertainment. About midnight I went away, in company with the military attachés of the British, Italian, and American embassies, to finish with a late smoke. This function had been appointed to take place in the house of Lieutenant Hillyer, the third attaché mentioned in the above list. When we arrived there we found several visitors in the room: young Szczepanik;¹ Mr. K., his financial backer; Mr. W., the latter's secretary; and Lieutenant Clayton of the United States army. War was at that time threatening between Spain and our country, and Lieutenant Clayton had been sent to Europe on military business. I was well acquainted with young Szczepanik and his two friends, and I knew Mr. Clayton slightly. I had met him at West Point years before, when he was a cadet. It was when General Merritt was superintendent. He had the reputation of being an able officer, and also of being quick-tempered and plain-spoken.

This smoking-party had been gathered together partly for business. This business was to consider the availability of the teleelectroscope for military service. It sounds oddly enough now, but it is nevertheless true that at that time the invention was not taken seriously by any one except its inventor.

¹ Pronounced (approximately) Zepannik.

Even his financial supporter regarded it merely as a curious and interesting toy. Indeed, he was so convinced of this that he had actually postponed its use by the general world to the end of the dying century by granting a two years' exclusive lease of it to a syndicate, whose intent was to exploit it at the Paris World's Fair.

When we entered the smoking-room we found Lieutenant Clayton and Szczepanik engaged in a warm talk over the teleelectroscope in the German tongue. Clayton was saying:

"Well, you know *my* opinion of it, anyway!" and he brought his fist down with emphasis upon the table.

"And I do not value it," retorted the young inventor, with provoking calmness of tone and manner.

Clayton turned to Mr. K., and said:

"I cannot see why you are wasting money on this toy. In my opinion, the day will never come when it will do a farthing's worth of real service for any human being."

"That may be; yes, that may be; still, I have put the money in it, and am content. I think, myself, that it is only a toy; but Szczepanik claims more for it, and I know him well enough to believe that he can see farther than I can—either with his teleelectroscope or without it."

The soft answer did not cool Clayton down; it seemed only to irritate him the more; and he repeated and emphasized his conviction that the invention would never do any man a farthing's worth of real service. He even made it a "brass" farthing, this time. Then he laid an English farthing on the table, and added:

"Take that, Mr. K., and put it away; and if ever the teleelectroscope does any man an actual service,—mind, a *real* service,—please mail it to me as a reminder, and I will take back what I have been saying. Will you?"

"I will"; and Mr. K. put the coin in his pocket.

Mr. Clayton now turned toward Szczepanik, and began with a taunt—a taunt which did not reach a finish; Szczepanik interrupted it with a hardy retort, and followed

this with a blow. There was a brisk fight for a moment or two; then the attachés separated the men.

The scene now changes to Chicago. Time, the autumn of 1901. As soon as the Paris contract released the teleelectroscope, it was delivered to public use, and was soon connected with the telephonic systems of the whole world. The improved "limitless-distance" telephone was presently introduced, and the daily doings of the globe made visible to everybody, and audibly discussable, too, by witnesses separated by any number of leagues.

By and by Szczepanik arrived in Chicago. Clayton (now captain) was serving in that military department at the time. The two men resumed the Viennese quarrel of 1898. On three different occasions they quarreled, and were separated by witnesses. Then came an interval of two months, during which time Szczepanik was not seen by any of his friends, and it was at first supposed that he had gone off on a sight-seeing tour and would soon be heard from. But no; no word came from him. Then it was supposed that he had returned to Europe. Still, time drifted on, and he was not heard from. Nobody was troubled, for he was like most inventors and other kinds of poets, and went and came in a capricious way, and often without notice.

Now comes the tragedy. On the 29th of December, in a dark and unused compartment of the cellar under Captain Clayton's house, a corpse was discovered by one of Clayton's maid-servants. It was easily identified as Szczepanik's. The man had died by violence. Clayton was arrested, indicted, and brought to trial, charged with this murder. The evidence against him was perfect in every detail, and absolutely unassailable. Clayton admitted this himself. He said that a reasonable man could not examine this testimony with a dispassionate mind and not be convinced by it; yet the man would be in error, nevertheless. Clayton swore that he did not commit the murder, and that he had had nothing to do with it.

As your readers will remember, he was condemned to death. He had numerous and powerful friends, and they worked hard to save him, for none of them doubted the truth of his assertion. I did what little I could to help, for I had long since become a close friend of his, and thought I knew that it was not in his character to inveigle an enemy into a corner and assassinate him. During 1902 and 1903 he was several times reprieved by the governor; he was reprieved once more

in the beginning of the present year, and the execution-day postponed to March 31.

The governor's situation has been embarrassing, from the day of the condemnation, because of the fact that Clayton's wife is the governor's niece. The marriage took place in 1899, when Clayton was thirty-four and the girl twenty-three, and has been a happy one. There is one child, a little girl three years old. Pity for the poor mother and child kept the mouths of grumblers closed at first; but this could not last forever,—for in America politics has a hand in everything,—and by and by the governor's political opponents began to call attention to his delay in allowing the law to take its course. These hints have grown more and more frequent of late, and more and more pronounced. As a natural result, his own party grew nervous. Its leaders began to visit Springfield and hold long private conferences with him. He was now between two fires. On the one hand, his niece was imploring him to pardon her husband; on the other were the leaders, insisting that he stand to his plain duty as chief magistrate of the State, and place no further bar to Clayton's execution. Duty won in the struggle, and the governor gave his word that he would not again respite the condemned man. This was two weeks ago. Mrs. Clayton now said:

"Now that you have given your word, my last hope is gone, for I know you will never go back from it. But you have done the best you could for John, and I have no reproaches for you. You love him, and you love me, and we both know that if you could honorably save him, you would do it. I will go to him now, and be what help I can to him, and get what comfort I may out of the few days that are left to us before the night comes which will have no end for me in life. You will be with me that day? You will not let me bear it alone?"

"I will take you to him myself, poor child, and I will be near you to the last."

By the governor's command, Clayton was now allowed every indulgence he might ask for which could interest his mind and soften the hardships of his imprisonment. His wife and child spent the days with him; I was his companion by night. He was removed from the narrow cell which he had occupied during such a dreary stretch of time, and given the chief warden's roomy and comfortable quarters. His mind was always busy with the catastrophe of his life, and with the slaughtered inventor, and he now took the fancy that he would like to have the teleec-

troscope and divert his mind with it. He had his wish. The connection was made with the international telephone-station, and day by day, and night by night, he called up one corner of the globe after another, and looked upon its life, and studied its strange sights, and spoke with its people, and realized that by grace of this marvelous instrument he was almost as free as the birds of the air, although a prisoner under locks and bars. He seldom spoke, and I never interrupted him when he was absorbed in this amusement. I sat in his parlor and read and smoked, and the nights were very quiet and reposefully sociable, and I found them pleasant. Now and then I would hear him say, "Give me Yedo"; next, "Give me Hong-Kong"; next, "Give me Melbourne." And I smoked on, and read in comfort, while he wandered about the remote under-world, where the sun was shining in the sky, and the people were at their daily work. Sometimes the talk that came from those far regions through the microphone attachment interested me, and I listened.

Yesterday—I keep calling it yesterday, which is quite natural, for certain reasons—the instrument remained unused, and that, also, was natural, for it was the eve of the execution-day. It was spent in tears and lamentations and farewells. The governor and the wife and child remained until a quarter past eleven at night, and the scenes I witnessed were pitiful to see. The execution was to take place at four in the morning. A little after eleven a sound of hammering broke out upon the still night, and there was a glare of light, and the child cried out, "What is that, papa?" and ran to the window before she could be stopped, and clapped her small hands, and said: "Oh, come and see, mama—such a pretty thing they are making!" The mother knew—and fainted. It was the gallows!

She was carried away to her lodging, poor woman, and Clayton and I were alone—alone, and thinking, brooding, dreaming. We might have been statues, we sat so motionless and still. It was a wild night, for winter was come again for a moment, after the habit of this region in the early spring. The sky was starless and black, and a strong wind was blowing from the lake. The silence in the room was so deep that all outside sounds seemed exaggerated by contrast with it. These sounds were fitting ones; they harmonized with the situation and the conditions: the boom and thunder of sudden storm-gusts among the roofs and chimneys, then the

dying down into moanings and wailings about the eaves and angles; now and then a gnashing and lashing rush of sleet along the window-panes; and always the muffled and uncanny hammering of the gallows-builders in the courtyard. After an age of this, another sound—far off, and coming smothered and faint through the riot of the tempest—a bell tolling twelve! Another age, and it tolled again. By and by, again. A dreary, long interval after this, then the spectral sound floated to us once more—one, two, three; and this time we caught our breath: sixty minutes of life left!

Clayton rose, and stood by the window, and looked up into the black sky, and listened to the thrashing sleet and the piping wind; then he said: "That a dying man's last of earth should be—this!" After a little he said: "I must see the sun again—the sun!" and the next moment he was feverishly calling: "China! Give me China—Peking!"

I was strangely stirred, and said to myself: "To think that it is a mere human being who does this unimaginable miracle—turns winter into summer, night into day, storm into calm, gives the freedom of the great globe to a prisoner in his cell, and the sun in his naked splendor to a man dying in Egyptian darkness!"

I was listening.

"What light! what brilliancy! what radiance! . . . This is Peking?"

"Yes."

"The time?"

"Mid-afternoon."

"What is the great crowd for, and in such gorgeous costumes? What masses and masses of rich color and barbaric magnificence! And how they flash and glow and burn in the flooding sunlight! What is the occasion of it all?"

"The coronation of our new emperor—the Czar."

"But I thought that that was to take place yesterday."

"This is yesterday—to you."

"Certainly it is. But my mind is confused, these days; there are reasons for it. . . . Is this the beginning of the procession?"

"Oh, no; it began to move an hour ago."

"Is there much more of it still to come?"

"Two hours of it. Why do you sigh?"

"Because I should like to see it all."

"And why can't you?"

"I have to go—presently."

"You have an engagement?"

After a pause, softly: "Yes." After an-

other pause: "Who are these in the splendid pavilion?"

"The imperial family, and visiting royal-ties from here and there and yonder in the earth."

"And who are those in the adjoining pavilions to the right and left?"

"Ambassadors and their families and suites to the right; unofficial foreigners to the left."

"If you will be so good, I—"

Boom! That distant bell again, tolling the half-hour faintly through the tempest of wind and sleet. The door opened, and the governor and the mother and child entered—the woman in widow's weeds! She fell upon her husband's breast in a passion of sobs, and I—I could not stay; I could not bear it. I went into the bedchamber, and closed the door. I sat there waiting—waiting—waiting, and listening to the rattling sashes and the blustering of the storm. After what seemed a long, long time, I heard a rustle and movement in the parlor, and knew that the clergyman and the sheriff and the guard were come. There was some low-voiced talking; then a hush; then a prayer, with a sound of sobbing; presently, footfalls—the departure for the gallows; then the child's happy voice: "Don't cry now, mama, when we've got papa again, and taking him home."

The door closed; they were gone. I was ashamed: I was the only friend of the dying man that had no spirit, no courage. I stepped into the room, and said I would be a man and would follow. But we are made as we are made, and we cannot help it. I did not go.

I fidgeted about the room nervously, and presently went to the window, and softly raised it,—drawn by that dread fascination which the terrible and the awful exert,—and looked down upon the courtyard. By the garish light of the electric lamps I saw the little group of privileged witnesses, the wife crying on her uncle's breast, the condemned man standing on the scaffold with the halter around his neck, his arms strapped to his body, the black cap on his head, the sheriff at his side with his hand on the drop, the clergyman in front of him with bare head and his book in his hand.

"I am the resurrection and the life—"

I turned away. I could not listen; I could not look. I did not know whither to go or what to do. Mechanically, and without knowing it, I put my eye to that strange instrument, and there was Peking and the Czar's

procession! The next moment I was leaning out of the window, gasping, suffocating, trying to speak, but dumb from the very imminence of the necessity of speaking. The preacher could speak, but I, who had such need of words—

"And may God have mercy upon your soul. Amen."

The sheriff drew down the black cap, and laid his hand upon the lever. I got my voice.

"Stop, for God's sake! The man is innocent. Come here and see Szczepanik face to face!"

Hardly three minutes later the governor had my place at the window, and was saying:

"Strike off his bonds and set him free!"

Three minutes later all were in the parlor again. The reader will imagine the scene; I have no need to describe it. It was a sort of mad orgy of joy.

A messenger carried word to Szczepanik in the pavilion, and one could see the distressed amazement dawn in his face as he listened to the tale. Then he came to his end of the line, and talked with Clayton and the governor and the others; and the wife poured out her gratitude upon him for saving her husband's life, and in her deep thankfulness she kissed him at twelve thousand miles' range.

The telegraphophones of the globe were put to service now, and for many hours the kings and queens of many realms (with here and there a reporter) talked with Szczepanik, and praised him; and the few scientific societies which had not already made him an honorary member conferred that grace upon him.

How had he come to disappear from among us? It was easily explained. He had not grown used to being a world-famous person, and had been forced to break away from the lionizing that was robbing him of all privacy and repose. So he grew a beard, put on colored glasses, disguised himself a little in other ways, then took a fictitious name, and went off to wander about the earth in peace.

Such is the tale of the drama which began with an inconsequential quarrel in Vienna in the spring of 1898, and came near ending as a tragedy in the spring of 1904.

MARK TWAIN.

II.

Correspondence of the "London Times."

CHICAGO, April 5, 1904.

TO-DAY, by a clipper of the Electric Line, and the latter's Electric Railway connec-

tions, arrived an envelop from Vienna, for Captain Clayton, containing an English farthing. The receiver of it was a good deal moved. He called up Vienna, and stood face to face with Mr. K., and said:

"I do not need to say anything; you can see it all in my face. My wife has the farthing. Do not be afraid—she will not throw it away."

M. T.

III.

Correspondence of the "London Times."

CHICAGO, April 23, 1904.

Now that the after developments of the Clayton case have run their course and reached a finish, I will sum them up. Clayton's romantic escape from a shameful death steeped all this region in an enchantment of wonder and joy—during the proverbial nine days. Then the sobering process followed, and men began to take thought, and to say: "But a man was killed, and Clayton killed him." Others replied: "That is true: we have been overlooking that important detail; we have been led away by excitement."

The feeling soon became general that Clayton ought to be tried again. Measures were taken accordingly, and the proper representations conveyed to Washington; for in America, under the new paragraph added to the Constitution in 1899, second trials are not State affairs, but national, and must be tried by the most august body in the land—the Supreme Court of the United States. The justices were therefore summoned to sit in Chicago. The session was held day before yesterday, and was opened with the usual impressive formalities, the nine judges appearing in their black robes, and the new chief justice (Lemaitre) presiding. In opening the case, the chief justice said:

"It is my opinion that this matter is quite simple. The prisoner at the bar was charged with murdering the man Szczepanik; he was tried for murdering the man Szczepanik; he was fairly tried, and justly condemned and sentenced to death for murdering the man Szczepanik. It turns out that the man Szczepanik was not murdered at all. By the decision of the French courts in the Dreyfus matter, it is established beyond cavil or question that the decisions of courts are permanent and cannot be revised. We are obliged to respect and adopt this precedent. It is upon precedents that the enduring

edifice of jurisprudence is reared. The prisoner at the bar has been fairly and righteously condemned to death for the murder of the man Szczepanik, and, in my opinion, there is but one course to pursue in the matter: he must be hanged."

Mr. Justice Crawford said:

"But, your Excellency, he was pardoned on the scaffold for that."

"The pardon is not valid, and cannot stand, because he was pardoned for killing a man whom he had not killed. A man cannot be pardoned for a crime which he has not committed; it would be an absurdity."

"But, your Excellency, he did kill a man."

"That is an extraneous detail; we have nothing to do with it. The court cannot take up this crime until the prisoner has expiated the other one."

Mr. Justice Halleck said:

"If we order his execution, your Excellency, we shall bring about a miscarriage of justice; for the governor will pardon him again."

"He will not have the power. He cannot pardon a man for a crime which he has not committed. As I observed before, it would be an absurdity."

After a consultation, Mr. Justice Wadsworth said:

"Several of us have arrived at the conclusion, your Excellency, that it would be an error to hang the prisoner for killing Szczepanik, but only for killing the other man, since it is proven that he did not kill Szczepanik."

"On the contrary, it is proven that he *did* kill Szczepanik. By the French precedent, it is plain that we must abide by the finding of the court."

"But Szczepanik is still alive."

"So is Dreyfus."

In the end it was found impossible to ignore or get around the French precedent. There could be but one result: Clayton was delivered over to the executioner. It made an immense excitement; the State rose as one man and clamored for Clayton's pardon and retrial. The governor issued the pardon, but the Supreme Court was in duty bound to annul it, and did so, and poor Clayton was hanged yesterday. The city is draped in black, and, indeed, the like may be said of the State. All America is vocal with scorn of "French justice," and of the malignant little soldiers who invented it and inflicted it upon the other Christian lands.

M. T.

A QUESTION OF HAPPINESS.¹

BY GRACE MARGARET GALLAHER.

"It's a pretty sight," murmured Captain Minnie; "I declare, I dunno why I want ter spile it cuttin' it down. Let 'em call it slack, I say." He hung his scythe on the fence, smiling in deprecation at an imaginary tribunal. "It ain't neat, that's a true word, but I dunno when I've seen anything more cheerful." He gathered a handful of buttercups and grasses, touching each in silent salute. "Come ter think o' it, the river 's 'bout the worst-lookin' thing round here—all witchy waves. None of 'em runnin' the same way, neither. Wonder folks 'low it in front their doors."

His wonted tranquillity restored by this little joke, he turned his eyes toward the Connecticut, flashing like diamonds where the sun smote it. Around him stretched a tangle of grasses and buttercups. A narrow parting, as by a comb, showed the path to the house, a large building hidden among lilac-bushes and syringas. The village folks said Captain Minnie would have had a "sightly place, if he 'd only fix it up." To the same critics the owner was as his grounds—potentially praiseworthy, as possessing elements of worth and attractiveness, but actually prevented by neglect and whims.

Captain Minnie was accounted "dreadful queer" by his fellow-townsmen, and was pointed out by them to strangers as one of the sights of the village, a concise biographical sketch being added.

Such a sketch, made on the fair morning when, somewhat after the manner of the valiant King of France, he came out with his scythe, and went in with it again, would have described him as a very tall man of fifty, with dark, sad eyes, a sensitive mouth, and gray hair hanging over his coat-collar. He did not often let you look in his eyes; when you did, it was like a glimpse into some deep, still pool. Somehow your heart quickened its beat and your breath flowed less smoothly for an instant, as if in the presence of a mystery. You do not often see the human soul. He carried himself like a soldier on parade, never relaxing into a comforta-

ble slipshodness. This martial bearing stiffened into wooden rigidity at sight of a stranger or a woman; and that is to touch upon the spring whence proceeded half Captain Minnie's queerness. He was the victim of a shyness so vast and so relentless, it might properly be called a disease. His malady was too powerful to manifest itself in any of the ways common to lesser forms of it, such as stammering, blushing, and breaking down in speech. His shyness turned him into a haughty statue, whose monosyllabic replies chilled the most vivacious seeker after truth in that particular well. Like the pious anchorite of whom Burton writes, the presence of a woman produced in him a "cold palsy." Every movement of his life was craftily planned with reference to the number of women he must face in its performance. If too large a number of the "unquiet sex" were involved,—and six made a regiment to him,—the contemplated act was given up unhesitatingly. Although a firm upholder of religion, he was never able to seek its visible temple, for there the women so far outnumbered the men that he felt in physical jeopardy. This "man-fearing spirit," as old Parson Howard had pronounced it,—though he should, with strict adherence to the truth, have called it "woman-fearing,"—threatened for a time the one systematic habit of Captain Minnie's day. He went every morning, at exactly ten, to the post-office to get his morning paper. This short trip—down one street and up the next—was heavy with perils; for at the junction of the two roads stood the village hotel, in summer gay with guests, in winter the home of various old maids and widows, who seemed fastened in the front windows. Captain Minnie had endured all things from that hotel—had foregone his paper for days, had expended sums in hired carriers. Then light dawned. He discovered a safe route. This ran through his long acres to the lower side of the river-basin, then along the shore, where mud, dirty boats, and fish-oil were as a castle moat to all women, through Joey Dibble's back yard,—Joey was an old bachelor of evil reputation,—across Aunt Temperance Parmelee's garden,—Aunt

¹ In THE CENTURY's college competition of graduates of 1897, this story was deemed worthy of receiving the first prize.—EDITOR.

Temperance was bedridden,—and into the back of the office. Only once had this route betrayed him. Rushing home one morning,—rushing was the only method of locomotion known to him, apparently,—he broke into the midst of a girls' sketching club encamped in his own meadows. They surrounded him; they asked him questions about the country, the river, the village; they begged him to pose for their pictures. Captain Minnie's orchard lay open to every small boy, his garden to any friend, and he had been known to invite stray cows to pasture themselves in his clover, because he pitied their grassless wanderings. But on the morrow following this experience the entrance to his fields bore a huge placard which read: "All trespassers will be punished to the full extent of the law."

Captain Minnie received this shyness as a heritage from his father. Minton Ware had been so afraid of his fellow-mortals that report said that if his mother had not performed the office of an intermediary between him and the woman he married, he would have died a celibate. Their one child was brought up in seclusion, his only companions his mother and father. He never went to school; he studied with his father. To avoid the confusion arising from the fact that father and son had both the same name, the son's was shortened by his parents to "Minnie." To the world without the name seemed peculiarly fitting for the timid little boy, and at once was fastened upon him. At twenty came the climacteric of the boy's life; he went to the war, and he became engaged. How the latter event was brought about, the village could not tell; its knowledge went no further than that he did his own "courtin'." He had small chance to enjoy his love-making, for he enlisted at the first call for soldiers. The tall, gawky boy blushed painfully when, at the station, where the villagers had assembled to cheer their departing soldiers, the minister called him "the youngest hero of the noble band." He forgot to blush when he reached Dixie, there was so much else to do. At the end of the four years he came back a captain. In its pride and affection, the village adopted the title, prefixed to the earlier name. His father and mother had both died in his absence. He found still another change: his sweetheart was to marry another man. She was a good, gentle girl, beloved by the village, which could not find place in its heart for stern chiding when she pleaded: "Captain Minnie is an excellent young man, but I was n't nothin' 'cept a

girl when he courted me. I'm a grown woman now, and feel very different toward Alfred from what I did to him." As for Captain Minnie, he said nothing. He went to the wedding, and, if not the most joyous guest present, was not the saddest. He lived on by himself, cooking, and caring for the old house, as his mother had taught him.

Thoughts of love, war, or death were far from him as he gazed over the river, which there by the village broadens into a hill-encircled lake. His dreamy eyes flashed out glints like those in the river. Contentment rested on his face. "A fair prospect," he said aloud (those who live alone often talk to themselves)—"a fair prospect."

"Goin' ter cut yer lawn, Minnie?" said a gruff voice behind him. "It's been a-needin' it fer considerable time back."

Captain Minnie stood to attention.

"Good mornin', Jared. Nice day, ain't it?" He spoke in a slow, gentle bass.

"Pretty good," responded the gruff voice, in the accents of one who could have made it better if he tried. "Terrible wet spell last week, was n't it?" He climbed the wall which separated the garden from the pasture with clumsy movements, for he was old and heavy. "Say, Minnie, um—er—" He shuffled about in the long grass uneasily, and then suddenly broke out: "Did you know that Virginy Green's a-dyin'?"

"No."

"Well, I'm relieved. Says I, 'Like ez not, some one 'll go blurtin' it out ter him 'fore I kin git there, an' break him all up.' So I come streakin' right off myself, soon ez I heard, ter tell you. I never did jest make up my mind 'bout how you felt that time when she up an' mittened you fer Alfred Green—you goin' ter the weddin', an' that, made it kinder queer. Did you know she 'd been sick long back?"

"Yes; consumption."

"Terrible wearin' disease. Seems ez if folks could n't die of it. Now, Virginy she's been 'bout so ever since 'long Christmas-time."

Captain Minnie looked pitifully at the river, as if for aid. A white sail suggested a way of escape.

"'Lect Beebe's hauled his new boat up ter my dock," he said.

"Has? Well, I guess I 'll mog 'long ter see what 'Lect's made out ter buy." As he stumped toward the river he said grimly to himself: "Can't tell no more 'bout Minnie Ware's feelin's than you kin 'bout a woman's. Tell Harriet piece news big enough ter scoop

her right off her feet, all she 'll say 'll be, 'Um, that so?' Like ez not, all the time she's a-ravin' like Huedie inside."

Left alone, the captain seated himself on the stone steps at the back of his house. This was his favorite seat, as it fronted the river.

"Virginy dyin'," he repeated softly. "She's been dead to me a good many year. Twenty-five year it is since I come home, an' she told me Alfred was her ch'ice. Twenty-five year!" He closed his eyes to let the long dead years pass before his inner sight.

"Virginy was the prettiest girl I ever knew, an' the best," went on the groper in the past. "It was n't no wonder she loved him. He was a good man, too, an' he had sights er things 'bout him I did n't—stirrin' ways, an' nice manners ter folks. They said it was a sin fer her ter treat me so. Why, she could n't help thinkin' more o' him than she did o' me! It would hev been a sin if she 'd 'a' married me, lovin' Alfred all the while, sp'illin' two lives 'stead o' one. An' mine ain't sp'iled. I 've hed considerable comfort here, all by myself." Then, as if the silent house and lonely garden pressed in upon him, he exclaimed, with a weary droop of the voice: "God knows, this 'd been a different place, an' me a different man, if she 'd 'a' lived here! Always singin' ter herself she was, an' movin' from one thing to 'nother, same ez a bird. I 've seen her, times out o' mind, comin' up the path yander, an' them with her. Like her they be, an' yet some like me; but most like her. I 've seen 'em in the garden playin', an' on the steps here."

Captain Minnie was making his version of

I see their unborn faces shine
Beside the never-lighted fires.

"Mother said she liked her, 'cause she was pretty-behaved, an' kind, an' good-dispositioned. Jared he said she was shifty. I never pulled her to pieces that way to see how she was made. Why, I 'd as soon think o' pullin' a violet to pieces to see how many leaves it's got, an' how them little green spikes in it are sot on. S'pose you do find out? It's a violet jest the same, an' has a sweetness an' beauty right down from heaven you can't tell nothin' how it got. I used ter call you my spring, Virginy, do you mind? You made me feel jest like spring does—contented, an' pleased, an' real anxious ter be good. 'T was easy ter be good with you, Virginy. Folks said 't was queer I did n't take on more. Guess I was like Fred Bushnell when the shell burst an'

made him stun-deaf—jest one awful pain, then did n't never anything seem ter come anywheres nigh him."

Some one was coming down the flagged walk. He rose with his usual gentle face.

"Good morning, Captain Ware." The speaker was the minister.

"Good mornin', sir." Captain Minnie regarded ministers with only a shade less of fear than he did women.

"I have a request to make of you. Are you aware Mrs. Virginia Green is—ah—"

"Dyin'?" supplied Captain Minnie, tersely.

"Yes, dying. She has sent me to ask you to come to her. She especially desires to see you, as you were a—er—girlhood friend."

"When she want me?"

"Now, if possible."

Without a glance at his checked shirt and overalls, Captain Minnie followed the minister to his carriage, and drove silently off with him.

The Green farm stood on a lonely road two miles from the village. Lilacs, with their white and purple plumes, surrounded it on three sides. Behind it a sea of white fruit-blossoms stirred and sighed in the breeze. Narcissus, tulips, and jonquils made the dooryard glow. Hard to realize, amid all this exultant life, that the heavy numbness of death was stealing over the house! A woman met them on the porch. She led Captain Minnie down the hall to a door. "She's there," she said, and left him. He entered on tiptoe, closed the door behind him, and stood with eyes fastened upon the ground.

"You 've come quick; it's real good o' you," said a sweet, thin voice.

Captain Minnie stood as silent as before.

"Won't you come sit by me, so ez I kin say what I want ter without gettin' so spent?"

Then, at last, he looked at the woman in the bed. She was fair and pretty, like a girl. He had not seen her since her illness, but that had not changed her. No lines of suffering showed on her face. Perhaps approaching eternity had smoothed away those left by vanishing time. He took the delicate hand she held out, and seated himself opposite her.

"Minnie," she said quickly, "you was always good—always, always. I knew it when I treated you so. Mother says to me then: 'He's an excellent good man, Virginy, an' you 'll suffer fer the way you 're actin' now.' An' many a time I 've thought I was, jest ez mother said, bein' so unfort'nate in money matters, an' Alfred dyin', an' now me, jest

in my prime. Why, Minnie," with a sudden cry, "I ain't but forty-nine. I s'pose I deserve it all; I done wrong."

"Don't, Virginy, don't! You could n't help lovin' Alfred. I never blamed you."

"I know you did n't. I 'd 'a' made you happy, though I was n't good enough fer you, I guess, Minnie."

"But would you hev been ez happy yourself? That 's the p'int."

"No," she answered slowly. "Alfred was the only man ter make me happy."

"An' that was what I cared 'bout most—yer happiness. If we 'd been married, an' you 'd begun ter love Alfred, why, if I could hev done it so ez it 'd been right, I 'd 'a' give you right over ter him."

His voice was very low. A sunbeam lighted his gray hair till it shone silvery bright. On his face was a look beautiful and solemn, as if touched by some thought from that far-away world whither the dying woman was hastening. A bewildered, almost annoyed expression crossed her face. She thought, as often before, "Minnie certainly does lack." When she spoke, it was with the gentle indifference of the dying.

"Hev it yer way 'bout my bein' good, an' I 'll hev it mine 'bout you. 'T ain't 'bout the dead an' dyin' I want ter talk. It 's 'bout the livin'. You know how all my poor little first babies died off, so I ain't got no children left but Mary an' Robbie. They ain't but jest twelve an' thirteen year old. I want you ter be their guardeen, Minnie, an' the executor of my will. Phillenda's comin' here ter live."

"Phillenda?"

"My sister from Rocky Ridge. Don't you mind her? She was only 'bout ten years old when we—when I was married. She went over ter Grandma Start's ter live 'bout then. She 's been takin' care o' me these last months. She 's a real smart, likely girl. I think the world o' her. She 's goin' ter be j'int guardeen an' executor with you; that is, if you 'll take it"—appealingly.

The awful truth was dawning upon Captain Minnie: she wished him to enter into a sort of partnership with this unknown woman. He wrung his hands as they lay concealed in his lap. He would have groaned but for the sick woman. In fifty years no kindness had ever been asked of him which he had refused. He felt it too late to begin now.

"I 'll do my best," he said simply.

"Seems if I could die easier now. 'Fore you go, Minnie, tell me you forgive me, won't you?"

"There ain't nothin' ter forgive."

"Jest say you forgive me, then."

Captain Minnie smiled, as on a little child.

"I do forgive you, dear," he said; then he bent down and kissed her.

For days Captain Minnie's one desire was that Virginia Green might live for weeks—not for her sake, or that of her children, but that he might postpone as long as possible the dreaded partnership. Vain desire! Mrs. Green died within a week. He went to the funeral, and to the reading of the will. In the gloom of the farm-house parlor, and among the host of relatives who seemed suddenly to have sprung up, he could not make out his particular woman. The day after the funeral was one of acutest misery. When must he go to see her? He decided not that day, or the next, or the next. Then he felt that the time had come. He cooked an early supper, which he was too unhappy to eat, harnessed his horse, dressed himself in what he called his "church clothes," though he had never entered a church since he owned them, and drove mournfully off. At the fork in the road which led to the farm he turned his horse up the opposite way. "Too early ter be goin' yet," he said. He drove on for a mile, circled the rear of the farm, and drove up the approach to the back door. "This ain't right," he said, a minute later. "Looks ez if I was a thief, a-comin' round the back way." He drove round the circle once more till he was again at the fork of the roads. "Kinder light fer callers yet, I guess," he said, peering through the last faint rays of the spring twilight. "Think I 'll drive down ter the old bridge an' back."

Undue lightness could not be urged against his visit as he drove back. He struck a match to see the time. "Nine o'clock! Too late to go to-night." And he drove briskly home, with I know not what joy in his breast. The next night he drove straight down the lane to the farm, with never a glance at the comforting circle. Just at the gate he saw another carriage tied. He turned his own so swiftly that he nearly upset. "Better wait till she ain't got company." The third night he walked. He felt that escape would be more difficult with only two feet than with four, and he had made up his mind that he must not escape. His head swam, his body seemed on fire, and the surrounding world was one red blur, out of which a voice said:

"This 's Captain Ware, ain't it? I 'm real glad ter see you. I 've been expectin' you fer days."

Captain Minnie almost forgot to be frightened, the voice was so low and rich.

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

"Now let 's set right on the porch an' be comfortable, fer I 've got sights ter say ter you."

This seemed to call for no response, so none was given.

"You take this rocker, an' I 'll move right 'longside. When folks 's got business ter talk over, I think it 's pleasant ter get near together; don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the guest, to whom nothing seemed more awful.

"Well, let 's begin right 'bout the farm. I think—" And then followed a long list of Miss Phillenda's ideas upon that not too fruitful piece of land. Some of her ideas were wise, some otherwise; but to all Captain Minnie gave a cordial assent. As she talked he stole glances at her. No resemblance to the dead Virginia proved her sisterhood. She was a little, dark woman, with plump red cheeks, merry eyes, and hair as curly as a child's.

"I must be goin'," he announced abruptly, though Miss Phillenda seemed nowhere near the end of her ideas; then, to temper the suddenness of his withdrawal: "I 'll come again soon."

"Now, do! Why, I kin keep on talkin' fer hours yet. Guess you think I 'm a regular eight-day clock!" She laughed gaily. "I 'm real glad you come, fer it 's considerable lonesome down here."

Captain Minnie had decided that such virtue as he had just displayed in making the call merited a reward of a week's respite from further trials. The words, "it 's considerable lonesome," touched his heart, however. Who knew better than he the bitterness of being alone? Therefore three nights later he went again. Miss Phillenda talked unceasingly, as before, while he listened.

"Come real soon, won't you? I want ter consult you 'bout the children."

"Real soon" fell on a Sunday night. He had hoped she would be at church, and told her so, only he said "feared" for "hoped."

"No," answered Miss Phillenda, sadly; "I can't go. Ezra [the hired man] goes home every night, an' I das n't drive up myself."

Captain Minnie sighed drearily.

"Ain't you feelin' well?" asked the little woman, drawing her chair beside his with the quickness with which she did everything.

"Yes, ma'am," he responded, drawing his chair back with equal speed; "I was jest drawin' a long breath."

"I did n't know but what you 'd been a-overdoin', havin' two farms on yer hands. I 'm 'bout tuckered out with one."

Captain Minnie sighed more drearily still. Duty was calling; he must answer.

"I 've been thinkin'," he began solemnly, "it 's a real shame fer you ter lose yer church privileges 'long o' livin' here. I 'll come fer you an' bring you back every meetin' night."

"Now, ain't that kind!" she exclaimed. "I 've kep' a-sayin', 'If I could go ter preachin' service Sunday nights, an' conference meetin' on Wednesdays, I should n't mind stayin' here a bit.'"

Silence followed. Miss Phillenda rocked placidly. Captain Minnie inwardly brooded.

"Captain Ware," she said suddenly, "who bakes yer bread?"

"I do, ma'am."

"You do! Is it fit ter eat? 'Xcuse me, please, but I never could reconcile myself ter men-folks tearin' round a kitchen; much out o' place ez an elephant, I say."

"It 's pretty tasty, though it ain't jest like mother's; don't seem ter rise like hers."

"Lands! Do you make cake an' pies an' puddin's, too?"

"I kin, all but pies. Them I buy out the baker's cart. I 've tried ter bake 'em, but they don't come out right, somehow."

Miss Phillenda laughed till the echo came up from the hollow by the brook. She jumped up.

"Come right in here with me! You 're a-goin' ter hev some o' the best pie you ever set yer mouth round. Think o' a man livin' on baker's pies!"

The unwilling guest protested feebly: "I 've had supper; I can't eat it."

"Don't tell me that there 's ever a time men-folks can't eat pie; I know better."

Poor Captain Minnie! Hitherto the darkness of the porch had been as a shelter; now he was to be exposed to the pitiless lamp-light. Miss Phillenda set forth the pie on the kitchen table.

"T ain't no wonder you can't make pies," she said, watching him eat. "Pies is dreadful hard ter make good. I made one once, when I was a girl, one o' my old beaus waitin' on me then said could n't be cut with an ax. He was n't no beau o' mine after that, I kin tell you." She laughed so infectionally that he joined, in spite of his misery. He watched her admiringly as she moved about the room; her small figure, curly hair, and quick movements made her seem like a young girl.

"Wonder she never got married," he

thought, then sickened with horror to find he had thought aloud.

Miss Phillenda laughed without offense.

"I declare, it 's funny, you sayin' that. Reminds me of a story 'bout old Jane Hotchkiss, over ter Deep Brook. Some one called her 'Mrs.' out real loud, one day. 'Miss, please,' sez she. 'Not but what I 've had plenty o' chances to be Mrs., if I was a-mind ter tell o' them.' I ain't sayin' it 's the same with me, but I do say ez I ain't wearin' the willer fer any man."

A remembrance of her guest's own sad love-affair came to her. She blushed, and then took Captain Minnie's hand with solemn kindness.

"Captain Ware," she said, "Virginy's told me 'bout you 'fore she died. I think it 's jest good in you ter help me, an' she did too, after what she done."

"Don't say anything ag'in' Virginy, Miss Phillenda," he protested gently.

"I ain't goin' ter. I never blamed her none fer lovin' Alfred 'stead o' you. Love ain't a thing you kin go sendin' hither an' yon like a little dog."

Slow tears rose to the man's eyes. In all the years no one had ever understood his feeling before.

"Thank you," he said.

Miss Phillenda brought the conversation back to an every-day safety by saying briskly:

"I 've wrapped up a pie an' loaf o' bread fer you ter take home. I 'll have 'em ready every meetin' night. 'Turn 'bout 's fair play,' 's my motto."

As he drove home Captain Minnie thought of his promise with terror, and yet with a thrill of expectancy.

Wednesday night a soft wind blew from the east, bringing sweet spring scents on its breath; late birds twittered drowsily, and far-away church bells sounded a melancholy yet peaceful cadence.

"Don't let 's say a word," said Miss Phillenda, as Captain Minnie helped her into the buggy. "I kinder like ter sit still a night like this, harkenin' ter all them pleasant sounds, an' a-feelin' the wind a-blowin'. Seems most like prayer-meetin' 'fore I get there."

Captain Minnie gave her one of his rare direct looks, and smiled as if pleased.

One night, several months later, she said to him as they drove to church:

"Why don't you ever come ter meetin'? Ain't you a professor?"

"I dunno, exactly. I ain't never j'ined no church."

"Why not?" asked Miss Phillenda, with kindly directness.

"I was always too 'fraid o' folks," he answered, with the truthfulness which never forsook him even in extreme terror.

"You air bashful; I 've noticed it considerable," she replied, in the commonplace tone in which she would have said, "You air near-sighted."

To the man who hitherto had known his affliction as the subject of jests or of commiseration only, this view came as a revelation of his kinship with the rest of humanity.

"Better come in to-night; it 's so warm there won't be many there," she urged mildly. "We 're early, so folks won't see us go in."

Thus, after nearly forty years' exile, Captain Minnie returned to church. He listened with a rapt look to the old organ and the choir of girls and boys. He listened with painful frowns to the sermon, one on predestination, with special reference to those predestined to go in the wrong direction.

"Well, how 'd you enjoy it?" asked Miss Phillenda, as they drove home.

"The music was real pretty."

"What did you think of the sermon?"

"I guess I did n't jest like it."

"Me neither. This believin' one was born ter be saved, an' another born ter be lost, is more than I kin fellowship with. What 'd the Lord make folks fer, if he wants ter burn 'em right up again, I 'd like ter know?"

"I think this 's 'bout good ez church." He pointed to the young grain lying white in the moonlight, and then to the dark woods beyond, whispering their unending secrets.

"Me too," agreed Miss Phillenda.

As spring wore into summer, and summer into autumn, Captain Minnie became more and more a companion to Miss Phillenda. He went to the house at all hours. He took her driving, berrying, chestnutting. The terror at seeing her departed, but the thrill abided. He found so many points of sympathy in her—her love of flowers and the outside world; her care for all animals, especially the sick ones; her broad and simple religious faith, untainted by doctrinal bitterness. His lonely, repressed heart grew young and joyous again in the warmth of her kindly, merry nature. The old house by the river seemed drearier than since the days when his parents were just dead. Its silence awed him as if he had been a child. He would seek comfort in the farm, with its noisy children and its happy little woman, who sang as she worked, and whose voice

greeted him from within: "That you, Captain Ware? I'm real pleased ter see you."

One day in early spring, when he walked into the farm sitting-room unheralded by any knock, as was his custom, he found a strange man seated by the fire, who sprang up with a shout when he entered.

"Why, if it ain't Minnie Ware! Well, I am glad ter see you. You hev n't forgot John Kingsley, hev you, an' Company D?"

Captain Minnie grasped the stranger's hand hard.

"I declare, I forgot you lived down in these parts," went on the stranger. "My brother 's bought the next farm ter this. I'm visitin' him a spell. Dropped in ter see Phillenda. Her an' me 's known each other, over in Rocky Ridge, twenty-five year, hev n't we?"

"I was born over here, so I guess it ain't quite twenty-five," replied Miss Phillenda, her eyes twinkling.

"Ha, ha! That ain't hard ter take in when one looks at you, Lin. How 's the world used you, Minnie?"

"Oh, I've been very happy. Hev you?"

"I've had my ups an' downs. Lost my wife fifteen year ago; terrible cross ter me, it was. But I've got two nice, smart girls—grown up now, they air. You're an old bach, ain't ye? I remember you always hated women."

"Better not tell 'bout old baches when I'm here; folks think 'bout old maids same time," said Miss Phillenda, quickly.

The guest laughed, and immediately plunged into war reminiscences.

"This fellow was a regular Turk in battle, Lin," he said. "Fight as if there was n't nothin' in this world he lived fer but jest killin'. After it was over he 'd set down an' cry 'cause he 'd killed so many folks."

Captain Minnie listened while Kingsley rattled on. He was a big, jovial man, whose kind face had a certain boyishness in spite of gray hair and wrinkles.

"I'll come to-morrow an' see 'bout that corn," Captain Minnie said, rising at the first pause in the talk. In his heart, however, he knew he would not come. He did not go the next day, or the next, or for a week. "Was n't convenient," he told himself; yet he knew that was not the reason.

One morning John Kingsley came over to see him. While he planted, the other talked about affairs in general.

"Tell you what, Minnie, that Phillenda Hooker 's a smart girl, an' a nice one, too. She 's been doin' too much lately.

Now she 's sick abed, an' got a lame ankle beside."

Captain Minnie looked at the sky as if for signs of rain, and remarked indifferently, "Too bad."

When John Kingsley had gone, he hurried into the house, muttering, "I'll go right over after supper, an' see her, poor girl."

As he went out toward his barn that night a sudden red glow arose before his eyes. It shot higher into the air, and leaped, and quivered. "Fire!" he gasped. "Over toward the farm, too."

He had not ridden since he left the army; yet, saddleless, he sprang on his horse's back, and galloped in the direction of the light. It was the farm—not the house itself, but the barns. Neighbors were appearing with buckets of water.

"Oh, go get Aunt Phillenda," shrieked one of the children. "She can't walk."

He hurried up-stairs. On the landing stood Miss Phillenda, pale, but cool.

"I'll carry you all right," he said, in as gentle a voice as he used in talking to her on every-day occasions.

"I guess I'll be all the load you want, without stoppin' fer any furniture," replied Miss Phillenda, whose spirits seemed undaunted by the disaster.

He put his arms carefully around her waist, while she clasped hers about his neck. Thus he carried her to one of the neighbors' wagons, returning to help extinguish the fire. He was too exhausted to think over what had happened. He flung himself on the hay in his own barn, and slept till morning. When he awoke, he lay looking up through the open scuttle into the blue sky. He repeated over and over: "I love her! I love her!" He had not dreamed of this before. When he had felt her arms about his neck he knew that he loved her. He did not ask if she loved him. The great and joyous fact of his own love was enough for him. Year after year he had lived a lonely, friendless life, having no one to whom his heart could cling, no one for whom he felt any stronger emotion than kindness. Now through all his being tingled the joy and excitement of love. It meant youth, happiness, life itself, to his numbed heart. He boarded his little boat. He wanted to be out on the Sound, where there was room to breathe, where his heart could expand limitlessly. As he set the sail he sang in a wandering, tuneless voice. The words were sad old hymns; for him they were psalms of joy. He had not felt so when he loved Virginia.

He was a boy then, his father and mother still alive, his future before him; now he was old and alone, and behind him stretched years of isolation. Then he had been as a man at a feast who partakes of one more delicacy; now he was as a starving man who sees food. When he returned at night the longing grew upon him to tell some one. Gathering a bunch of white violets, he sought the little graveyard where his parents were buried. He laid the flowers on his father's grave, and pressing his face into the wet grass of the mound, he whispered: "I love her." No thought of John Kingsley entered his mind. He loved Phillenda. In time he could teach her to love him. As he walked homeward he heard some one calling him.

"What's wanted?" he called back.

John Kingsley was waiting on the steps for him.

"I thought I'd raise you if I hollered," he said. "Set down; I want ter talk. Minnie, I'm in trouble."

Captain Minnie laid a hand on his knee silently.

"Three year ago I was in awful money straits. I give my note. It's due now. I ain't got a cent ter meet it. My house that I built myself I'll lose, an' my share in the factory—all I've got ter live on. I could stand it fer myself, but there's my girls; an', besides, Minnie, I want ter get married."

"Married?"

"Yes. I've lost one wife—the best one ever lived; I ain't lookin' ter fill her place. But one of my girls is gettin' married soon, an' the other's set on teachin'; so I need some one ter make a comfortable home fer me. I set great store by Phillenda, too."

"Phillenda!"

"Why, ain't it never occurred ter you I was fond o' her? She's 'bout the smartest, nicest girl I ever see. I calculate ter come over here ter live on the farm; that is, if she has the same notion ter me I hev taken ter her. I ain't 'fraid that way; it's the money worries me. I've come ter you, Minnie, ter ask if you'd loan it ter me. I'll pay every cent, if I live; an' if I don't, there's my life-insurance you kin hev. Folks say you're rich, anyhow."

Captain Minnie breathed hard.

"Does she—does she—feel the same ter you?"

"Course I can't jest tell 'bout a thing like that; but, near's I kin see, she does. She give Grant Lewis the mitten over to Rocky Ridge, an' folks did n't hesitate ter say it was 'cause she favored me. She was tickled

ter death ter see me when I come last week. Oh, I'm pretty nigh certain."

The other looked away.

"I can't say 'bout the money to-night, John"—he spoke slowly; "I'll tell you to-morrow."

"That's fair," said the other, in a disappointed tone. "Good night. Jest remember it's everything ter me."

When his visitor had gone, Captain Minnie walked wearily down to the river, and pushed off in the boat he had so lately left. He rowed till he came to a sandy strip of land known as "the desert," and shunned because of a reputation for being haunted. He strode up and down in the thick sand, talking in a loud, hoarse voice, his face convulsed with passion.

"It ain't right fer John Kingsley ter take all I've got. He's had a wife an' children. I've never had nothin'. His girls would make him happy an' keep him company. Who've I got? Nobody! He sha'n't hev her. I'll refuse the money, an' then where'll he be? S'pose I could n't marry her. I could see her every day, like I've been doin'. An' I could learn her ter love me, too. I was goin' ter help her 'bout her flowers, and get her a dog, an' take her off in my boat. Lord! it ain't fair fer him ter hev her, when I want her so. I can't go through what I did when Virginia left me!" He went on, his thoughts reverting to the first desolate years of his bereavement. "I can't—I won't! I've been kinder contented an' cheerful, livin' on by myself, before she come; but I can't go back where I was, any more than the river there kin go back an' be the little spring it was up ter Vermont." He flung himself, face down, on the sand, and lay there for hours, only the fierce movements of his arms showing that he was awake. Slowly he rose, saying in a wondering tone: "I've been forgettin' the past all 'long. What's goin' ter make Phillenda happiest—marryin' me or marryin' John? He said she cared 'bout him, an' I guess she does. I guess she's grown ter love him all these years she's known him. He's the sort she'd love quick enough. He's young-actin', an' full o' fun, same ez she is; an' he's like folks. I ain't any of them things. I'm old, an' queer, an' glum. 'T would be mighty strange if she loved me better than him. I guess she'd be happiest with John, an' that's all I'm after—hevin' Phillenda happy. What sort o' comfort'd I take if I send him away without the money? An' then, every time I saw her, I'd be a-thinkin' I'd sp'iled her happiness. No,



DRAWN BY BERNARD ROSENMEYER.

"HE PUT HIS ARMS CAREFULLY AROUND HER WAIST."

no! I guess there's some things ez is harder ter bear than not hevin' the girl you love, an' that 's hevin' the girl you love unhappy."

Dawn was streaking the east as he rowed home, his body bent with exhaustion, his face as peaceful as the smoothly flowing river. He walked steadily the two long miles to John Kingsley's house.

"John!" he called under the window. "John!"

"Who 's there?" A sleepy face was thrust out.

"It 's me, John. I come ter tell you you could hev the money all right. I 'll throw in an extra two hundred, jest fer good measure." He was gone before the other could say more than "God bless you!"

After the day's work,—and he had taken no rest since the night before,—Captain Minnie sat on his back steps watching twilight deepen into night. The frogs were croaking loudly. Lonely lights glimmered here and there across the river. Away in the distance a mother was calling her children to bed. Her voice was like that of the woman he loved and had lost. Great tears ran down his cheek, and a sob shook his tired body. He did not turn at the rustle of a dress, nor when Phillenda stood beside him; he had seen her that way all day. He gave a great start when a voice said:

"Ain't you goin' ter greet me when I've come ter make my first call?"

"Phillenda!" he exclaimed, springing up, "what 's happened?"

"Nothin', Minnie," she answered, pushing him down, and seating herself beside him. "John Kingsley 's been tellin' me 'bout your loanin' him money. First I thought you did it 'cause you thought so much o' him, an' like enough that was one reason. Then I says: 'No; he done it ter make me happy.' When I thought that, I come right over here ter see you."

"That was it. I wanted ter make you happy. An' you air, ain't ye?" he asked wistfully.

"Oh, yes, I am; at least, I shall be," answered the woman, with a laugh and a sob.

"And John 'll be happy, 'too," said he, wistfully.

"I 'low John ain't so pleased ez you think. Did you think I loved John Kingsley?"

"I—I did n't know; I thought—yes."

"Well, I don't, an' never could, nor will—there!"

"Then—why—what do you mean by—who do you love?" stammered the bewildered man.

"Minnie Ware!" exclaimed little Miss Phillenda; then she threw her arms around his neck as impulsively as a girl, whispering in a gust of laughter, yet with tears wetting his face: "Do you want folks ter say I did the courtin', an' me not able ter deny it?"

Captain Minnie caught her in his arms.

"Phillenda," he cried joyously, "air you sure it 's fer yer best happiness?"

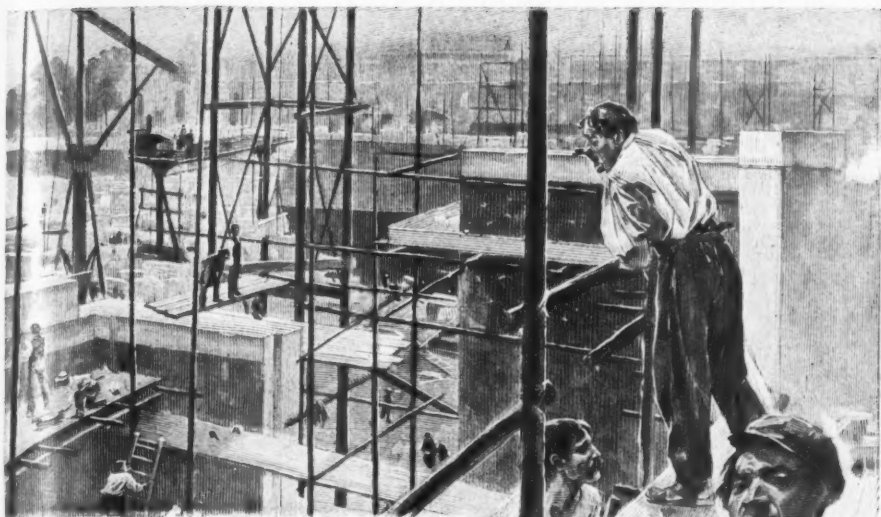
BUILDING UP A WORLD'S FAIR IN FRANCE.

BY BARON PIERRE DE COUBERTIN.

NOT long since I read in a French newspaper that the Emperor William, while studying in detail the conduct of the Spanish-American war, had been particularly impressed by the excellence of the citizen soldiery of the United States and by the efficient aid which they rendered the regular troops. This, however, was no surprise to me, for I have long been of the opinion that, even in the art of war, the thousand and one complications with which the Old World is saddled are in no wise indispensable, and that, although it may not be possible to improvise soldiers, there should be little difficulty in making good soldiers out of free citizens. In short, we see that though Europe, through all phases of national existence, has remained

complicated, America has retained its original simplicity, which, indeed, is the chief characteristic of transatlantic civilization, and gives it just that plasticity, that possibility of progress, that rapidity of realization, which make it a civilization superior in many points to ours.

Never, it would seem, has that quality of simplicity—or, better, that talent for simplification—been brought into sharper relief than in the preparations for the exposition at Chicago. This undertaking was a colossal one. It was necessary to raise large sums of money for preliminary expenses, and to establish at once the entire executive machinery, from the highest officials down to the very guards who were to insure the



security of the exhibits as well as the personal safety of the visitors; it was necessary to find a suitable site for the exposition, to arrange for proper facilities of transportation, as well as to attract architects and artists; and all this had to be done quickly, not only because time was short, but because other cities equally rich and ambitious were ready to turn to their own account any weakness on the part of Chicago to the extent, even, of supplanting her, if possible. Most of the Europeans who gazed upon the marvels of the World's Fair gave little thought to the energy and perseverance displayed by the citizens who were at the head of that gigantic undertaking. For the government, as is well known, lent but little aid; it was the citizens who banded together and gave the word to create the World's Fair, and who pledged themselves to insure its success—a very simple and straightforward method, and one which differs widely from those employed in Europe, and especially in France.

One can almost say that France has a monopoly of the international exhibitions of the Old World, for she has been for nearly fifty years the only nation to arrange and conduct them with any degree of regularity. The first was held in England, the second in Vienna, and the next at Brussels; but in France only have they succeeded one another at regular intervals or been conducted on the grandest scale.

In view of these facts, a description of how a world's fair is built up here in



CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW PALACES—CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

France may not be without interest. The government must take the first steps by submitting to parliamentary vote a proposal to the effect that there be held an exposition and that the necessary funds be subscribed. The city of Paris shoulders most of the expenses, in view of the fact that her budget is sufficiently large to enable her to do so, and that, later, her share of the profits will naturally be considerable. There is, then, an understanding between the government and the municipality, which, however, is never completed without much powwowing, in spite of the fact that questions of time and place never form a part of the discussion. Since 1855, the date of our first exposition, they have always followed one another at intervals, first of twelve, since of eleven, years. Those of 1867 and 1878 recalled no events of particular interest. By a fortunate chance it has happened that not only did the date of the last exposition fall upon an interesting anniversary, but that of the coming one will do so as well. In 1889 the centenary of the States-General was celebrated, and 1900 will be the closing year of the century. In 1855 Napoleon III ordered the construction of the recently destroyed Palais de l'Industrie, which, unfortunately, was badly placed on the Champs Élysées; but beginning with 1867 the expositions have always been held in the Champ de Mars. As is well known, the

Champ de Mars is an historic place. There, at the outset of the Revolution, was held the famous Fête de la Fédération, over which Louis XVI presided, and during which he solemnly swore fidelity to the constitution which the States-General had just adopted. It was there also that Napoleon I, after his return from Elba and on the eve of his departure for Waterloo, distributed among his army the standards capped with imperial eagles, and proclaimed *l'Acte additionnel*, which established a sort of constitutional empire. The Champ de Mars, although fortunately situated near the center of Paris, has, however, become too small for the requirements of an exposition, thus creating the necessity for annexes along the Seine, which, connected as they are by numerous tramways, naturally impede the movements of carriages and pedestrians in that quarter of the city.

Once the parliamentary decree is passed, a *commissaire-général* is appointed, the architectural competitions are opened, and official invitations are sent out to the various foreign powers. This *commissaire-général* is a functionary the necessity of whose existence is not at first sight apparent. He is, in short, a veritable minister, who quickly surrounds himself with as many various functionaries and as many different bureaux as he deems necessary. He holds office not



SITE OF THE NEW PALACES.

only during the exposition, but before, during the period of preparation, and afterward, during the period of liquidation. Although we know from the example of the United States that all this is not necessary in order to succeed, we do not seem to have profited by the lesson taught by Chicago, for never before have functionaries and complications of every description flourished to such a degree as now. The fault is due in part to the methods employed by the present commissaire-général, M. Picard, a former pupil of the École Polytechnique, who is anything but practical, and in part to the fact that the exposition of 1900 has been planned so far ahead that actually too much time has been given in which to prepare for it. The exposition of 1867 had at its head the celebrated economist and sociologist Frédéric Le Play, whom Napoleon III made a senator,

and who developed plans for the most part along simple lines. In the center of the Champ de Mars he constructed an enormous ellipse, in which each country occupied a section, while each variety of product was shown in one of the elliptical galleries. Following around in this manner the gallery of agriculture, one was enabled to examine in succession the agricultural products of the entire world—as, for instance, in passing through the Russian or Austro-Hungarian section, one found collected together all the various exhibits of those countries. In the development of his plans Le Play had very little time at his disposal. This was also the case in 1878; for the disaster of 1870, followed by the difficulties and uncertainties encountered during the early years of the republic, left little time for the consideration of a similar artistic and historical manifestation.



THE FERRIS WHEEL IN PARIS—A QUEER LANDSCAPE.

The attitude of the principal monarchies of Europe toward the exposition of 1889, in refusing to assist at the celebration of the centenary of the Revolution, dampened the ardor of the French, and even until 1888 there was talk of changing the date so that

Between these two buildings will sweep a magnificent avenue, down which the President, looking from the windows of the Élysée, may see, across the new bridge, the gilded dome of the Invalides, the tomb of Napoleon. In many points this avenue will resemble



RUINS OF "LA COUR DES COMPTES," WHERE THE NEW RAILROAD STATION WILL BE ERECTED.

it might not fall upon 1889. This time, however, no such obstacle has arisen, for a long period of peace and a feeling of quasi-certitude that this peace will not be disturbed before the end of the century have made it possible to begin the preparations early. The commissaire-général already has been in office for nearly five years, and it is almost two years since the Czar Nicholas II laid the first stone of the splendid bridge which is to connect the two sections of the exposition. On the ground formerly occupied by the Palais de l'Industrie, and on that adjoining it, may already be seen the silhouettes of two new palaces, one of which is to be known as the Salons de Peinture, the other being designed to accommodate the horse-show and the agricultural and industrial departments.

Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, and, though not so long, it will be thickly shaded.

These two palaces, which are being built of stone and marble, are, of course, intended for permanent structures; whereas others, already completed, are of a more ephemeral nature, some being designed not for the exposition proper, but merely to be utilized during the period of preparation. Among these is the Bureau de l'Exposition, a long two-story building placed at the angle on the corner of the Avenue Rapp and the quay adjoining the Pont de l'Alma. Painted a light green, ornamented with friezes and balconies of carved wood, with both façades decorated by frescos of multicolored arabesques, this building has been made very attractive. This beautifying of temporary buildings,

this painting even of board fences, behind which the work of demolition goes on, is, of course, a species of coquetry; but Paris has not a little of that sort of thing—and rightly too, for nothing disfigures a beautiful city more than unsightly masses of boards and scaffolding, which are soon covered with preposterous signs and glaring advertisements. From this particular evil the temporary inclosures of the exposition grounds are preserved, for bill-posting has been prohibited, and ugliness in general is hidden as much as possible behind seemly latticework. As there has been time for art, so has there been time for philanthropy as well, and thus, in order to insure the comfort of those workmen who give their time to this labor of luxury and pleasure, a restaurant has been built on the quay near the scene of operations, where good, substantial meals may be had at minimum prices.

Let us now enter the bureau and see what is taking place there. Here everything is perfectly organized. A garçon in blue livery with silver buttons takes your card and disappears down long corridors, which at night are lighted by electricity, knocking finally at one or another of the innumerable doors

but makes no reply. He must consult his chief, and it will be some time before you will be likely to hear what has been done regarding your request or to receive an answer to your question.

On coming out you encounter a group of men engaged in animated conversation; some carry umbrellas and others sticks, while many have portfolios under their arms, and not a few wear in their buttonholes the red insignia of the Legion of Honor. Behind these come many more, pouring out of a large building just across the court from where you stand, in which the committees meet, and where one perhaps has just been in session. There are many varieties of committees, which, indeed, are quite as numerous as the classes of objects exhibited. Thus, for each class of objects there is a committee on admission, composed of specialists who consider the requests of exhibitors, and who are empowered to make selections; then there are the committees on installations, whose duties are to assign space for the exhibits; there are also "retrospective committees," whose work is the management of retrospective exhibitions in each branch of art or industry; and, finally,



SITE OF THE NEW PALACES. REMAINS OF THE PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE IN THE BACKGROUND.

which open on the hallway like cells on the galleries of a monastery. After a more or less tedious wait you are received by an inmate of one of these cells, generally an amiable young man, who listens attentively, and carefully notes what you have to say to him,

committees on the organization of congresses, making, in all, nearly five hundred different committees, not including those established in various cities with the view of aiding the committees of Paris.

Do not imagine that all these committee



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

IN THE WAITING-ROOM OF THE COMMISSAIRE-GÉNÉRAL OF THE EXPOSITION.
THE SCHEMERS.

meetings end in harangues and discussions; that is the way they begin, but they end quite differently. Hardly is a committee complete before a meeting is held and a president, several vice-presidents, and a few secretaries are elected. Full of enthusiasm, they pose questions, draw up circulars, and formulate all sorts of plans, which, of course, are carefully recorded by one or two of the commissaire-général's secretaries, who are always present at these meetings, and which later are forwarded to headquarters. On discovering the amount of work before it, each committee takes fright; for its members, being for the most part professors, doctors, and literary men, find it impossible to devote much of their time to affairs of such a nature. The committee then resolves itself into subcommittees, who assemble once or twice to elect more presidents, vice-presidents, and secretaries; and so it goes until little by little this beautiful organization suffers an eclipse from which it never recovers, and continues its existence on paper only.

All this is extremely interesting, for even in this little sphere of exposition bureaux one comes face to face with the immense problem which weighs so heavily upon Europe, and in particular upon France, i. e., the difficulty we old Continental nations have in adopting democratic methods—the perpetual strife between the democracy and the administration. These committees represent democracy,—public opinion directly associated with the government in the formation of laws,—although in reality their functions are merely formal, for they are able to give only perfunctory advice; the balance of the organization presupposing a definitely centralized and disciplined administrative hierarchy, the power of which is absolute and little disposed to tolerate more than the bare existence of democratic methods. Would you change this? Then must radical steps be taken, and each separate committee must be spoken to after this fashion: "You have now full power; henceforth you are the masters. We place at your disposal this or that space, such and such a sum, and if this section of the exposition is not a success you will be held responsible."

It would naturally be impossible to proceed in this way, for it would mean that the usual administrative methods would have to be suspended, and not only in regard to the conduct of the exposition, but throughout the entire country as well; for the commissaire-général is not only a minister of the interior who is in charge of a special de-

partment, but is also a minister having numerous external obligations which constitute him a sort of intermediary between the exposition and other branches of public administration. If last year it took many applications, signatures, and permits in order to have a single tree in the Bois de Boulogne cut down, it would take quite as much red tape to have a street-lamp removed, and ten times as much in order to relay a few meters of tram-rails. It may even be said without exaggeration that there is not a single paving-block in the streets of Paris which is not guarded by a squad of workmen, and which it would not be found as difficult to remove as it was for Louis XIV to send one of his subjects to the Bastille. In countries where the administrative system flourishes, and where everything is foreseen, regulated, and organized to such an extent that any change is almost equivalent to disorganization, it will easily be seen what radical changes are brought about by the creation of a new administrative service such as that of an exposition, the relations of which with regular branches of the service must naturally be intimate. The already existing bureaux have, as a rule, no easy task, for it is precisely their relations with other branches of the service which render the general executive system complex and unwieldy of movement. No single machine moves without first consulting its neighbor; they all wait for one another, so that their movements are always interdependent, never independent. Presently is added a new machine which borrows its motive power from this one, a cog-wheel from that one, and from another a piston-rod or a crank; hence the necessity for such a functionary as the commissaire-général, whose supervision is at once general and detailed. Everything, in fact, from the most minute particular up to the vast ensemble must be passed upon by the commissaire-général. When this functionary happens to be a liberal man—liberal in a philosophical, not a political sense—he lightens, in so far as possible, his official obligations. If, on the other hand, he happens to be of an administrative turn of mind, he even forces the note, and, instead of being briefer and more expeditious, he rather takes pleasure in making his hierarchy stricter, his surveillance narrower, and his cabinet more pettifogging.

Little light is needed on this question in order that any one of intelligence may form an opinion regarding the relative value of these two methods. The former was employed

in conducting the Chicago Exposition, while the latter has always been followed here in France. The superiority of our method consists naturally in the general artistic unity attained and in the ease and regularity with which, after so many pains, the machine fulfils its functions. But how inferior is our method in every other respect, notably in time and money! Take, for example, the single matter of correspondence, and I think it will be found that for every letter written by the makers of the World's Fair four or five will be written by M. Picard and his co-workers. The secretary who, for instance, just listened to your request was doubtless unable to give you an answer at once, nor are you likely to receive one for two or three days. Why are you forced to wait weeks or even months, and compelled to return five or six times? Because, forsooth, no matter how trivial your request may be from a general point of view, it must go from bureau to bureau, it must be discussed by any number of functionaries, and be approved and signed by the commissaire-général, who, at the moment of signature even, may be moved by some doubt or scruple to order a further investigation, or who may set it aside for consideration at some future time—which may never come. You are very fortunate if your request merely concerns one of these bureaux of the exposition and does not have to be referred to any outside department, in which case it will have to pass back and forth between various officials for a much longer time, giving, meanwhile, numerous employees the excuse for writing useless letters, the mere printed headings of which indicate the intricate course your letter has been obliged to follow before arriving at its destination, and at the same time showing by what roundabout way your reply must, perforce, return to you.

I spoke above of the matter of artistic unity, which, I take it, as a result of systematic centralization, manifests itself in details, ensemble effects being attained by different methods. Take, for instance, the Court of Honor at the Chicago Exposition, which formed a wonderfully beautiful whole, the defects in the general architectural harmony of which were observed, not in looking at it as an ensemble, but only upon careful and minute examination. What, after all, are the really necessary factors in the creation of an international exposition? Good financial backing, clever architects and engineers to draw up plans, and competent men to select and group the exhibits. Who does not

see at once the disproportion between the task and the effort which we French expend in accomplishing it? Who does not realize how we waste men and thought, time and money, in the compassing of an end which in itself is perfectly definite and simple?

In view of the great amount of time and money expended in the interest of our international expositions, it may well be asked, Of what benefit are they? If the benefit derived from them does not compensate for the labor and expense involved, these expositions must naturally be worthless institutions. Little or no compensation is derived from the arrival in Paris of numerous foreigners who come merely for pleasure; nor, in spite of the opinions of certain rudimentary economists, does their presence stimulate commerce to any extent, the railway companies, the hotel- and restaurant-keepers, and the cabmen being about the only ones to profit by this feature of the exposition. The French themselves are inspired to spend much more money than usual, and I doubt very much whether (except in those branches of commerce I have cited above) there is much more money in France at the close than at the opening of one of these expositions.

This, however, is only one side of the question, the real point involved being whether or not these expositions benefit French industries by opening new markets, by attracting new buyers, or by emphasizing their merits in some such manner as to create increased demands for this or that product. Most thinking people now agree that their results are quite the contrary; nor is it astonishing that such should be the case. The time has come when industrial specialties are less and less individual; raw materials now travel from one end of the globe to the other, and it does not take long for a new invention, which may perfect manufacture or lessen labor, to find its way into factory after factory, finally becoming the common property of the manufacturing world. The superiority of one manufacture over another arises only from certain details which obtain chiefly among manufacturers of wood, stuffs, and furniture in general—things wherein firmness and lightness are to be supplemented by beauty, elegance, and other matters of pure taste. In this sphere the workman uses his personal gifts and other immaterial qualities, which are imitative, thus making his work belong to the domain of art. It is just such details which one can learn from one's rivals, forming, the

while, one's own taste on that of others. And thus we are brought face to face with the great outcry of our manufacturers against these expositions. Although at first they noted with satisfaction the increased demand for their products which followed in the wake of each exposition, our manufacturers were not long in discovering that these orders were not renewed, and also that, instead of increasing their patronage, they were only giving their rivals an opportunity to study their models and to imitate them at leisure. Thus after each exposition the barometer of French industry would rise a few degrees, only to sink lower than it had been before.

In point of fact, those nations who might profitably organize expositions are new nations, or nations which, after more or less of an eclipse, are striving to rebuild their fortunes. Buenos Ayres, Melbourne, Auckland, or even Rome, Madrid, Athens, and Lisbon, should be the logical centers of such manifestations. In the larger capitals they have less *raison d'être*, on the principle that the most prosperous and powerful peoples are naturally those further advanced in the matter of productions, and consequently are those who would profit least by being thrown in contact with other nations. The English, who, with the opening of their famous Crystal Palace, inaugurated the first exposition, have proved their lack of practical interest in such affairs by never holding another. In France, each time the subject has been discussed, and notably regarding the expositions of 1889 and 1900, objections have been formulated. Although these objections have been discussed in the Chamber and voiced by various deputies, it cannot be said that the idea has ever met with any serious opposition. With her characteristic majesty, the French nation approves and encourages these expositions, and even when they can in no wise benefit her, she encourages them still more on account of the moral satisfaction which she derives from them.

No historian can understand the events which took place in France during the middle of this century unless he bears in mind the one principal fact about which our destinies revolved so tragically, *i. e.*, that the Second Empire was only a reaction against the monarchy of Louis Philippe, and that, in acclaiming Napoleon III, the nation demanded of him only one thing, namely, foreign prestige. Parliamentary governments are little apt in procuring for the people this deceptive thing called foreign prestige,

a thing which only too frequently conceals abysses of weakness and disorganization.

While Louis XVIII, Charles X, and Louis Philippe enriched France by developing her resources and reestablishing her renown by wise and moderate political measures, they did nothing toward bringing her the sort of prestige which she had enjoyed under Napoleon I, and which she dreamed of enjoying anew under his nephew. This thirst for prestige was clearly the *raison d'être* of the Second Empire, and although throughout his entire reign Napoleon III strove to allay it, he never succeeded so completely as in 1867. The exposition was an unqualified success, and was visited by all the principal sovereigns of Europe. Paris felt herself to be the veritable center of the universe, not only owing to the cosmopolitan crowd which thronged the streets, but also because the eyes of princes and peoples were turned toward the vast array of chiefs of state, chancellors, and ministers, among whom, as was well known, questions of greatest moment were being discussed.

It was an object-lesson from life, and one which made an indelible impression upon France. The exposition of 1867 became a symbol of glory and power, and foreign nations as well joined in thinking that the fêtes held in Paris during that year far surpassed in point of splendor and beauty anything of the kind ever witnessed. Three years had hardly passed before the empire, overtaken by a terrible catastrophe, was swallowed up in a heap of ruins. The recovery was nevertheless rapid, and wishing at the same stroke to encourage progress as well as to give proofs of prosperity, the government of the republic decided to hold another international exposition. Following closely upon so complete and crushing a defeat, the idea seemed audacious; but the plan was realized, and although not so successful as the preceding or the succeeding expositions, that of 1878 scored an unquestionable triumph. Its effect was strongly felt throughout France, in that it inspired not only those who labored toward the future rehabilitation of their country, but also those who were striving to build up their own shattered fortunes; thus proving to the people themselves, as well as to Europe, that the disasters of 1870 had not wounded the nation in any vital spot.

The political effect of the exposition of 1889 was the most powerful factor in the overthrow of Boulangism. General Boulanger, who was nothing more or less than

a common schemer, had organized a vast syndicate of malcontents, to which he tried to give the aspect of a political party. At his back were those who had anything (however small it might be) to gain from a political revolution—persons of a type existing, of course, in every country, but who are more numerous in France, where functionaries are so plentiful, and where the sphere of governmental activity is so extended. Boulanger was also followed by an imposing array of partizans, who kept on increasing in numbers even without the hope of universal suffrage. The situation was, indeed, a critical one, for it became evident that the masses, deceived by the fallacious promises and the aspect of unity and power which this so-called National party assumed, would readily have pinned their faith to its chief, only to have discovered on the morrow of the elections that they had placed the reins of government in the hands of a band of adventurers and utopians.

Although the exposition of 1889 soon achieved a success beyond all expectation, in spite of the fact that the idea was at first received with coldness, if not hostility, by the various foreign powers, this internal political agitation did much toward preventing the growth of any general interest during the early stages of its development. At length, however, astonished by the beautiful spectacle, and reassured by the wise and dignified attitude of President Carnot, the people were not long in regaining their senses. The electors soon decided that they thought it wiser to solidify and consolidate rather than overturn a régime which gave such gallant proofs of vitality and stability, and which had done so much toward reestablishing prosperity since the somber days of 1870. Thus, when the general elections took place, the defeat of Boulangism was complete, although certain other events, notably the proceedings instituted against the general and his subsequent flight to Brussels, contributed their share to his political downfall. However much light the fact of these proceedings and his flight threw upon the moral values of the candidate, it is almost certain that without the exposition, which placed in such strong relief the happy results achieved by the republic, the people would not have been so prompt to wheel about and turn their backs upon the Boulangist utopia.

My personal recollections do not extend so far back as the exposition of 1867. Documents contemporary with that period, however, lead us to believe that its influence was

not of the best, and even that, by intoxicating the minds of certain people, it contributed in no small measure toward precipitating the war of 1870. As has been justly said, neither the emperor nor the country at large desired war, which, however, found its warm partizans among the entourage of the emperor, as well as in the empress and among those with whom her influence was potent. It was nevertheless true that the idea easily found favor, nor was there any doubt as to the ultimate triumph of French arms—a beautiful assumption which was due less to the dearly bought victories in the Crimea, in Italy, and in China than to a species of elation, bred of the exposition; a state of mind analogous in many respects to that recently manifested in Greece. The war feeling in Greece was certainly greatly stimulated by the success which crowned the revival of the Olympic games at Athens in 1896, an event which drew together contestants from all quarters of the globe. As a result, the Greeks fancied themselves more powerful and better prepared than they really were, and thus brought misfortune upon their country.

In regard to the expositions of 1878 and 1889, I recall very clearly the happy evolution of public spirit which followed in their wake. But who can say what will be the outcome of the exposition of 1900? It is always a difficult matter to predict, but the present trend of events makes me fear that its results will be not unlikely to recall those which followed 1867. It is almost certain that the Emperor and Empress of Russia will visit us, and that, following in their footsteps, will come other sovereigns, escorted by numerous and brilliant suites. The effect of all this will certainly be an appreciable weakening of republican sentiments, as well as the fostering of an exalted belief in the power and importance of France. Belief in one's self is good, provided it does not border upon presumption. A republic which has ceased to be a republic in all but name becomes a detestable object; and since events have proved that a republican form of government is the only possible or stable one for France, it is therefore essential that republican ideas and customs should continue to gain a foothold in the country. The fear which I expressed above is merely a personal one and is not shared by many of my fellow-countrymen, few of whom think, with me, that complete political independence is not only useful, but indispensable to a republic surrounded, as ours is, by monarchical

states. Perhaps my fears are not justified by existing conditions, but, as will be seen here, I have at least made a careful study of the question.

Another thing evident to those who pursue this subject is that these international expositions of ours have a distinct moral and political significance, and that they play such an important rôle in our national life as to be continued time after time, even in the face of the fact that the material profits from them are often either small or non-existent. On her side, Europe in general favors them, for she sees in them a pledge of peace, a guaranty against possible hostilities; and thus the earlier the announcements are made, the larger the sums involved, and the more daring and grandiose are the plans, the more does European opinion favor the project. This attitude is due in a manner to the old suspicions which Europe still harbors regarding the warlike intentions of France. Our past history still inspires her with uncertainty, for she is slow to believe that we have become essentially pacific, not only from choice, but from necessity, and that for twenty years or more we have taken all the steps consistent with national dignity to banish from our domains the scourge of war. In stating awhile since that 1900 might eventually recall 1867, I did not have in mind any idea of a possible war, but rather the idea of a possible falling off in our efforts, bred of an exaggerated opinion of our progress and of a fancied superiority over our rivals.

Another notable though quite different feature of our expositions is the fact that each year the question of amusements becomes a factor of more and more prominence. It is impossible for me to discover why the Americans should have been the first to adopt the word "fair," which, as applied to the Columbian Exposition, was assuredly a misleading term. At Chicago the amusements undoubtedly occupied very little space, being relegated, for the most part, to a long avenue called, strangely, the "Midway Plaisance," and cleverly dubbed the "Midway Nuisance," where near the huge wheel were found various forms of diversion, including Javanese dancers and men who swallowed swords. How sadly would their presence have marred that wonderful Court of Honor, to which white palaces, an exquisite pool, and the peristyle and colonnades fronting on Lake Michigan lent an atmosphere of almost sacred beauty! The mere fact that the Midway Plaisance was far removed from all this beauty was always a source of satis-

faction to me. On the contrary, at the Champ de Mars, in 1889, the Parisians were delighted to find that their Cairo street, with its donkey-drivers, was near the galleries and in close touch with the more serious features of the exposition. The mere presence of such an affair has had little bearing on the real character of our international expositions for thirty years or more, and, in any case, is one which should never be tolerated in the center of the grounds, but rather in some sort of Midway Plaisance, where it would be more or less hidden from general view.

Of late years these expositions have changed greatly in character, and now appeal to vastly different classes of people—to the gay as well as to the serious-minded. In Paris they have become *par excellence* places of amusement and diversion. Many who have never cast an eye over the various objects in the galleries come regularly every evening to listen to the Russian or Gipsy bands, to go to the theater, to see dancing bayaderes or whirling dervishes, and to sip exotic drinks. It is with an eye to these folk that many people, for five or six years previous to an exposition, evolve weird plans which, in Parisian argot, are to be veritable *clous*, and which they hasten to submit to the commissaire-général the morning after his nomination. One will propose to bring the moon within the range of a hundred meters by means of a gigantic telescope; another will plan to sink wells deep enough to settle forever the question of subterranean fires; while still another will suggest the construction of hanging gardens which will eclipse those of Semiramis. Of course one will be able to eat dinner in the telescope, to have one's ice at the bottom of the well, and to dance in the hanging gardens, for it is not so much the love of science as the love of gain which inspires these projects. The promoter naturally hopes to obtain some concession or other within the exposition grounds, and thus make as much as possible out of his idea. Projects of this nature being so numerous this time, a special commission had to be appointed in order to examine and report upon them. Some were of course rejected at once, owing to their manifest absurdity, while others were retained for more detailed consideration. On further examination, many more had to be dismissed, owing to their impracticable nature, or because of some impossible feature which their inventor, in his naïve enthusiasm, had not foreseen. There now re-

main about a dozen, most of which, after being subjected to certain modifications, can be utilized.

In the matter of amusements the masses are notoriously hard to please; they want first-class theaters, concerts, and restaurants at reduced prices, they often want the most unheard-of things, but what they want above all is to be amused. No matter how admirable the exposition be in other points, if it is found lacking in the matter of amusements it will not be a success. This is indeed a point wherein the populace of to-day resembles those crowds of old who demanded perfection in their public games and circuses, and in whose mind a spectacle once seen lost all interest. They clamored for the new and the unexpected, and ultimately became bestial and sanguinary in their passionate thirst for fresh sensations. Things of this nature have happily no attraction for the crowds of to-day, who, on the contrary, are essentially gay of mood, and in whose eyes exhibitions of brutality and violence find no favor whatever. One may ask whether the effect produced by these various forms of amusement is not the reverse of moral, or whether the fairy art which creates these expositions of ours really exercises the best of influences on the majority of those who visit them.

On the other hand, these expositions have furnished opportunities for manifestations of a quite different nature, notably those held in the interest of literary or scientific pursuits. Formerly only objects were exhibited, whereas now ideas are also expounded and exchanged. No exposition is now complete without its various congresses, which follow one another in rapid succession throughout its existence and often within its very confines, and in which are discussed most of the important questions which agitate the chief literary or scientific minds of the day. It is fortunate that things are so, for such circumstances do much in the way of compensating for many of the futile features I have cited above. But do these congresses really further the cause of science; are they of any serious value? Those who take part in them are usually busy men who have very little time at their disposal, and who possibly would prefer to spend that time in recreation rather than in study. They are, after all, men like the rest of us, and it is quite natural that they should feel the need of diversion, and, having at hand the proper opportunity, they would not be likely to let it slip. It is more than possible that their state of mind would be somewhat akin to that of school-boys in

vacation-time, who do not find the ambient breezes conducive to systematic and concentrated study. It is true, moreover, that the work done during a congress of this sort is often mediocre, and that the subsequently published reports rarely bear the stamp of genius. The uninterrupted succession of congresses over a period of several weeks, as well as their marked diversity, reacts powerfully against their real value and importance. Viewed in a different light, these congresses will be found to possess one paramount merit. They give men who know one another only by reputation or through their writings the opportunity of meeting one another; they prevent science and letters from remaining in the narrow ruts of a rigid nationalism, and, in making warm international friendships possible, they do more than anything else could ever do toward insuring the future of civilization.

Just now, at the century's turning-point, the world finds itself confronted by a difficult problem—a problem which calls to mind the story of Hercules being forced to choose between vice and virtue, and a problem which presents an alternative scarcely less formidable. In other words, we are either moving toward a noble internationalism, which, having at its disposal all the marvelous resources of civilization, will insure a moral and material progress such as no century has yet witnessed; or toward a revival of nationalism, which, employing those same means, will establish a reign of perfidy and calumny, and will bring in its train a series of hideous and terrible wars. It is, alas! impossible not to see that the world at large leans toward this latter alternative. Certain events prove conclusively that the happy hour of international good fellowship is by no means at hand. But it is necessary that this hour should come in order to prevent the world from being plunged into countless catastrophes. In point of fact these expositions do not furnish the best opportunities for furthering this cause. I am of the opinion that less showy but more important results are to be achieved by means of athletic contests which bring together the youth of different countries, by the yearly exchange of courtesies between the students of various universities, and by congresses and expositions of a character calculated to attract only a certain class of savants or a certain kind of exhibits. But these expositions are none the less a significant token of internationalism, and as such deserve to be encouraged.

WHY WE WON AT MANILA.

BY LIEUTENANT B. A. FISKE, U. S. N., OF THE "PETREL."

THE battle between the American and Spanish fleets at Manila, on the 1st of May, was the most complete naval victory of which history has record, and was fought entirely with the gun, the ram and the torpedo not being used or needed. The gun destroyed the Spanish fleet in two hours, though it was fired from long distances, and on board ships that rolled from side to side and moved continually through the water. As it is the most conspicuous expression of the war strength of the fleet, and was the immediate instrument with which the work was done, it is interesting to see how it was handled, and what brought about its remarkable success.

When war was declared, it will be remembered our fleet was at anchor in Mirs Bay, near Hong-Kong; and the next day it steamed out rapidly in column, bound for Manila, or rather for the Spanish fleet, which was supposed to be there. The succession of ships was the same as afterward in the battle, the flagship *Olympia* leading, and bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Dewey at her mainmast-head. Next came the *Baltimore*, then the *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord*, and *Boston*. The revenue cutter *McCulloch*, with the transports *Nanshan* and *Zafiro*, formed a separate column to starboard.

The trip to Manila was pleasant and uneventful. At nightfall of April 30 we were about twenty-five miles north of Corregidor Island, which divides the entrance to Manila Bay into a northern and southern channel. The shore north of the bay was only four miles distant on our port hand, and could be plainly seen. As Commodore Dewey knew that the time of our departure had been telegraphed at once all over the world, and that it had been known at once in Manila, and also that the governor-general there would not be at a loss to guess our destination, and would have scouts outside the bay to watch for us, so all the ports in the ships' sides through which light could shine were closed, and the usual lights outside were omitted; one small lamp was hung over the stern of each ship, however, as a guide to the next behind.

When abreast of Corregidor Island, and still heading to the southward, a flame shot up from the smoke-stack of the *McCulloch*, and almost instantly a rocket was sent up from Corregidor, showing that we were discovered. This happened about eleven o'clock; and as Manila was only thirty-five miles distant, and a telegraph line led there from the mainland just north of Corregidor, we knew that the governor-general would be informed of our whereabouts in about five minutes. We heard no guns, however, and concluded that these were being held in reserve until the ships should pass the entrance, which, we understood, was guarded on both sides by guns, and protected by submarine mines on the bottom, or floating between the bottom and the surface of the water.

The commodore led the fleet continually to the south, gradually changing the course to the eastward till by half-past eleven he had gotten all the ships past the outer headlands that mark the entrance to the bay. Not a gun had been fired; not a torpedo had been exploded. On the ships went, farther into the enemy's waters; and still no sound but the regular *chunk, chunk* of the engines, and the swish of the water under the bows. The silence was uncanny. Suddenly we heard the report of a heavy gun to starboard and very close, and the screaming of a shell above us. All nervousness, doubt, and hesitation vanished at the sound; every man stiffened up automatically. "Man the starboard battery!" The *Petrel*, in the middle of the fleet, had just passed a large rock named El Fraile, the rough outlines of which could be barely discerned in the darkness. Every man knew in a second that on this unsuspected spot the Spaniards had recently placed a battery, and that some brave fellows were firing at us as we passed—for it was a brave thing to engage a whole fleet with the little battery that could be placed on such a rock. The *Raleigh* had a rapid-firing gun on her poop, and scarcely was the fierce sound of the shell out of our ears when this gun blazed away in reply, firing into the darkness at the mass of rock standing out so vaguely. Then the *Concord*, which was just abreast El Fraile, let go one shot; and El Fraile gave us another, which also went

over our heads—not very far over. Just then the *Boston* did one of those pretty things that compel applause, because so perfectly neat and prompt. The fleet was still in column; but, for convenience and safety from collision, alternate ships were a little to the right and left of a line astern of the flagship, and the *Boston* was at the end of the left line, away from El Fraile. Now, the instant that El Fraile let go the first shot, Captain Wildes put his helm apart, and went right over to El Fraile, and stayed there, firing, until El Fraile's guns were silenced.

Meanwhile the fleet kept on, Commodore Dewey leading, in person, into a harbor where he had never been—leading at night into a harbor supposed to be filled with mines and flanked with guns, and to hold the enemy's fleet. Standing by the standard compass forward, near the bows and high above the deck, he and Lieutenant Calkins, the navigator of the *Olympia*, who had also never been in Manila, kept their night-long vigil. A less brave man than Dewey would not have dared to risk such an entrance; and yet it was not an act of foolish daring, or even of unwarranted hazard. He had exhausted every means of information (not many, it is true) about the defense of Manila, and had studied thoroughly the pros and cons, and weighed them with perfect fairness. His train of reasoning had brought him to a certain conclusion, and thence to a decision, in the calmness and quiet of his cabin; and this decision he proceeded to carry out when he found himself face to face with the actual emergency, the responsibility on him alone. The risk he ran was certainly great; and this does not mean the risk of his own life and safety, for that was the last thing he thought of, but the risk of losing men or ships, or even the battle itself. Who can tell, except the chief himself, what is his feeling of responsibility when the success of an important military movement approaches its hour of trial!

During the night the fleet steamed up the bay, pointed for Manila, in a silence that was unbroken by any warlike sound, the captain of every ship upon the bridge, and officers and men, except the watch, sleeping on deck, near the loaded guns. A little before five the day began to break, and the vague outlines of Manila could be discerned ahead. It was off Manila that, from information received at Hong-Kong, we expected to find the Spanish fleet; so all the ships went to general quarters, and the few re-

maining preparations were quickly made; but, save for the tall masts of a few merchant ships, not a sign of any vessel was to be seen. As the light increased, however, and glasses swept the broadening horizon, some objects to the southward that looked like men-of-war came out of the obscurity. Soon these could be made out plainly. They were the Spanish fleet, drawn up in column of battle across the little bay that leads to the naval and military arsenal of Cavite. The commodore ported his helm at once, and headed for the Spaniards, followed by his ships. A shore battery in Manila opened on the fleet with heavy guns; but the distance was too great for effective work, and so, after a few reply shots, the American fleet ceased firing, in obedience to a signal from the flagship.

The writer was so fortunate as to be stationed aloft, where he could see above the smoke and have an unobstructed view; and as his duties were merely to measure the enemy's distance and report any event of importance which took place, he had not only the means, but the leisure, for observing everything. Surely no more inspiring sight ever greeted the eye of man than that spread out for us at sunrise on the 1st of May. The American ships were steaming along swiftly and in perfect order, with the national ensign flying at the head of every mast and spanker-gaff. To the south lay the hostile fleet, disposed defiantly for battle, the beautiful flag of Spain floating over every ship, its folds curving and recurring slowly, at the will of the gentle morning air. At first the American guns could not be brought to bear, except two guns of the *Olympia*, which could be fired ahead, because, as will be remembered, our column pointed directly at the Spanish line. But the Spaniards, lying with their broadsides turned toward us, could use their guns with maximum effectiveness; that is, the guns of a whole broadside could be fired, without interfering with one another. When the *Olympia* got within seven thousand yards, however, she put her helm apart, and steered so that our fleet should pass the enemy, using the port broadsides, on a course not quite parallel to the Spanish column, but converging toward it.

We learned afterward that the ships we saw were the *Reina Christina* (flagship), *Castilla*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Isla de Cuba*, *Don Juan de Austria*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, and the *Marques del Duero*, supported at Sangley Point by a shore battery of three guns, each gun in an emplacement of its own, and be-

hind sand-banks which partly protected and concealed it. It required a little time, in view of our unfamiliarity with the landmarks, to get a clear mental grip of the situation; but we soon saw that the Spaniards had disposed their force so as to cover the entrance to Cavite, the western flank of the fleet resting on Sanglei Point, and the eastern flank resting on the shoal water near the land on the other side of the bay, both flanks being apparently so close to shoal water as to prevent us from passing at either place and "doubling" on them. This disposition at once suggested that of the French fleet at the battle of the Nile, and Dewey's attack in column suggested Nelson's—a pleasant augury. And while the long reach of our guns and the extreme mobility of our ships, compared with the crude artillery and the sailing-ships of Nelson, made Nelson's tactics unnecessary, the result furnished another parallel; for the ardently attacking Anglo-Saxon overcame the passively resisting Latin, and received so small a degree of punishment that it was altogether out of proportion to the comparative strength of the two forces.

Soon we were all within effective range, with our port broadsides bearing, and the range gradually decreasing. The first shot was fired by the *Reina Christina*, and was answered by the *Olympia*. The distance was five thousand yards, and the time half-past five.

The decisive moment was approaching, and it was approaching in a very ticklish manner; for it must not be forgotten that the American fleet was in a harbor in which not a single officer had ever been before, and with which their acquaintance had been acquired wholly from charts. Now, navigating an unknown harbor by chart is ticklish work, even on a bright afternoon, when no one is firing heavy guns, and when there is no necessity for going near shoals. But how is it when the light is so poor that it is almost impossible to distinguish those landmarks on shore which one must distinguish in order to tell where he is? How is it when the ship whereon you are is firing heavy guns, that rattle your instruments and fill the air with smoke? How is it when it is absolutely essential to get as near to certain shoals as possible, in order to bring your guns close to the enemy? How is it when, in addition to all these things, shells weighing from one pound to one hundred pounds are singing in the air about you? Most of us can keep our heads fairly clear if we have a sheet of paper and a lead-pencil, and are

sitting safe in a quiet room. But how was it with Commodore Dewey and Lieutenant Calkins when they stood high up by the standard compass on the morning of the 1st of May? Calkins took compass bearings of certain landmarks on shore, and then his assistant drew lines on the chart, indicating these directions, from the spots representing those landmarks. The intersection of the lines showed the position of the ship; and from each successive position the commodore directed the further movements of the fleet. When one thinks of how much disaster might have followed a mistake of Calkins, or a mistaken order of the commodore relative to the course alone (and he had, at the same time, to give orders to the ships about many other matters), one can appreciate what the responsibilities of their positions were, and what was the necessity for coolness and clearness of head. It may be interpolated here that, in circumstances like this, the most valuable quality in officers or seamen is coolness, meaning not so much an external quietness of demeanor as the ability to use the brain effectively, and, allied to this, the faculty of keeping other men cool. In most navies the men can be depended on to fight bravely and long; but the ability to use the ships and guns in such a skilful way as to get the utmost out of them is a thing that can be acquired only by long and judicious training. This does not mean merely drill, though that does much; but it means, in addition, a self-training whereby, by force of will, a man can keep his brain clear and active. A valuable assistant to this is what Captain Mahan calls "preparedness of mind"—a phrase too good to need explanation.

The interchange of shots between the flagships seemed to let go from every gun the shell that was waiting in it, and the action became general at once. The *Petrel* immediately received her baptism of fire—in a way much more like an ordinary baptism than is usual; for a heavy shell struck and exploded in the water close to her bow, and threw on board an enormous mass of water, that drenched the writer in the foretop, and (which was very irritating) covered with salt water the stadiometer with which he was measuring the distance of the *Castilla*. Shot and shell after that fell all about us, striking the water ahead and astern and on each side, and singing in the air like big mosquitos, but never biting. Our shots, on the contrary, though many went over or fell short, seemed in the main to be well directed; and many a one could be seen, like a tiny dot

in the air, till it disappeared near some part of a Spanish ship, where a puff of black smoke immediately afterward testified that it had struck and exploded.

The American fleet steamed slowly down the line to the westward, until it had passed the Spanish fleet, then countermarched and passed it, going to the eastward, then countermarched to the westward, then to the eastward, and then to the westward, and then drew out of action at half-past seven, and went to breakfast; so it passed the Spaniards five times, three times going to the westward and twice to the eastward. The Spaniards remained virtually in the same place, the *Castilla* being, in fact, moored and immovable. During our first trip the Spanish ships fired with great rapidity; but their fire slackened gradually, yet perceptibly, after that, especially on board the *Castilla* and *Reina Christina*, the flagship, which, being the most "shining marks," received the greatest attention from our ships. The major part of the battle was simply an artillery duel between the opposing fleets, one moving and the other virtually stationary; for though certain Spanish ships started out several times, with the apparent intention of attacking our rear, they were quickly driven back by our guns. At the end of the last trip, the *Castilla's* guns were silenced, the *Reina Christina* was ablaze in two places, and the weak and irregular fire of the others betrayed the fact that their personnel and material had received such injuries that they were already *hors de combat*.

After breakfast, the fleet started in toward Cavite again, and soon reduced the shore batteries on Sanglei Point. The *Petrel* passed inside, directing most of her fire against the *Don Antonio de Ulloa*. Some of her shots, however, penetrated the naval and military arsenal near by, and its flag at once came down. This was at half-past twelve.

At the conclusion, it was found that no one in our fleet had been killed, and only eight men had been injured, and these but slightly; they were all on board the *Baltimore*, and were struck by splinters made by the same shell. Not a single ship had received any injury that reduced her efficiency in the slightest, with the exception of one gun in the *Baltimore*, struck by the same shell that caused the wounding of the men.

Such was the battle of Manila Bay, sketched briefly, and in outline only. Until this battle, the most complete naval victory in history was that gained by Nelson at the battle of the Nile, with which, as has been

said, it had many points in common. Much fuller details might be narrated, but they would be interesting only to the specialist in ordnance, gunnery, or naval construction, and would elucidate professional points only, and would not lighten, but might rather darken, our appreciation of the whole. Not only this, but errors might easily creep in; because it is only after evidence has been carefully sifted, and opposing statements reconciled, that an accurate account of the precise sequence of events of any battle can be given. Though this battle is fresh in the minds of those who participated in it, it is a fact that the greatest divergence exists as to the relative sequence of many incidents. This does not relate to the main facts as narrated above, but to others of less importance; and, for this reason, the writer has refrained from stating what were merely his own recollections, where they are unsupported by the recollections of other people. It is easy to understand why this difficulty should exist, of recollecting precisely the exact order in which many events succeeded one another; for one has simply to call to mind the conflicting testimony of honest witnesses before a criminal court concerning a very simple event under investigation, where, maybe, only a few persons were present, and the entire incident covered only a short period. But consider a naval battle lasting two hours, like this one. If a man had no other duty than to jot down mention of events, as they occurred; if he were able to do so stenographically; if he had no other interest in the matter, and if he did not allow his thoughts to wander from this one duty, possibly he might achieve a fair success. But if, on the other hand, he is himself an actor in the drama, his mental efforts will be otherwise directed, and he must rely on the kindness of his memory to tell him what it pleases afterward. It might be supposed that the importance of the events, and the mental stimulus thereby imparted, would make ineffaceable impressions on the brain; but the fact seems to be that, strong as each impression may be at the instant, the next impression is strong too, and tends to efface the first, especially since the mental effort is always toward what is to come next, what is to be the next move by either party, and how it will be met. Added to all these causes is another, and the principal one, which is that, as soon as the battle is over, one does not retire to rest and think about it, but rather to take measures to meet the new conditions that have arisen.

Fortunately, however, for this narrative, it is only matters that do not concern the main features which are in doubt; and one fact stands out with an unsurpassable clearness of outline, the fact that the disproportion of hits between the two fleets was far, far greater than the disproportion between their gunnery forces. That the American fleet was the stronger in battery power cannot be denied, and this is no reproach to us, but the reverse; for it shows that the Americans acted in accordance with the first principle of warfare, and "got the mostest men there the firstest." Having got them there, they proceeded to use them effectively. As to the result of their target practice, seven warped iron hulls, just showing above the tops of the blue waves of Manila Bay, abundantly testify to-day, and will continue to testify for many years to come.

Before estimating the degree of skill with which the guns were handled, the reader is respectfully invited to remember that they were not fired on shore, but at sea, and that there is about the same difference between shore gunnery and sea gunnery as there is between firing from a rest on the target range, and firing at a bird on the wing; and that shore gunnery may properly be termed a science, and sea gunnery an art. In shore gunnery the degree of precision attainable (and attained) is far beyond that which can be reached at sea, for the errors of firing are reduced to a degree that constitutes a triumph of science. None appreciate this more than our friends of the army, and they have developed the possibilities of the situation to the utmost. By means of the most scientific construction of guns and appurtenances, the most accurate proportioning of the powder ingredients, the most elaborate and ingenious mechanisms for handling guns and ammunition, and the use of position-finders, special telegraphs, and wind-gages; by the most minute corrections, taking into account the temperature, the barometric height, the variations of refraction, and the curvature of the earth, the battery of a sea-coast fort has been made to rival in the niceness and precision of its work the equatorial of an astronomical observatory, and has become a machine so perfect that the human element is almost eliminated. But what could Tom Bowling do with such things as these at sea? Look at him as he stands, lock-string in hand, behind his gun, his legs wide apart as he balances himself on the unsteady deck, his eyes fixed on the sights of his gun and on the enemy, whom he sees through the

narrow aperture of the gun-port. He knows that his gun is all right, and the powder and the shell and the fuse, and that, years ago, the necessary steps were taken which placed this terrible weapon in his hand to-day, so fashioned that if he fires it right the shot will hit the mark. But the rolling of the ship from side to side throws the line of his gun-sights high up against the sky, and then down into the sea; and, as no ship steers exactly straight, the line of sight moves irregularly to the right and left; so that his sights appear to be describing irregular curves, now against the background of the sky, and now against the background of the sea. An average roll may be said to be about seven degrees on each side, or fourteen degrees from one side to the other. The average time of making this roll is about seven seconds, making the time of rolling one degree about half a second. Suppose now that Tom Bowling is firing at an average ship, say twenty feet high, about twenty-five hundred yards away. If he fires at the middle of the target, as he should do, this gives him a margin on each side of ten feet, which subtends an angle at Tom Bowling's eye of about one twelfth of a degree; so that Bowling must appreciate the fact that his sights are "on," and do everything required to fire the gun in one twenty-fourth of a second, or else he will miss the target. Now, no man living can be depended on for such rapid thought and nerve-action, even under the best conditions of quiet and calmness; that is, he cannot be depended on to do it every time.

Much can be done by a good gun-captain, however, by watching for a smooth time, and firing a little before the sights bear. No one knows this better than Tom Bowling. So he braces his feet on the unsteady deck, every nerve stretched to its utmost tension. He sees that the gun is pointing a little to the right of the enemy's ship. "Left!" he orders; and the gun-trainers work their training-levers, or, if in a turret, start the turning-engine so as to turn the gun to the left. Meanwhile, as the line of sight gradually is approaching the target from the right, it is also rising and falling with the rolling of the ship. Tom Bowling sees that, the next time the sights rise to the level of the target, the trainers will have got the gun trained in the proper direction. He braces himself for a quick pull of his lock-string; and then a wave strikes the ship on the starboard bow, or the helm is shifted a little, and away goes the line of sight far off to the left, before the sights get up. "Right!" orders Bowling

instantly; and the gun-trainers work the gun back to the right quickly, but cautiously, for much depends upon them now. "Well!" "Right!" "Left!" etc., come the orders in quick succession, as Tom Bowling and his trainers work the gun. Suddenly the line of sight strikes the target; there is a gleam in Bowling's eye, a quick pull of his arm, a tremendous noise, a stifling cloud of smoke, and in comes the gun as if it were a projectile itself, and were going clear across the ship, and out at the other side; but it quickly, yet gently, slows, then stops, controlled perfectly by the hydraulic cylinder; and immediately it runs out again, and is ready to be loaded and fired once more.

In an instant the second captain has unlocked and thrown open the breech; quick hands wash off the powder residue from breech-block and bore, and then shove in the shell and powder. The second captain closes and locks the breech with a heavy clang, puts in a new primer, and reports the gun ready. "Left!" cries Tom Bowling; and the same succession of actions is reperformed.

If anybody could have gone from ship to ship of the United States fleet during the eventful hours between five and half-past seven on that beautiful Sunday morning, he would have seen about fifty Tom Bowlings, all doing the same things and in the same way. He would have seen fifty guns' crews all eagerly, yet coolly, working their guns, and he would have seen each division of guns, and each turret, under the charge of an officer responsible for it. He would have seen, also, that besides these guns and their crews there was another very important department, that of bringing the ammunition from its safe magazines, far below the waterline, and delivering each kind to its appropriate gun. He would have noticed, too, that, although the guns were the most prominent objects in the picture, many things were being done, and many people employed, and much apparatus was being used in order that the guns should work in the most effective way; and, if he were a thoughtful person, he might ask himself a number of interesting questions, and seek the answers in the scenes before him. The spectacle of the orderly decks, the ardent but controlled enthusiasm, the well-drilled crews working their guns, or providing ammunition, or caring for the wounded, or extinguishing a fire, might lead him to ask himself, "Is not this excellent shooting that I see merely one sign of a discipline and instruction and drill without

which it could not be?" And as he watched the guns skilfully handled by their crews and captains, there would be gradually borne in upon his mind an increasing appreciation of the long and patient drill and teaching necessary to bring their efficiency to its present point; for the skill of each division is an index of both the capacity of the men themselves, and the ability of their divisional officers. And when he had noted the uniformity of the drills throughout one ship, he would see that the efficiency of each division is an index not only of its own merits, but of the patience and firmness and intelligent effort of the executive officer, and, back of him, the captain. Continuing his inspecting tour from one American ship to the next, he would see the same spirit and the same quick and obedient intelligence; and he would then understand that the performance of each ship is an index not only of its own efficiency, but of the efficiency of the fleet as a whole—an evidence of the skill and faithfulness of its commander-in-chief, and, back of that, of the whole navy itself. For every man, and every gun's crew, and every division, and every ship, and every fleet, is simply part of one uniformly instructed, drilled, and disciplined force—the navy of the United States.

At the battle of Manila Bay our thoughtful person might have noted another thing: he might have noted that there was almost no time when a gun-captain was embarrassed in the firing of his gun by smoke, or by another ship being in the way, or by sudden and quick movements of the ship itself. He might ask himself if this happened by chance, or if it were due to thoughtfulness on the part of some one; and a little observation would show him that the ships were so lined up by the admiral's disposition that no ship ever got between any other and the enemy, and that their direction of movement and of speed were such that each ship kept moving out of the smoke of her guns, and yet moved so slowly, and with so few changes of direction, as to give the gun-captains the utmost opportunity. He might have noticed, also, that the captains of the ships, although the ships sometimes drew quite near one another, kept them at as uniform a speed and in as constant a direction as possible, instead of continually working the engines, and excitedly shifting the helm from port to starboard and from starboard to port. And, right here, he would have noticed another thing, and one that made the duty of the captains easier: that in no case was there any trouble with

the engines of any ship, or any delay in backing, going ahead, or stopping. He would rightly infer that this meant an excellent condition of the engines and an efficient condition of the engineer's force, who, far below the water-line, shut in their tight iron boxes, saw nothing of the battle, heard nothing but the booming of the guns, and felt nothing but the almost unendurable heat of their furnaces and boilers.

And our thoughtful person might look a little further back, as thoughtful persons are apt to do, and inquire if the success of our naval gunnery at Manila were due to other causes still; and at this point his eye might fall on Tom Bowling's gun, and it might occur to him that some thanks were due to the gun itself, which had been modestly doing its duty—killing people, and setting fire to ships a mile and a half away—whenever Tom Bowling pulled a string. How did that gun get there? Who made it? Why does it shoot so straight? Why does it not burst when it makes that awful noise? What makes it stop so prettily and gently when it recoils? Why does it go off when Tom Bowling pulls the string, and why does the projectile set fire to a ship when it strikes it? These reflections put our friend on a new line of ideas, and he perceives that right under his observation is a beautiful example of engineering work; of the application of science to practical affairs; of the union of tremendous power with exquisite precision of movement and control; and of enormous strength of structure with nicety of workmanship. He sees that the forces of our highest civilization have applied the resources of wealth to those of mathematics, physics, and engineering, and produced an engine devoted to the work of destruction alone.

Looking with careful eye at this new object of his admiration, he finds it to be a tube combining a maximum of strength, elasticity, and ductility with a minimum of weight; rifled along the inside of the barrel, and closed at the rear, or breech, by means of a "breech-block," so ingeniously contrived and accurately fitted that not an atom of the terrible powder-gas, which attains a pressure of thirty thousand pounds to the square inch, escapes past it, and yet which can be opened or closed by one man in an instant. Inquiry discloses to him the fact that this gun, and all the navy guns and their appurtenances, are designed by the Bureau of Ordnance and constructed at the Washington naval foundry, and that each of the numerous pieces of steel of which it

is constructed was subjected to rigid chemical and physical tests before it was accepted. His attention passes easily from the gun to the gun-carriage which supports it; and he finds there the same exact adaptation of means to ends as in the gun, so that it is a pleasure to examine the ingenious and yet strong and simple mechanism by which the carriage and its gun are moved so quickly to the right and left on the unsteady platform of the deck. But what especially fixes his attention is the means by which the recoil of the gun is gently but firmly checked, and he sees that it is merely a cylinder partly filled with liquid, and carrying in it a piston which is shoved along by the recoil of the gun against the resistance of the liquid. Then he examines the powder and the primer which ignites it, and finds each subject a specialty in itself, with its own literature and history. The projectile next claims his attention, and he finds it a perfectly designed and constructed device, each kind of projectile made from some certain class of steel, according to the special work intended for it; and he sees that most of them are closed at one end by a fuse.

This fuse leads him off to a new train of thought, and he recalls the thin black smoke which rose from the Spaniard's side when a Yankee shell struck it; and he can see in his mind's eye how the striking of the shell exploded the fuse, and how the fuse exploded the powder in the shell, tearing the shell into rough and jagged fragments, which were hurled in all directions, killing and wounding men; while the flame of the burning powder filled the air, and set fire to clothing and wood and human flesh. Of all the dangers in sea-fights, fire is the most dreadful. This was shown in 1896, at the battle of the Yalu, between the Japanese and Chinese, the first battle in which were employed the numerous quick-firing shell-guns of the present day.

But if the personnel and material of the Yankee fleet worked together with such perfection on the 1st of May, how was it with the Spanish fleet? One answer is perfectly plain, and that is that, granting the superiority of the Yankee fleet both in force and skill, even then the disproportion of hits could not have been so great, had the Spanish shooting been even fairly good. What was the matter? Was the trouble with the personnel, or the material, or both?

This question cannot be confidently answered yet, but a certain line of thought will perhaps lead us to a conclusion not far

astray. As to the material, we have not been able to gather any data on board the sunken Spanish ships, or at the arsenal, which would indicate that it was bad. In fact, the guns, and all the apparatus and instruments, seem to have been of excellent construction, and supplied by a liberal hand. It may be the powder was bad, but there is no evidence to prove it; and the immense stores of ammunition in the arsenal, the fine buildings in which it was kept, and the evident care that had been bestowed upon it, indicate the contrary probability; and so far from there being any evidence of lack of organization, of equipment, and of careful administration, the excellent and ample arrangements of the offices at the arsenal, the elaborate system of accounts disclosed, the number of offices, clerks, and officials indicated, incline one to the belief that there may have been too much care, rather than too little, and too much attention to detail. The quarters of the sailors and naval officers in the arsenal, and those of the soldiers and army officers at the fort adjoining, were generously furnished, and the same can be said of the equipments of the ships. No reason whatever can be found to suppose that the powder was bad, when all the other material seemed so good, and when, furthermore, much of the powder was in "fixed ammunition" put up by Hotchkiss in Paris. We are reduced, therefore, to the belief that the true cause of the bad shooting was the most obvious one—simple bad marksmanship. But, considering that there were about thirty-eight Spanish gun-captains, one may reasonably ask, Was there not even one of them who could shoot straight? There is no apparent reason why a Spaniard should not be able to shoot as well as anybody else. Is bad shooting an inherent trait in a Spaniard? If not, was the bad shooting due to a lack of discipline? There is no reason to believe it; and the usually accepted idea of the Spaniard would tend to make one suppose that there might have been too much discipline, rather than too little. Was it due to lack of intelligence on the part of the officers? The officers of both the Spanish army and navy represent the best of the blood of Spain, where the ordinary vocations of trade and, in a measure, the civilian professions are deemed beneath the patrician families; and the literature of both services bears convincing proof of the excellent instruction which their officers have received, and of their devotion to and interest in their service. Was it due to lack of cour-

age? The Spaniard is, and always has been, brave; and he was brave, very brave, in Manila, on the 1st of May. Was the bad shooting due to the constantly changing direction of the ships, necessitated by their manœuvres? Not at all; for the ships remained in column, and nearly motionless, for the greater part of the time.

But had there been enough drill of the men in the handling and firing of their guns under way, and under circumstances simulating battle? This question we are unable to answer definitely; but the impression which we receive from civilians, natives, and others does not lead us to believe that there was the same labor and time spent on practical gunnery drills at sea as in our service. But even assuming that this is true, the conditions of quietness under which they used their guns in the battle could not have been surpassed, except on land, so that the work of handling them was reduced to its simplest form, and even inadequate instruction and drill bestowed on men who afterward kept reasonably cool would, it would seem, have produced better shooting than we saw. What cause can we assign, then, except the excitement of the fight acting on men racially excitable, and not raised by previous drilling at sea to that degree of skill which is essential? To the ordinary causes for excitement were added the evident unpreparedness of the authorities, and their vacillating measures in preparing for the battle, and what could be more unnerving? All preparations had been made to meet us in Subig Bay, about fifty miles from Manila, and the change of base to Cavite was made only two days before the fight. The change was certainly a wise one, but sudden changes of plan do not inspire confidence. The final dispositions were perhaps as good as could have been made, for the forces of the fleet and the shore batteries supported each other, and both defended the arsenal. Had there been time, it might perhaps have been better to remove all the guns from the *Castilla*, and mount them on shore, where they would have been on a firmer platform, and where the guns and crews would have had better protection, and not have been menaced by the dangers of fire and drowning. But probably there was not time, and for the reason that active preparations had been begun too late. The Spaniards had no idea that Commodore Dewey would come so soon, and they were so sure that he would not dare to come in at night that some of their officers and men

were ashore, and did not get off to their ships until after the fight had begun.

That they were unprepared is also shown by the fact that we have been unable to get sufficient evidence that any submarine mines whatever were actually put in place. There is plenty of evidence at the arsenal that it was intended to put some in place, because a number of mine-cases are there, partly finished; but no sign is visible of such an essential as an electrical laboratory, where the necessary tests, splices, junctions, and fittings could have been made. Manila harbor was as devoid of torpedo defense as New York harbor; but it did not have close at hand the enormous resources of New York in the way of electric material and trained electricians, and it is much more difficult to defend with mines, by reason of the greater width of its entrances and the greater depth of water.

It seems probable, then, that the Spanish fleet was taken by surprise, and that the gun-captains fired their guns with too great a lack of coolness and care, though all fought with the courage of despair. Opposed to them was the American fleet, which gained an advantage over them many times greater than their superiority of force. To explain the reason of the utter disproportion between the forces of the fleets and the damage each inflicted, we find that the American fleet worked with these advantages: (1) The commodore took the Span-

iards by surprise. (2) He took the offensive instantly, and chose his own time and distance. (3) He so handled his fleet, and the captains so handled their ships, that the gun-captains were given the most perfect opportunity. (4) Officers and men were in excellent discipline. (5) The gun-captains fired straight. (6) Officers and men kept quiet and cool. (7) The guns' crews were well drilled, and carried out the orders of their captains quickly. (8) The guns, gun-carriages, projectiles, powder, fuses, and primers were admirable, and had been kept in good condition. (9) The ships were well constructed, and had been kept in good condition. (10) The engines were well constructed, and had been kept in good condition; and the engineer's force had been splendidly drilled. (11) There was a feeling of confidence in the mind of every man that the commodore would do the best thing at every juncture, and this feeling of confidence in the commodore was also reposed in the captains and officers, and reciprocally was felt by the commodore, captains, and officers toward the men. The effect of this buoyant and mutual trust cannot be overvalued; and when added to this was a calm "preparedness of mind," and a clear comprehension of the dangers of battle, coupled with "a heart for any fate," we can see why not one single man in all the fleet, at any stage of the fight, showed the smallest tendency to weaken or do anything unworthy.

A SONG.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

At thy voice my heart
Wakes as a bird
Wakes in the night,
With sudden rapture stirred.

At thy look my soul
Soars as a flame
Soars from the dark
Toward heaven, whence it came.

At thy love my life
Lifts from the clod
As a lily lifts
From its dark sleep toward God.

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL.

PHYSICIAN, SCIENTIST, AND AUTHOR.

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS.



OME men enter the kingdom of letters through their works, and some through their work. Some have no deeds but their books, and some books are but past deeds in a new dress. Before they write, these must learn life, and those write forthwith and at the threshold, by instinct, and not of experience. Where form rules, supreme utterance comes not at all, or it comes early, continuing late or ceasing soon. For such, as for young poets, form comes by a natural inspiration. Like young birds, they learn from elder singers a song for which their throats alone are fit. Where experience points the pen, and fruits in expression, form is mastered but slowly, and success comes late. These learn first the trade of life, and then the trade of letters. But since the Renaissance, and in the modern mill, few lives are long enough for more than one trade. The public has usually scant respect for the second crop from a tilled field. The long life breeds the longer challenge. Men are loath to confess excellence where they see variety—with reason: unless the first trade has had some field for training the second, at it men do but ill.

Those who seem to come late have, in truth, begun early, and, like Dryden, link diverse and opposing schools. When men come, in the safer perspective of time, to write of Dr. Weir Mitchell,—and it is as a man of letters that his various life will interest the future,—they will see in him a link between the school of the "Atlantic" and the school of THE CENTURY—between that clearly defined and organic group which centered in New England, in whose later years he appeared as somewhat of an alien, and that wider, less-defined gathering of romancers and verse-makers, not altogether confined to any one magazine, which for a quarter of a century has stood for new effort in a period of transition. It began earlier with the ebbing tide of the Rebellion. With the new outlook of the Spanish war, it is like to take new shape. Others in it wrote early for the "Atlantic," and late for THE CEN-

TURY, some with a more numerous, and several with a more considerable, literary product; but none so clearly reflects earlier standards as Dr. Mitchell in his short stories in the "Atlantic," and his first poems, and none, like him, has had the good fortune, part by accident and part by natural development, to emphasize the change of the last ten years, to share and to stimulate the thrill of romance and the throb of a new national pride the swelling tide of which swept "Hugh Wynne" to high success. For the novel, moment is no less important than matter. When "Hugh Wynne" appeared, the reading land was weary of doubt, depreciation, and the dull light of a day of realism.

To these earlier stories of the sixties, for which one must search, and which enjoy only a reflected value, Dr. Mitchell came as a physician of rising promise. The forty years since he was thus recognized, between twenty-five and thirty years of age, are evenly and aptly divided between a score in which he won eminence in his profession alone, and twenty more in which his progress in letters has seen a growth as steady as in his position in medicine. His father, Dr. John Kearsley Mitchell, was a physician before him, a professor in Jefferson Medical College, and, like his son, loved letters. There was in the family line that close association with a British stock—Dr. Mitchell's grandfather came to Virginia in 1786—which, the observant note, gives a somewhat more rugged physical basis, the chill and heat of our continental climate stimulating nerve rather than muscle. To every Philadelphian "John Kearsley" recalls the architect of Christ Church and the building of Independence Hall, a colonial line which became Dr. Mitchell's through the marriage of his grandfather, Dr. Alexander Mitchell. Rooted by this colonial ancestry in our American past, his descent from that early fruitful immigration drawn by the success of our own Revolution, and driven by the yeasting of Europe, brought Dr. Mitchell in closer and more intimate touch with the professional and personal life of England and Paris than were most Americans of the decade before the

Civil War, a period of detachment in our American life in which we were unconsciously gathering for the death-grapple near. Acquaintance abroad gave insight and a clearer knowledge of life at home, and with all this life the successful physician of Philadelphia is related. In Europe the physician has never quite overcome his origin, and while he has discarded the barber's pole and basin, the community remembers both. In our other American cities the doctor is professional, learned, lettered, and benignant, but not part of the material machine. In Philadelphia he is. From the beginning, he has led in her city life, served on councils, furnished a "signer," tided the city over yellow fever, figured on the boards of great corporations, enjoyed weight in all fields, and been heard on all issues. In not another American city would councils have responded with an appropriation of four hundred thousand dollars, as happened half a dozen years ago, when the College of Physicians sent to the mayor a delegation, headed by Dr. Mitchell, to point out an imminent sanitary need. This position in local affairs is matched by eminence in the national relations of the profession, and among those thus eminent Dr. Mitchell was early brought. He was twenty-three when he published his first medical paper, in 1852, succeeded since by over a hundred, with a score besides on subjects more scientific than medical. He was in an atmosphere of observation, experiment, and studious advance. His natural bent was toward the professor's life that his father led. A happy fate saved him for better things. The Civil War brought that flood of clinical material which was to recast the practice and restate the principles of American medicine. Cases recorded by the thousand in hospitals which numbered wounds, disease, and death by the ten thousand set in ordered discovery the action and reaction of injured nerves. The obscure relation which their strain and injury bore to vital processes grew clear. Modern medicine exults in analysis, and but too often has made disease plain without bringing health near. The synthetic habit has run through all of Dr. Mitchell's work, not less in letters than in medicine; and out of the long observation of many years there was slowly evolved that complex and balanced nursing of exhausted and deranged vital faculties, — their ebb manifest in nervous disorder, — which has come familiarly to be known as the "rest cure," and on which Dr. Mitchell's wider fame as healer rests.

VOL. LVII.—18-19.

Foreshadowed in "Wear and Tear" (1870), expounded in a medical paper (1875), and laid fully before the profession in "Fat and Blood" (1877), both books bring to medical exposition, literary gift. This larger work, translated into half the languages of Europe, was preceded and followed by a swarm of lesser papers. The largest and most consecutive group of these dealt with the venom of serpents, and recorded the observation of twenty years, culminating in two monographs. Bibliographies are easily prolonged in a day of facile publication. Dr. Mitchell's long list of over one hundred and thirty carries an extraordinary number which record a fresh discovery or observation, perpetually breaking ground in some new field, and as perpetually shedding light on some old problem. They are replete with that scientific sentry spirit which challenges every strange fact that crosses its beat. Their character has been recognized by election to the National Academy of Sciences, the most select and sifted body in our national life. Nor in medicine has any honor been lacking, local, national, or in the world-life of a great calling which knows international boundaries as little as science.

Past fifty, letters began. The signs of this desire in men of success, but not of expression, the reviewer knows only too well—dreary failures, all. Since 1880 there have come from Dr. Mitchell seven novels, two books of fairy stories and a volume of short stories, four poetic dramas, six slender volumes of verse, and essays, addresses, and brief articles ranging over all the fields of letters, and dealing with many phases of both medicine and science. It is idle to anticipate the verdict of the future in these things. Present criticism is always mere comparative guessing, as witness all the past. Clear it is that there is here an ability and skill which stamps everything with a certain original interest. Much challenges the highest place, or one just short of it. If "Hugh Wynne" stood alone, how high and unchallenged would the level be? But to the contemporary, for whom all literary experience echoes the risk of contemporary criticism, be it for praise or blame, the multifarious variety must attract—the range, the ease, and the industry, and, since living is itself an art not less than letters, the skilfully disposed life, divided through so many years in the busier months between arduous practice and a constant share in public, local, and professional affairs, and in months less busy given to letters, to the open fields, to the sal-

mon river, and to a wide social circle on both sides of the ocean.

The earlier temptation which comes to most who can express at all had been put aside, at the advice of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who divined, not genius, but aptitude, and urged on Dr. Mitchell the strictly professional path. Form was not dominant. Experience was needed. Twenty years later, the cup brimmed. Yet, not what a man knows, but what he can tell, decides his place in literature. If thought or experience could open that gate, the way would be broad, and many would walk in it. "Hephzibah Guinness" (1880), a volume of three short tales of older Philadelphia, was somewhat thin, and in outline, clear, lucid, laden—perhaps overladen—with atmosphere; but the figures were shadowy, and the movement was that of the frieze—processional. The physician, whose work in letters from Dante to Keats has lifted larger than that of either of his colleagues who settle the disputes or decide the faith of men, brings to it the keener knowledge which comes from the perpetual observation of men as bodies, and bodies as men. Illusions are few, and the more acrid certainties of life many; but there is also present the perception of the supremacy of high nature, courage, and self-sacrifice, of the proud restraint of men and the fond devotion of women. These grow clear to the physician. He, like the "Happy Warrior,"

Doomed to go in company with pain
And fear and bloodshed, miserable train!
In face of these, doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves,
Of their bad influence and their good receives;
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable, because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice.

To those who both know and love, not eulogy, but description. The hopeless books have not been written by doctors. "Tolerance," that singular physical virtue, so little understood by the layman, so much trusted by the wise physician, is the note of the physician's attitude in letters. Experience, perception, penetration, sympathy—these are present in his work, and with them knowledge of the ultimate physical phenomena which difference and decide character. "In War Time" (1882) and "Roland Blake" (1884) are born of days when the settled, moored, enwharfed life of Philadel-

phia felt the hot breath of war. The resisting strength of breeding and the weakness of selfishness bred by the hard struggle, on a level less protected by the influence of hereditary capacity to refuse the ignoble, is the crux of both books, as it is the knot to the loosening of which Dr. Mitchell, as novelist, steadily addresses himself. Happy these books are in their lesser characters, and happiest in such study from life as Octopia, the family vampire, who devours all that faithful love lays at her bedside. The faultless accuracy of the case-book is lighted by the inspiration which early made Apollo lord both of learning and of healing. Distinctly "Roland Blake" advances on "In War Time." In the latter sunlight is absent. Things are told, not seen. The rush and surge of the tide of life which launches a novel on the broad sea of romance is in both lacking. The books close; they do not end. "Far in the Forest" (1888), like "When all the Woods are Green" (1894), reflects the personal experience and observation of the cultivated man in the ruder life of the woods, direct, breezeful, and more skilfully told. In "Characteristics" (1892) the full experience of life first found its full instrument of expression. These running dialogues stand almost alone in English letters. Their technical difficulty is great. Arthur Helps is well-nigh the only other person who has coped with it as successfully, for in Landor one trumpet-note triumphant swells o'er all the rest. In "Characteristics" gnomic power is present, a capacity to see from within as men are lighted by the eery light of the swallowed lamp surgeons use, and a knowledge of the interacting relations of life as it is, the reality which comes, not from detail, but from ensemble, and, most precious of all, the sentence which leaves the reader thinking: "How wise I would be if I could think of *that* when I need it!"

Medium and the public were now mastered. Skill and attention were both won. This facility was transferred to a new field, instinct with romance, and all the strands of a life of multifarious activities were united in "Hugh Wynne." Life, skill, and the moment joined. The intimate knowledge of the nature of men and women; the personal acquaintance with the Revolution, local, traditional, by residence, by descent, by kin, and by marriage; the sense of the American ideal of gentlehood, loftier and more uncompromising than the European, and breathing a freer air, higher and more secure; the serene confidence in the national movement, based

on even-footed acquaintance with the Old World and the New; the constancy of character and principle—these all met and mingled in this romance, just as the nation itself had unawares reached a new resolve to take its place on the world's stage and play its fit part in the responsibilities, the rewards, and the sacrifice of empire. The swift acceptance of this romance, written at sixty-eight by a man whose first novel was published at fifty-two, must, to the critic familiar with literary history, raise doubt as to its future, though late novels last, as witness Richardson and Defoe; but it is at least matter of historical record that no like work in our letters has had such swift reward, or better met the national moment.

The just taste, historical imagination, and high aim apparent in this work run level in the verse published by Dr. Mitchell since "The Hill of Stones" appeared, in 1882. Of the portfolioful submitted to Holmes, only "Herndon" now appeared. By slow degrees the inexorable needs of form were being mastered, and as in prose, so in verse, final achievement has come only after the long toil for form of a lifetime. In verse, form is all. Every sensitive man or woman thinks poetry. The raw material of verse is as widely spread as the billions of tons of gold diffused in sea-water or glacial clays, and returns as little to the critical assayer. In the earlier poem, taste, imitative capacity, the restraints and reserves of literary breeding, an acquaintance with all the rules of the poetic game, were clear. But the work grew under sedulous application. The dramatic quality first appeared. When Mr. Wilson Barrett presented "The Masque," there was probably no person present familiar with the lines who was not amazed at their stage force and value, so little can the critical reader grasp the dramatic weight and worth of a strong acting play-poem. Two dramas in verse, "Francis Drake" (1893) and "Philip Vernon" (1895), cast in the Elizabethan period, display like dramatic capacity. It is pleasant to know that Dr. Mitchell's readings of "Francis Drake"—singularly effective these readings were, though setting at naught many sound principles of the art—paid for the purchase and preservation of the site of Raleigh's early colony, relieved by Drake, "Fort Raleigh" on Roanoke Island. But dramatic power has no necessary relation to literary quality. Some of the strongest plays are not literature, and some dramas, while literature of a high order, are worthless as plays. The "Vernon," like

"The Cup of Youth" (1889), laid in Florence, 1632, are dramas of character rather than of plot, owe more to situation than to action, reflect rather than give the atmosphere of the period, and attract by phrases that challenge thought and lines that stir the imagination, while the verse never sinks below a certain level, and often rises to a high one. In poems of dramatic narration, like "François Villon" (1890), a field Dr. Mitchell has made his own, and in some of the forms of which he is almost alone, there is a like union of the same qualities which attract, enliven, stimulate, and inspire. If they do not convince and command as does the final and supreme utterance of poetry, it is well to remember that this is true of only the very fewest—so few that a narrow shelf will hold them all, from the very beginning of time. A stretch of centuries has often known not one. Adopt a different standard, and more fair, by which the verse of a literature, a nation, or a generation is daily measured, and it is at once apparent that in the single volume of "Collected Poems" (1896) there is much that the anthologies, as they take their pick of the best of verse, will not forget, and which the recitation will long remember. Humor, knowledge of the sadness of things, the stir of adventure, passion, tenderness, and devotion to lofty thought, are all present in these pages, framed in ennobling verse. The future literary historian will rank the general body level with the higher achievement of American verse, 1885-98, when most were written; and in certain genre of dramatic narration, "Dominique de Gourgues" and "The Huguenot" have no equal, and there is here and there the flash of power. In philosophic poetry the final and satisfying achievement is in "The Magnolia." Much philosophic poetry goes before in these pages, but it is true of all such attempts, by whomsoever written, that until such poetry is linked to nature's ordered march it moves little. Poetry is concrete. Mere philosophic thought as such has no place in it, is but a misuse of verse. Dower it, as in "The Magnolia," with some pulse of visible being, and poetry quickens and is alive.

Those most acquainted with the entire range of English poetry, before and after its division into Anglican and American verse, are best aware how little of the latter is in the foremost rank of both; but here at least is a poem which holds even place with the few best of either land.

Physician, novelist, poet, man of letters

and of affairs, discoverer in science and in medicine, familiar through a long life with the best, and giving of the best, sharing our heroic period in his early manhood, and aiding in later years to inspire and awaken a new national ideal, it is not the fond fancy

of a friend—and as a friend, but, I trust, an honest friend, I write—which sees that few figures in later American letters will be more closely followed when men come to sum their growth and change at the close of the century.

LOWELL'S IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN.

FROM HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.

WITH A PREFATORY NOTE ON SPANISH POLITICS BY THE HON. A. A. ADEE.



PHILOSOPHER, and in particular a genial one, shrewd to observe, and yet indulgent to, the foibles of his fellows, whom he surveys in the light of an amused and charitable introspection of his own nature, is apt to make a good diplomatist. Of this type was Franklin, the precursor of a distinguished line of American representatives at foreign courts taken from the walks of letter-craft. High in the ranks of these stood Lowell.

When, therefore, the relations of our country to Spain had reached a stage of comparative repose; when, after long turmoil and change, regular in its very inconsistency, the Celtiberian nation had wiped out old scores at home, pacified its unruly province beyond the sea, and addressed itself to the cultivation of civil well-being and progress, it was entirely fitting that our government should turn from the employment of soldier-diplomatists like Sickles, and wily masters of profoundest jurisprudence like Cushing, as its envoys, and revert to the policy which, in 1842, on the eve of the girl-queen Isabel's assumption of the reins of government in her own thirteen-year-old right, had prompted the selection of Washington Irving as minister to the court of San Fernando.

Sickles and Cushing had borne the heat and burden of the long diplomatic campaign that opened with the Cuban revolution of 1868 and closed with the establishment of the judicial rights of our citizens in Spain and its insular possessions by the signature of the Cushing-Calderon protocol in January, 1877. During most of these nine years the political aspect of Spain had been kaleidoscopic. From the downfall and flight of Isabel II, September 30, 1868, to the

restoration of the Bourbon dynasty in the person of her son, Alfonso XII, the land had seen its governments come and depart like shadows, its fields harried by the wars of the Carlists and the communists, and the ever-faithful island of Cuba wasted by the ten years' rebellion of Yara. To the provisional triumvirate of Prim, Serrano, and Topete, which took hold of power on Isabel's dethronement, succeeded the regency of Serrano, under which a new monarchical constitution was framed, and the unlucky search for an exotic king begun. The candidacy of Hohenzollern having served for naught save to set France and Germany at war, more expedient counsels prevailed in the election and enthronement of Amadeo of Savoy at the beginning of 1870. Despite his sturdy devotion to the tenets of constitutional rule and his undying honesty of purpose in all that becomes the man of honor and the stainless monarch, the Italian prince's alien-ship was a fatal bar to his conquest of the love of an intensely national race, so that at the last, disheartened by the hopelessness of the task, and confronted by the need of an arbitrary dissolution of a hostile parliament and a resort to the traditional electoral methods of Castile to prop up a tottering power by the facile return of a subservient Cortes, Amadeo abdicated on February 11, 1873. The Senate and Chamber of Deputies, by an act of sheer usurpation, dissolved their separate constitutional existence, and declared themselves as forming in common union a constituent assembly to frame a government as the self-appointed delegates of the people. The short-lived republic was the outcome. Its first president, that grandly incorruptible statesman Estanislao Figueras, was succeeded in mid-June by Francisco Pi y Margall, a man of dreamy theories and amiable

lack of grip; on July 18 by Nicolas Salmeron, the most practical of the fleeting line; and on September 7 by Emilio Castelar, the orator, whose rule was troublous enough. To the remittent agony of the Carlist rebellion, which rose anew to confront the young republic, had been added the cantonal risings of July, when the southern and eastern provinces and even isolated towns proclaimed independent statehood and clamored for a federation. To oppose this movement, due as much to Castelar's former teachings as to any other motive, it became necessary to revive the eras of militarism, from which Spain had already too long suffered. On September 21, the Assembly suspended its sittings until January, conferring the supreme dictatorship, during the interval, upon Castelar's council of ministers. On January 2 Castelar resigned his office to the reassembled Cortés and invited a vote of confidence, which was overwhelmingly rejected. The next night, January 3, 1874, while the Assembly was deliberating the choice of still another president, the republic fell by the *coup d'état* of General Pavia, who set up the presidency-dictatorship of Serrano in its stead. A year later, the shards and scraps of the political kaleidoscope took a fresh arrangement through the rude jolt given by Marshal Martinez de Campos, who, on December 29, 1874, set up the Bourbon standard at Sagunto, and, backed by the whole army, placed Alfonso XII on the throne, with Cánovas del Castillo as regent until his Majesty should return from his school-days' exile.

Throughout all these changes the people of Spain seem to have been the first to acquiesce, as they were the last to be consulted by the metropolitan makers of regents, presidents, and kings. Like their Gallic neighbors, anything was welcome to the masses that might not bode increased strife and taxation, and each successive administration took office with the reassuring promise of reform and stability. Hence, as Mr. Cushing wrote of the accession of Alfonso, "it did not appear at all extraordinary to the Spaniards, on waking up, to find that the republic had vanished and the monarchy returned with the dramatic celerity of a change of scenery at the opera. . . . The people are beginning to conceive that *revolutionism*, as a principle or theory of government, is the climax of nonsense and absurdity, seeing that it is to convert the desperate remedy for a mortal disease into the daily food of its life, and thus, under pretense of

curing the occasional ills of the body politic, to condemn it to inevitable death and dissolution. In a word, weary of empiricism, demagoguery, and anarchy, Spain seeks refuge once more in the hoped-for repose of its traditional institutions of religion and hereditary monarchy."¹

In a little more than six years Spain had endured as many changes in the form of government, having tried the provisional committee, the regency, the elective monarchy, the republic, the dictatorship, and the restored hereditary monarchy. During the ten and a half months of the republic, five presidents had been installed, not to mention the sixteen hours' phantom, Pedregal, whose insignificance set Madrid agape, and who retired before the street clamor "*¿Quiénes Pedregal?*" without even forming a cabinet. Carlism and cantonalism had wasted the land and burdened its people with dread and debt. The Cuban war still dragged on, in spite of endless sacrifice of life and treasure and the concession of emancipation and political reforms. As worse could hardly be expected to come, the revived monarchy under a native sovereign might at least be a presage of better things, such as a union of the contending internal factions of the realm, and an era of tranquillity and dedication to normal pursuits. The hope proved not wholly in vain. The next few years saw the country in peace at home, while across the seas the fires of insurrection in Cuba were visibly waning before the peculiarly persuasive treatment of Martinez de Campos, who finally, in 1877, brought about the truce of Zanjón.

It was under these favorable conditions that Mr. Lowell went to Spain, in August, 1877, there to remain until his transfer to the London mission in January, 1880. No grave international responsibility confronted him. The only cloud on the good relations of the United States and Spain, the *Virginius* quarrel, had been dispelled through the settlement effected by his predecessor. In the Spanish eye he came, not to continue the disputatious and aggressive diplomacy of Sickles and Cushing, but to revive the amiable traditions of Washington Irving's day. With the natural confusion of surnames on the paternal and maternal side, which in Castilian usage are combined in one double appellation, the leading government organ welcomed "the poet Russell, equally with the diplomatist Lowell." He was even familiarly greeted by some as "José Bighlow," with the

¹ Mr. Cushing to Mr. Fish, January 5, 1875.

hopeful anticipation that a fresh volume of dialectic verse might result from his Spanish experiences; while others, more lately informed, trusted that he would, from his window, survey with kindly philosophic gaze the more lovable and human side of the Spanish character. I think he himself planned to leave some enduring record of his sojourn. His maturer mind did not gratefully accept the measure of intellectual power which a reversion to the aphoristic critical standard of John P. Robinson would have imposed. Possessing a singularly well-grounded acquaintance with the Castilian tongue and literature, he looked wistfully forward to revisiting the Spain of his youth, the land where the traditions of Fernando and Isabel still lingered, to associating in the flesh with modern Santa Teresas, Luis de Leons, Calderons, and Quevedos on a footing of old acquaintanceship, and to collecting the matter for some great literary work. The Spain of to-day, unstable, frivolous, and wholly reminiscent, without the will or the physical power to revert to dimly remembered heights of greatness, was to be to him a sore disillusionment.

His reception was as congenial to his simple nature as it was flattering to his vanity as a writer. His induction to court life was not among the stately surroundings of the Palacio Real, but at the summer seat of San Ildefonso, the famed Granja. The monarch he met was a laughing boy, full of easy-going camaraderie, happy in the double flush of royal honors and of love's young witchery. His first court meal was an unconventional family dinner where the prattle of Alfonso and his cousin Mercedes overbore mere statecraft and political science. His first intimate associate was Manuel Silvela, the minister for foreign affairs, an accomplished man of letters, more prone to discuss a play of Lope's than a commercial treaty, through whom he gained instant entrance into the charmed circle of the literati, and set up his court among them as an acknowledged leader. The friendship of Lowell for Silvela lasted throughout his mission. He was fortunate, too, in winning the close friendship of that far-sighted statesman, Cánovas, not only by far the ablest of Spain's nineteenth century leaders, but one of the foremost leaders of Europe, of whose political "omnipotence" he quaintly writes.

No great historical event marked the career of Spain during Lowell's stay. He witnessed, on January 23, 1878, the love-match of the boy-king with his girl-cousin

Mercedes, a natural sequel to the love-making of the Granja family dinner of the preceding August. Five months later he, a sincere mourner among mourners, attended the funeral pageant of the young queen, who in her brief but sunny throne life had by her sweetness and tact overcome the resentful distrust with which the people at first received the daughter of the disliked Montpensier, and won the love of a generous nation.¹ On November 29, 1879, he saw the union of Alfonso with that true-hearted and devoted wife and mother, the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria, who, later, in 1886, after the young king's death, was to ascend the throne as dowager queen regent during the minority of the posthumous heir, Alfonso XIII, the present King of Spain. Betweenwhiles Lowell joined in the ceremonial congratulations to his Majesty upon his unharmed escape from the bullets of the anarchists Moncasi and Otero. He duly advised the Department of State of all these happenings, investing each with the charm of his exquisite style. At times, lacking weightier matters of discourse, he did not disdain to rehearse gravely some passing tattle or whispered scandal of the court, or to relate some humorous incident, better fitted for the editorial fourth column of a metropolitan daily than for the shelves of a staid foreign office. His habit of making his departmental reports delightful reading is seen in the despatches here for the first time printed. Even the repulsive dryness of a negotiation for commercial reciprocity did not daunt him; he found in the Spanish presentation of the case the text for a homily on Castilian sensitiveness. All this shows how great a loser the world has been by Lowell's failure to make an ever-living book about Spain. Like many men to whom composition is a pastime and a delight, the Hamlet-like habit of putting off sober tasks to a more convenient season was uppermost, and in his half-indolent, half-satiated enjoyment of what each day brought to him, he unconsciously adopted as his motto the Spanish saw he often quoted, *Mañana es otro día* ("There is another day to-morrow"). His private letters to his intimates, some phrased in choice Castilian, had in them the meat and marrow of a dozen books.

Lowell wrote little of the domestic politics of Spain, perhaps appreciating the difficulty

¹ For an account of the attractive personality of young Mercedes, see the reminiscences by Henrietta C. Dana entitled "A Queen at School," in this Magazine for April, 1878.—EDITH.

of making clear to an alien mind that which is and ever must be incomprehensible to the Castilians themselves, and none the less so to the alien observer. He hints as much in the exordium of the long despatch which follows. Necessarily lacking the knowledge of the true springs of national impulse deep down in the heart of the masses, he dealt with the surface indications, and analyzed the character and motives of the men on top, whose peculiarities most caught his attention. He gave away no state secrets, for he had none to give. His kindly nature forbade any wounding comment or trenchant imputations,—for which unhappily there is as much room in Spain as in any other land whose latter-day history is made up of political drifts and eddies,—but with epigrammatic facility he has hit off personal traits and suggested personal motives, always speaking *ex cathedra* with the same lofty impartiality as though dissecting the by-gone rivalries and intrigues of Athens or Rome. One can hardly fail to see that criticism like this is of all time; that the puppets and the scene may change, while the action goes on; that, after all, the story and the moral are merely those of the world-old struggle between the ins and the outs; and that the winning by partizans of their master's good grace is, to quote Lowell's words, but the indifferent shifting of a cloud of gnats "from the head of one passer-by to that of another." Analysis like this throws no light on the great problems of racial destiny. It cannot compute the cyclic movements of peoples. But it is charming reading all the same, as much so as a study from the essayist's window at Cambridge.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. LOWELL'S OFFICIAL LETTERS.

MADRID, 26 August, 1878.

I HAVE always been chary of despatches concerning the domestic politics of Spain, because my experience has taught me that political prophets who make even an occasional hit, and that in their own country, where they are presumed to know the character of the people and the motives likely to influence them, are as rare as great discoverers in science. Such a conjunction of habitual observation with the faculty of instantaneous logic that suddenly precipitates the long accumulations of experience, whose angles may be measured and their classification settled, can hardly be expected of an observer in a foreign country. Its his-

tory is no longer an altogether safe guide, for, with the modern facility of intercommunication, influences from without continue to grow more and more directly operative; and yet wherever, as in Spain, the people is almost wholly dumb, there is no means of judging how great the infiltration of new ideas may have been. Where there is no well-defined national consciousness with recognized organs of expression, there can be no public opinion, and therefore no way of divining what its attitude is likely to be under any given circumstances.

Spaniards especially have been so habituated to sudden changes and to revolutions that began in a corner that they are apt to reckon confidently on the probability of one. In what I shall say I shall not repeat what Spaniards have said to me, but shall give my own conclusions from a study of the press, and from what I have been able to gather from the impressions of intelligent foreigners who have been traveling in Spain, with favorable opportunities of learning what the state of feeling really is, at least in the large cities.

There are many parties, with more or less distinctly outlined principles or opinions; but the will, the ideas, the aspirations, I might almost say the very life, of all these is, I think, more completely in Spain than in most other countries, personified in certain leaders with whom selfish ambitions are apt, sooner or later, to take the place of principle, and whose partizans unconsciously substitute them for the interests of the country. It is almost always the probable action or inaction of certain leaders that the newspapers discuss, though there is no lack of ability for the treatment of more comprehensive questions. The concentration of all national life in the capital tends to intensify the personal rivalries, jealousies, and animosities of these leaders by the immediate contact of competitors, and by the sight of men in power who perhaps started from a lower level than themselves. If we add to this an unmistakable tinge of Orientalism, and a very large infusion in the upper and middle classes of the most intense, restless, aspiring, and unscrupulous blood of all, the Jewish, perhaps we should rather wonder at the moderation than the passion of Spanish politics. It should be remembered also that the Spanish people (the elections being a sham) have no regulated and constitutional method of expressing their will, and that repression has its natural result of intensifying the desires it thwarts, and not only of justifying the

means by the end, but of gradually substituting the one for the other.

The *empleomania*, which is the dry-rot of Spain, as it threatens to become of the United States, supplies every leader with a momentarily devoted band of adherents, ready to transfer themselves at any moment to a more promising chief, as a cloud of gnats shifts indifferently from the head of one passer-by to that of another. There are always at least three pretenders to the seat of power—the ousted line of the royal family, the Conservatives, and the radical Republicans. Don Carlos is for the present out of the question, because he is out of funds, and the Republicans have no ostensible strength in the *Córtes*, so that the former cannot brew a civil war, nor the latter aspire to defeat, and so to change, the ministry by those parliamentary methods which are assumed to be in practice, and all the motions of which are performed with the gravity of Roman augurs. The parties which make any show in the *Córtes* are the *Moderados* (Tories), *Moderados-Históricos* (High Tories and Ultramontanes), and the *Constitucionalistas*, who demand the adoption of the more liberal constitution of 1869. These are all royalists of different shades, or profess to be so, though the last-named have decided republican leanings, and could easily reconcile themselves with a republic which should put them in power.

The government of Señor Cánovas, of course, permits and even favors the election as deputies of a few opponents who are harmless, like Señor Castelar; but real opposition in the *Córtes* there is none. By real opposition I mean one based on principle and with any chance of carrying through a single measure of its own, or defeating one of the government. This seems to be one of the chief dangers of Señor Cánovas's position, and that in two ways: first, by begetting that blind trust in absolute power which in the possessor of it insensibly substitutes will for reason; and, second, because legitimate discontent that is not supplied with safe vents will be sure to make or seek dangerous outlets.

The fact that all parties of the nominal opposition are announcing their intention, with more or less emphasis, to practise what is decorously called "a policy of abstention" at the approaching elections, shows that for the moment, at least, the actual government has the game in its own hands. The question for a looker-on is merely whether the wisest advantage is taken of the powerful hand.

So far as I can judge with my present means, Señor Cánovas del Castillo seems to me at present not only the ablest politician in Spain, but in many important respects capable also of being her most far-seeing statesman. He has the great advantage (especially rare here) of being familiar with history and with the great principles which underlie it. He is by far the strongest parliamentary debater in the *Córtes*, the only one who goes straight to the question and never wanders from it. Señor Castelar is no doubt more eloquent; but his speeches always, in my judgment, obscure his subject with a rainbow-tinted mist, through which the most familiar objects look strangely unreal. His principles of action (I might almost call them principles of diction) have always, like the goddess of Homer, a convenient cloud into which they withdraw at need from mortal apprehension. But if the use of speech be to move men rather than to persuade them, he is, I am ready to believe, the greatest of contemporary orators, and comparable with the greatest of any period, especially with Lamartine in 1848. He says many sensible, many wise things, but they seem with him rather acquired than intuitive.

The weak point, then, in Señor Cánovas's position is his omnipotence, for this, without omniscience to steady it, is almost sure to become headstrong and contemptuous of conciliation. He has, and justly, a very high conception of his own ability, and of his services to the country; but I think I have seen symptoms of the degeneration of this sense of his own value into a belief that he is indispensable. This is sometimes the most fatal dementia of those whom *Deus vult perdere*.

I am speaking of a country, it should be remembered, which has adopted constitutional forms, but has never acquired the habitude of constitutional procedure when shorter methods seem for the moment more effective or convenient. The policy of Señor Cánovas is, on the whole (under the convenient euphemism of liberal-conservative), a reactionary one, and seems in danger of becoming more so. This may be the result of a real conviction in his own mind resulting from the errors and excesses of the short-lived republic; or he may be acting on the belief that such a conviction is strong enough and general enough in the public mind to form the secure basis of a policy; or it may have had its origin in a miscalculation of the strength of the reactionary movement in

France. In either case it is mistaking the eddy for the current. Either of these may be supposed to be the motive of Señor Cánovas, the politician. But I think that we may both charitably and probably assume a different one for Señor Cánovas, the statesman. I will suppose that here reasons thus: "The great need of the country is repose and a stable administration. These are the preliminary conditions of reform, a reform of which I see the need and wish the success as much as any man. The problem, therefore, is to establish a government liberal enough in form to keep the Republicans from rising, and repressive enough in fact to keep the Tories from plotting."

The objection to a policy which for the moment may neutralize both parties, but satisfies neither, is that, in military phrase, the administration which pursues it is in the air. It has no solid base and no reserves of strength. During his three years of power Señor Cánovas has failed to form a party. He has been governing by a league of incongruous fractions which consented to unite upon him as the readiest temporary expedient, and will drop away from him the moment the leaders think they see a chance of realizing their own special political opinions, or of getting into power without him. His cabinet is incongruous (as a cabinet of compromise cannot fail to be), and therefore weak, while all its mistakes are sure to be laid at the door of its chief.

The dynasty, I hear from all quarters, and not from Spaniards alone, does not strike root. Discontent, mainly due to economic derangements, resulting sometimes from general causes, sometimes also, it is true, from unwise, unequal, or too often corrupt administration, is universal. Taxation is so excessive that in many provinces hundreds (the newspapers say thousands) of farms are abandoned to the tax-gatherer. The Biscayan provinces are full of resentment at the abolition of their ancient privileges, and against Señor Cánovas as the author of it. I need not say that in Spain, more than anywhere else, discontent is likely to take a political turn, which means, for the most part, a violent one. When the feeling is general, even though without definite object, it begets pronunciamientos by offering them the chances of success. Though, as I have said, the instincts (or perhaps I should say the habits) of absolutism are still predominant, yet the last forty years have made a great change in the Spanish people. The middle classes have become intelligent, rich,

and conscious of their value and of the power which results from it. They would be content, or, at any rate, quiet, under a constitutional monarchy, where the elections, the press, education, and religious belief were free; but they are republicans in theory and in their habits of life.

In considering the chances of a change of ministries, another element is to be taken into consideration, and that is the personal preferences of the king. Señor Cánovas has been governing, it is true, by what seem to be parliamentary methods, and has the support of an apparent parliamentary majority. But the whole arrangement is artificial, and the majority represents no definite opinions either in the *Córtes* or the country, unless we understand by a definite opinion the determination to have no opinions at all. The supporters of Señor Cánovas look on him as a plank in shipwreck to which they are content to cling for the present, but every one of them with the hope or intention of making a bridge of it, one of these days. Intrigues are going on continually, and as the king, of course, has the right of dismissing and summoning ministers, these intrigues, as always hitherto in Spain, center around the palace. It is true that theoretically the calling of new counselors should follow a parliamentary defeat of the old; but as the majority in the *Córtes* is purely factitious, it can never play the part of a reality, and accordingly it is very natural for one who is *out* and wishes to be *in* to argue, and not very hard to persuade himself, that the *sic volo, sic jubeo*, of the king is at least as good as that of Señor Cánovas.

The king is intelligent and well-meaning, but can hardly be expected at his age to take a very comprehensive view of politics. Ministerial writers are fond of pointing to the advantage he has had in an education of exile. But such an education has also its very great disadvantages. While it may enable him to know more of the world (though this is doubtful in the case of a prince), it has prevented his becoming acquainted with his own country. It has put him under personal obligations (such as no ruler should permit) to those who were faithful to him in evil days. It may have habituated him to intrigue, with all its dangerous and debasing consequences. His country may have come to seem a stake to be played for, rather than the noblest and most exacting of responsibilities.

The newspapers have been discussing nearly all summer the possibilities and probabilities of a change, and what is called the

solucion Posada Herrera; that is, the formation of a new cabinet, with that gentleman as its head, has been constantly cropping out, and in various quarters. I confess that I attached no great importance to it until the "*Epoca*," a conservative paper hitherto Cánovist through thick and thin, took it up a few days ago, and published in the form of a correspondent's letter the report of a conversation with Señor Posada Herrera, in which, while expressing the greatest deference for Señor Cánovas del Castillo, he pointed out what he thought his mistakes of policy; thereby, of course, sketching by implication the course which a cabinet of his own selection would be likely to pursue. It is now whispered that the whole affair is an intrigue of the Duke of Sexto, governor of Don Alfonso when a boy, and now his *mayordomo mayor*, an office which brings him into continual and intimate contact with the king. . . .

A far more important piece of news just beginning to be whispered, and to which I give more credit, is the reported going over of General Serrano (the Duke of La Torre) to the Republicans, under some arrangement with Sagasta, leader of the Constitutionalists. Serrano is said to retain his influence and popularity with the army; he has been regent; is a man who reminds one of Marshal MacMahon, but with more good sense and more sympathy with modern ideas. Meanwhile, as some confirmation of the Serrano-Sagasta rumor, Señor Castelar, who had given rise to very fierce newspaper polemics in the democratic press by a privately circulated letter of which I have a copy, is inculcating reconciliation and union through his special organ, "*El-Globo*."

Señor Cánovas is fertile in resources, and it remains to be seen what his course will be, and how much strength the *status quo* still has in the country through the fear of possible disorder. My own conclusion is that, sooner or later (perhaps sooner rather than later), the final solution will be a conservative republic like that of France. Should the experiment there go on prosperously a few years longer, should the French Senate become sincerely republican at the coming elections, the effect here could not fail to be very great, perhaps decisive. In one respect the Spanish people are better prepared for a republic than might at first sight be supposed. I mean that republican habits in their intercourse with each other are and have long been universal. Every Spaniard is a caballero, and every Spaniard can rise from the ranks to position and power. This also

is in part, perhaps, an inheritance from the Mohammedan occupation of Spain. *Del rey ninguno abajo* is an ancient Spanish proverb implying the equality of all below the king. Manners, as in France, are democratic, and the ancient nobility here as a class are even more shadowy than the dwellers in the Faubourg St.-Germain.

In attacking Señor Cánovas, the opposition papers dwell upon the censorship of the press, upon the reestablishment of monarchism under other names, and upon the onerous restrictions under which the free expression of thought is impossible. The ministerial organs reply to the first charge that more journals were undergoing suspension at one time during the Liberal administration of Señor Sagasta than now; and this is true. The fact is that no party, and no party leader, in Spain is capable of being penetrated with the truth—perhaps the greatest discovery of modern times—that freedom is good, above all, because it is safe. Señor Cánovas is doing only what any other Spaniard would do in his place; that is, endeavoring to suppress opinions which he believes to be mischievous. But of the impolitic extreme to which the principle is carried under his administration, though, I suspect, without his previous consent, the following fact may serve as an example:

Señor Manuel Merelo, professor in the Instituto del Cardenal Cisneros, published, in 1869, a compendium of Spanish history for the use of schools. In speaking of the revolution of 1868, he wrote: "It is said that the light conduct [*las liviandades*] of Queen Isabel II was one of the causes of this catastrophe." After an interval of nine years he has been expelled from his chair, and his book suppressed.

If any change should take place, which I confess I do not expect, but which in a country of personal government and pronunciamientos is possible to-morrow, I think the new administration will find that, with the best intentions in the world, a country which has been misgoverned for three centuries is not to be reformed in a day. At the same time I believe Spain to be making rapid advances toward the conviction that a reform is imperative and can only be accomplished by the good will and, above all, the good sense of the entire nation. There are strong prejudices and rooted traditions to be overcome, but with time and patience I believe that Spain will accomplish the establishment of free institutions under whatever form of government.

20 October, 1877.

IN one of my late despatches (No. 10) I mentioned my belief that Spain was disposed to make a weapon of her commercial system. Whatever be the deliberate views of the government, it is quite certain, I think, from the tone of the press, that public opinion urges strongly in that direction. If Spain were richer and more powerful,—if she were as rich and powerful as, with her resources, she ought to be,—perhaps this would not be so, or at least not to the same degree; but, as it is, the national pride is sensitive in proportion to the country's decline in prosperity at home and consideration abroad, and pardonably enough seeks in the application of differential duties that which is denied in more noisy if less important fields.

If the armies and navies of Spain no longer weigh as once in the political scales of Europe, her custom-houses at least may continue to inspire the foreigner with a wholesome respect, and her scale of duties may still put her on a level with her most powerful rivals in diplomacy and war.

I am not condemning this as a weakness; for all national criticism in bulk is misleading and foolish, and I look upon the belief of Spaniards that Spain ought to be great and strong as the most promising agency of her future regeneration.

This sensitive nerve of theirs has just been jarred by the announcement, in a letter from Washington, that "by a decree of the President, dated September 7, an additional tonnage duty of fifty cents the ton (making eighty cents in all) has been laid on all Spanish vessels entering American ports." I had no information whatever on the subject, nor could any be found in such files of American papers as the legation possessed. I knew, of course, that "a decree of the President" showed an ignorance of our Constitution worthy of certain English ministers of fifteen years ago, and that the so-called "decree" could be nothing more than the putting in force by the Secretary of the Treasury of some provision in a previous act of Congress which he was authorized to do upon a certain contingency. Under the circumstances, I was not sure whether I ought not to think the whole story an invention. But as, whether true or not, it was making much excitement here, I thought best to inquire by telegraph, as I did two days ago. I found the Spanish government as much in the dark as I was.

The opposition press naturally enough

made the most of the affair, and advocated immediate retaliation, hinting at a certain want of national spirit in the ministry. The ministerial papers, no better informed than the rest of the world on a subject about which nobody knew anything whatever, were, of course, unwilling to be behindhand in patriotism, and equally so to advocate any inconsiderate action. But both parties are now agreed in counseling that an equivalent tonnage duty should be laid upon American vessels to the Peninsula and Balearic Islands. The Madrid Society of Political Economy, which is spoken of as a body of much weight, has also appointed a committee to wait upon the ministry with a similar recommendation. Thus all parties seem to be agreed that only one course is consistent with the dignity and interest of Spain. This is the more natural as the protectionist party is powerful here, and the ablest of the opposition journals, the "Imparcial," is a fervent believer in the virtues of a high tariff. I ought to add that the tone of all the newspapers I have seen has been perfectly dispassionate and courteous.

In the absence of any more exciting political topic, this piece of news from America assumed a somewhat dispassionate importance and gave some uneasiness to the ministry, who were sincerely anxious to preserve the most friendly relations with the United States. The minister of state at once made inquiries by telegraph of the Spanish representative at Washington. His answer was that such a tonnage duty had been laid on Spanish vessels, and that he would send further particulars in writing.

Yesterday Mr. Silvela called upon me, and it was evident that the affair was giving him a great deal of annoyance. He repeated what I have already told you concerning the attitude of the press and the current of public opinion. He said that the ministry were exceedingly reluctant to adopt any measure of retaliation, and would not do so unless their hands were forced by considerations of policy which they could not disregard. He again spoke of the great effort they had made to promote friendly feeling on the part of the United States in the payment of the indemnity in cash, when every peseta—nay, every real—was a matter of consequence to them, and when they were making every possible exertion and sacrifice to put their finances in a more tolerable condition, even to the extent, he added, with a smile, of laying a tax of twenty-five per cent. on all official salaries. He wished me to observe the analogy between their situation and that of the United States

immediately after the Civil War. . . . He urged the advantage to both Spain and the United States of a treaty of commerce and navigation, for which the occasion was favorable. . . .

I should not have thought it worth while to write at so much length about this matter, were it not that it occupies public attention here, and might, I think, if left unexplained, give a wrong impression of the feelings and intentions of the President toward Spain. It must be remembered that in spite of the advances made by Spain toward an understanding of true political principles, —and I think they are great—the old tradition of personal government is still rooted in men's habits of thought, and this leads insensibly to an attribution of motives and designs which have often no foundation in reason or reality. At the same time, by crediting the President with powers and functions which do not belong to him, false expectations are raised as to what he may do *motu proprio*, and the necessary disappointment of these produces that irritation which is not possible against an abstraction. Spain, also, in the peculiar difficulties of her position, is sensitive, and perhaps suspicious, beyond what would be natural under other circumstances. I cannot but believe it the wish of the President that every obstacle to a good understanding which can honorably be removed may be removed,¹ and that every

¹ The duty was removed by President Hayes.

reciprocation of good feeling which can properly be made may be made, as for the common interest of both countries. In addition to what Mr. Silvela asked me to remember, I could not help recalling that of the western European powers certainly none fulfilled her obligations toward us during our Civil War more faithfully than Spain.

20 May, 1879.

I HAVE the honor to report that we have a new minister of state in place of the Marquis of Molins, who resumes his former post as ambassador at Paris. This is the Duke of Tetuan, nephew of the celebrated O'Donnell, and who has been minister at Lisbon and Vienna.

I think there is every reason to be satisfied with the change. The duke is a very amiable man, with excellent intentions, who told me at our first official reception that he "should try to be a continuation of Mr. Silvela." Nothing would be more satisfactory to the whole diplomatic body here than this.

I feel quite sure that my official relations with the new minister will be agreeable, and that he will do for us whatever a person in his position can. I said to him that I thought the importance of the friendship of the United States to Spain was hardly so fully understood here as it should be. He said in reply: "I think I appreciate its value," adding, with a smile, "my wife was a Cuban." . . .

LIFE AND SOCIETY IN OLD CUBA.

THIRD PAPER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF JONATHAN S. JENKINS, AN AMERICAN PAINTER OF MINIATURES, WRITTEN IN 1859.¹

ADVENTURES PERILOUS AND AMUSING.

FROM this new country I went to Cardenas, then a collection of only a few huts built upon piles, or upon the knees or stumps of trees, and thus raised above the mangrove swamp. This development of the new country caused a railroad to be built, which brought such an amount of produce into

Cardenas as to cause its rapid growth, until it is now (1859) a port of entry, and has a population of several thousand inhabitants.

The only house of public entertainment at the time of my visit was a sailors' eating-house, kept by an Italian named Bartolo, who had been a pirate of especially desperate character. The sole method of reaching Matanzas or Havana from this point was in a

¹ Mr. Jenkins was United States Consul in the Navigator's (now Samoan) Islands in 1856. These extracts have been selected and edited by his great-nephew,

Joseph Cooper Boyd, Esq., of Baltimore. As stated in a previous paper, the author's first visit to Cuba was made in 1835.

coal-droger. The crew of one of these craft were in Bartolo's house—very dirty and rough-looking fellows, who kicked up such a row that I feared for my personal safety.

I picked up my valise and went out, and inquired if a droger would soon leave, and received an answer that one would sail in half an hour. Upon this announcement, I took a small boat, and went at once on board. I asked the captain where I could sleep, and he said on the coal-bags, as there was no other place. The danger of my position then began to dawn on me. I was there without the knowledge of any of my friends, and if I were lost, my fate would remain a mystery. My apprehension was increased when I ascertained that the crew thought I was a planter from Altamisal, and might have money, and this, of course, was enough to excite their cupidity. I lay down on the coal-bags on deck, and soon heard a furious altercation going on in the small hold of the droger. Shortly after, one of the party came up, and asked if I were not a planter from Altamisal; but I replied that I was only a poor artist going to Havana. This information appeared to satisfy them, and all human violence quieted down.

No sooner had the little droger got outside than a furious norther began to blow. The rain fell in torrents, the wind howled, and the seas hissed like writhing serpents. It was truly awful. The crew cursed most blasphemously every saint in the calendar. The little droger battled bravely with the storm and sea; but at length she faltered, and even the crew thought we should soon be swallowed up by the greedy sea, and the dastards fell to praying lustily for mercy and safety. A night like this is one in a lifetime. I have never seen such another. Wet through by the drenching storm, in peril of life from the rascals in the boat and from the ocean without, the morning came like a burst of joy to a heart darkened with grief. The morning sun rose over the level floor of the sea near the side of a small key, the white sands of whose sloping beach flashed away in the distance like a band of silver edging the green shores of tamarind and palm.

We took the rowboat, with plenty of provisions and a sail, and landed on Viviana Key, where we stretched the sail to make a tent. The good earth seemed to welcome my feet, and to inspire me with a new faith in its security after my recent see-saw on the fluctuating waves. The forest gave forth the scent of balm and blossom, and every object rested in quietude.

Our camp was fixed on a bright, clean strip of the beach, and all hands made ready for a rude frolic.

A plain bow with a brass string was used as a musical instrument. The performer put his mouth over the string at one end, while he struck it at the other with a strip of flexible leather, and by opening and closing the mouth in different degrees all the sounds of the gamut could be produced, the music resembling that of the jews'-harp, but much louder. This novel banjo struck up, and a ring of swarthy men formed for the mazy dance. Thinking I might make better music for them, I opened my valise to take out my accordeon; and in doing this a few miniatures were seen, which pleased them, and confirmed my statement of the previous night that I was not a planter, as they had originally thought. The accordeon especially interested them, as they had never heard or even seen one, and they insisted on my playing. Its music set them wild with delight, and the dusky sailors danced and waltzed over the smooth beach as if they were mad. Four or five other drogers ran into the little harbor, dropped anchor, and the crews came ashore. They said that they had heard the "flute" as they were passing, and had turned in to join the frolic. With this oddly dressed, sooty, and wild increase to our company, the scene was very like the Indian dances in the American forests.

After this first act was over, the feast was spread in a primitive way, and, there being only one knife and fork, these were given to me—more, I suspect, as a tribute of honor to the accordeon than of respect to me personally.

Viviana Key became the principal rendezvous of the pirates, and the entrepôt for their goods. They ultimately became so bold as to capture many slave-ships; but this touched a cherished interest in Cuba, and the government interfered and broke them up. The notorious Juan de la Rosas was imprisoned until his death at his own house in Matanzas. This man and Matthew Garcia of Regla were the leading spirits of the pirates on the whole coast, and had as many as twelve leaders under them, directing about five hundred men. Garcia has built a palace at Regla, but the stucco constantly peels off, and the common people say, "So much blood is mixed with it that it cannot stick."

It is the general belief that the pirates were nearly all Spaniards; but it is due to the latter to say that this is not true, as these lawless bands were largely recruited from

other nations, having among them Portuguese, Corsicans, Italians, Germans, and even, I am ashamed to add, some Americans. Many persons in Cuba, without having engaged in any active violence, owe their money to the pirates, some by purchasing the stolen property, and others by acting as agents or factors for its sale. Public opinion in Cuba was opposed to piracy, as it tended to paralyze commerce, and retarded the development of the country; and all classes combined to suppress it. Slaving, on the contrary, had the public sympathy, and was winked at on all sides, not only by citizens, but by the officials of the government.

We remained on this islet for two days, when, the norther having subsided, the drogers pursued their way to Havana, where we arrived safely, after a slow passage.

After my long absence in the country, the city seemed greatly changed for the better. The newly paved streets, the new market-house, and other innovations introduced by Tacon, gave a cheerful appearance to everything, and, in addition, the government house, called the "palace," had been repaired. This is an ancient structure, having been for eighty years a Jesuit convent. The lower apartments are rented as cigar-stores, or as offices for professional men; the second-story rooms are used as studios for artists, or as private lodgings; while all the apartments of the third tier are occupied as government offices. I rented five rooms on the second floor, opposite the Church of San Domingo. My studio was immediately under the sitting-room of General Tacon, and I saw him at four o'clock every afternoon, when he rode out in an open carriage, surrounded by his lancers. I thus had an excellent opportunity of observing his habits. He encouraged the people to approach him freely, so that any petition for the redress of grievances might be handed to him personally, as he thought that in this way many things might come to his knowledge which otherwise he would never learn, and he rode out to inspect the public works as well as for his own recreation. The benefit of his desire to draw near the people was manifested as he was about to leave the palace, one evening, on his usual ride, when he was warned of a contemplated rising among the negroes outside the walls of the city, and instantly changed his plans.

Measures were taken for the suppression of the revolt. These were completely successful, and the leaders and instigators were taken to the garrote. The iron collar was

drawn until they were nearly dead from suffocation; then they were released until life was restored, their heads were struck off, inclosed in parrot-cages, and set on the bridges as a warning to others.

TACON'S SHREWDNESS.

It was not alone in these cases of differences in humblife that General Tacon manifested his administrative ability. In the difficulties arising during the disaffection of General Lorenzo he displayed the most eminent qualities of the ruler, and the result proved his sagacity to be greater than that of his sovereign. Pressed by the successes of the Carlists and desirous of conciliating the people, Queen Christina signed the constitution of 1812, which was very liberal in its provisions. The news of this act was forwarded to Cuba, and first reaching Santiago, the military governor, General Lorenzo, hastened to have the constitution proclaimed. When this act of the queen was known to Tacon, he took a different view, and decided to arrest Lorenzo's movement. He properly concluded that the queen's action was not voluntary, but that she had been constrained to take the step by circumstances, and that the liberal ebullition would soon subside. Possessing chief command, Tacon sent a force of three thousand men by land, and all the fleet with transports of troops by sea, to oppose Lorenzo. He displayed his accurate knowledge of Spanish character by ordering that the forces pursue a policy of "masterly inactivity." They were to be always advancing, but to delay their actual meeting with Lorenzo as long as possible, so that his forces would be kept in constant apprehension, and their new-born patriotism would have an opportunity to subside and leave not a trace behind. The sea expedition stopped frequently along the coast, and the land forces delayed similarly; and General Lorenzo and his army, as anticipated, were overcome by sheer expectancy, and the whole matter ended with the escape of the general to Spain and the dispersal of his followers. After this, affairs went on as before, and Tacon was undisputed ruler, and his wise forecast was verified, as the Spanish government, after a temporary change, ultimately became as absolute as ever.

A PIONEER RAILWAY.

The railroad which runs out to Guines was projected during the administration of

General Tacon. The means were furnished by a Mr. Robinson of England, and the survey was made by a Mr. Cruger, an engineer from South Carolina. Large numbers of the lower classes of English were shipped out, and many Irish laborers came from the United States, to construct this work. Soon after operations began, the yellow fever made dreadful havoc with the men. In a month four contractors died in succession; but the work was steadily pushed on, notwithstanding this frightful mortality. Great quantities of material came from England, among which were two heavy locomotives, originally constructed for a road in Russia. When the road was completed as far as Guines, these locomotives were put on for the trial trip; but, to the astonishment of all, it required three days to make the round trip from Havana, though the distance was only forty-five miles. In approaching Havana, these massive engines were unable to mount an easy grade, except by the assistance of oxen. This ridiculous situation made the Spanish directors furious, and the English adroitly placed the whole blame on Mr. Cruger, the constructing engineer; or, in other words, they alleged that the fault lay with the road, and not with the engines, and the dons had not the experience or knowledge to see the falsity of this statement. Mr. Cruger saw the true difficulty, and gave his opinion to the board of directors, and, to verify the correctness of his judgment, offered to proceed to the United States and bring out American engines and engineers; and for the proper performance of his mission he pledged his salary as security. The proposition was accepted, and he went to Philadelphia, where he procured a locomotive from Norris, and another from Baldwin, which arrived safely at Havana. The first trip to Guines and back was made in seven hours, and this was thereafter made the standard of time. The directors afterward passed an order that from that time on no Englishman should be employed, or English engines used, on that road.

This railroad passed through an open grazing region filled with cattle. The bulls, being unacquainted with the engine, undertook to drive the stranger out of the range, and fights constantly occurred; indeed, many bulls seemed to come from a distance to have a tilt with the enemy. But the result, both to those from near and those from far, was equally disastrous, and many brave animals were slaughtered that might have died in a better cause. The owners became very much

exasperated, and many of them instituted suits against the railroad company, but met the same fate in the forum that their bulls met in the field. The engine went on its trips in triumph, and the country folks and the cattle kept their distance, and all was harmony until an unfortunate accident once more disturbed the public peace, with the difference that this time not a bull, but a man, was the victim. As the locomotive was going down the seven miles' grade, under full speed, a man was seen on the track. Everything was done to attract his attention, but he remained immovable, and was killed. The case was investigated by the court, and it transpired that the man was a deaf-mute. The occurrence being entirely novel, it was decided by the court that all concerned in driving the locomotive were as guilty as if the deaf man had been killed by a knife in their hands. This decision caused all the engineers to resign, and the trains to stop running. Travelers were very much dissatisfied, all interests were affected, and the clamor was great. As the result of this state of affairs, the sapient court was forced to reverse its decision, and the locomotive was triumphant.

It is not alone in public improvements that the superior ability and enterprise of the Americans are manifest. Many from the United States have made fortunes in various occupations, exhibiting energy and sagacity in all. Among others was a Mr. Lambsden, a native of Baltimore, who erected a steam saw-mill, and then a foundry, the only one at that time in the city; and he was supposed, by reason of his great success, to have accumulated an immense fortune. Another foundry was afterward established at Regla by Mr. McNair, a Scotchman, who also met with great success; and this gentleman returned to Scotland, married, and brought out his wife. Rather more than a year after this another American, a Mr. Orr, and I were invited to be present at the christening of their first-born. On our way to Mr. McNair's residence, Mr. Orr bought, for twenty-five cents, half a lottery ticket from a passing vender, and after our arrival he divided his interest between Mrs. McNair and her sister. Three hours later the whole ticket drew one hundred thousand dollars. This was the only instance that I ever knew where success in this way did not stimulate to ruinous gambling.

BRIBERY.

MANY ingenious Americans fail in introducing useful inventions, or "acquiring a privi-

lege," as it is called, in Cuba, because they are ignorant of the customs of the people. A Captain Hurd was some time in Matanzas, trying to procure for a Boston company the privilege of constructing a wharf in the harbor out to deep water. The land at the extremities of his contemplated wharf was public domain and could be easily included in his grant at a nominal price, while the advanced figure at which it could afterward be sold would materially aid in erecting the improvement. All these privileges could be gained by giving a "gratification" to the members of the Ayuntamiento. The captain thought these gentlemen were too honorable to be influenced by a bribe, and he would not offend them and violate his own conscience by offering one. The Ayuntamiento met to consider the scheme. Action was delayed, awaiting the usual gratification. It was not offered, and the application was refused.

The reverse of this picture is shown in the case of a Yankee who took his cargo into the harbor of Havana. A custom-house officer watched his actions very closely, and this espionage materially interfered with many profitable little schemes which the captain had in view. He walked confidently up to the officer and asked him if he could see through a doubloon placed over each of his eyes. The ready Spaniard took the meaning at once, and replied: "No; and if you should put a doubloon upon each ear, I could not hear; and put another on my mouth, and I could not speak." The sensible captain spread his gratification accordingly, and did as he pleased. It is an insult instantly resented to offer a bribe to a Spaniard, but the same thing under the disguise of a gratification is the magic key which opens all doors in Spanish countries. General Tacon was the only Spanish official I ever knew who would not accept a bribe.

AN EXCHANGE OF COURTESIES.

THE French fleet, en route to attack Vera Cruz, with the Prince de Joinville in command, touched at Havana. The Cubans felt a special interest in the prince, as at that time he was looked upon as the future husband of Isabella II, Queen of Spain. The French consul secured apartments for his Highness at the Mansion House, then considered the best hotel in Havana. It was kept by Mme. Martenier. She was originally from New York, had married a French gentleman, and was now a widow. At this hotel the prince was entertained three days, a

guard of one hundred soldiers being present the whole time. Mme. Martenier had a very talkative parrot, which hung in a cage in the corridor, near the door of the apartments of his Highness. The bird's fair mistress noticed that her royal guest had taken a great fancy to the bird, and would pause on his way to his apartments and have a chat with "Polly." She at once bought a silver cage with a gold handle for her pet, and dressing herself up *en grande tenue*, appeared before the astonished prince, and presented Polly, with the costly house, to him. He was much affected by this evidence of her esteem, and drawing a diamond ring worth about two thousand dollars from his finger, begged her to accept it as a slight token of his admiration. This memento was ever afterward her great pride.

All the old noblesse of the island, who had befriended his father, Louis Philippe, in his misfortunes, united to do him honor. A great entertainment was given to the prince by the Count of Penalver, at which the wealth, beauty, and nobility of Havana were fully represented. Great care was taken and no cost spared in getting up the display, as the élite were exceedingly anxious that it should be agreeable to the prince and creditable to themselves.

The prince arrived about eleven o'clock, and all those present stood to receive him. He acknowledged this courtesy with a bow, and then turned to converse with the captain-general, but neglected to request the company to resume their seats. The interview was long and animated. Finally a nobleman ventured to suggest that his Highness would be seated, as the ladies were wearied from standing so long. He did so, and the daughter of the Count of Penalver played some extracts from "Norma" for his entertainment, and he complimented her effort. Soon after, the prince and the governor retired, before the dance. His whole conduct on this occasion mortified the formally polite Spaniards, and the host and all the company felt it keenly. A proper remembrance of their kindness and generosity to his father in his dark days merited a bearing, on his part, which would have shown his gratitude; but the Spaniards remembered the slight, as we shall see later on.

The French fleet pursued its voyage. Vera Cruz was attacked and taken, and France obtained her demands from the republic of Mexico. On his homeward voyage the Prince de Joinville made a second visit to Havana. In the meantime, the king, his

father, had written him, requesting him to do something to indicate his Majesty's gratitude for the favors he had received from the citizens of Havana during his exile. Accordingly, the decks of the *Créole* were cleared and decorated, and the prince gave a splendid ball, to which the captain-general and the nobility were invited. The company was the same that had before entertained him, and had been so much mortified by his slight. They accepted the invitation, however, and a large and brilliant assemblage crowded the decks of the gallant *Créole*. The prince was highly pleased, but judge of his chagrin when, precisely at the hour that he had deserted the salons of the Count of Penalver, his visitors left with courtesy but firmness. This retort was certainly a severe rebuke.

A LEARNED MAN.

AN amusing anecdote is related of an occurrence which happened while the prince was at Havana. He and his principal officers were entertained at a dinner-party by the Count of Fernandina at his private residence. The count, now an old man, had in his younger days been a great reader, and, as a consequence, had accumulated a fine library. He used this little now, but it grati-

fied his pride, and was still ornamental. The tutor of his only son, knowing the count's ambition to be thought literary, went into the library, took from the shelves many choice works, inserted marks in different places, as though they were frequently consulted, and then placed them on a center-table. After dinner the prince and his officers were shown into the library. The former, stepping up to the table, remarked that the count must be a great student, and running his eye over the marked places, complimented him highly upon his excellent literary taste. The old count was exceedingly flattered, and accepted the praise with that grace a Spanish gentleman knows so well how to display. After the withdrawal of the company, the delighted old count called the tutor into his room and presented him with six doubloons. M. Parinoue was surprised, and asked the reason of this unexpected gift. The count replied: "Because of your presence of mind, you have a great deal of knowledge." Such tact is greatly admired by the Spanish, and regarded as an evidence of talent. Deception is not considered morally wrong by the Spanish races, as it is with us, and when it is successful, they regard it as almost a virtue, and certainly the best evidence of intellectual superiority.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME

"The Century's" New War Series.

WE can hardly believe that fifteen years have passed since we made the announcement in this place of THE CENTURY'S series of historical narratives, afterward known as the "War Series," and in enlarged form as "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." Yet it is easier of belief when we discover by reference to the obituary list that of the 230 contributors to that volume—almost entirely officers of high rank—63, or over 27 per cent., have already died, leaving among the most conspicuous survivors Generals Longstreet, Fitzhugh Lee, Hampton, E. P. Alexander, and Wheeler on the Confederate side, and Generals Fitz John Porter, W. B. Franklin, W. F. Smith, Don Carlos Buell, Sigel, O. O. Howard, Lew Wallace, Cox, Merritt, J. H. Wilson, and Horace Porter on the Union side. The time of that publication was fortunately chosen. The work could hardly have been executed before by reason of the lingering discord

between the North and the South, nor later because of the mortality of the officers who contributed.

The series on the Spanish war, of which we make an incomplete announcement in the advertising pages of the present number, will resemble the earlier work in aiming to present the chief events of the war as they appeared to the commanding officers and their lieutenants. Coming after considerable conflict of detail, and revealing much that is unknown or but vaguely guessed, the authoritativeness of these papers will be beyond question. And as the Civil War series revealed to the public the courage of the contestants on both sides, the new series cannot fail to show the gallantry of our late enemy, as well as to portray in permanent colors the deeds of the American navy and army, of which men of all opinions are proud.

Following closely upon Captain Sigsbee's narrative of the *Maine* will come Lieutenant Hobson's story of the *Merrimac* adventure. The

symposium on the Santiago naval action is likely to be singularly complete. Every vessel on the American side will be represented in the accounts, including the papers promised by Admirals Sampson and Schley, and supplementary articles of novel interest. A detailed map has already been made, on which the movements of each of these vessels have been placed by its officers,—usually the commanding officer,—and a large number of unprinted photographs taken during the action have been secured. The land operations will be treated with similar thoroughness.

It is a subject for mutual congratulations between *THE CENTURY* and its readers that so many of the chief participants in these stirring events have consented to cooperate in the making of this unique series while the facts are fresh in their minds.

"Exceptions" or "Inclusions" in the Civil Service.

THE Spanish war intervened in the midst of desperate efforts on the part of the spoilsmen to break down the merit system in the public service, and, strange to say, the war itself has furnished the most vivid illustrations of the dangers to individual and national welfare that lurk in the system of spoils. That military branch of the administration from which the system is rigidly excluded has, in the emergency, covered itself and the country with honor. The fighting qualities of our soldiers have also reflected honor upon the nation, and yet the War Department has come out of the conflict with discredit, notwithstanding the enormous labors it has actually performed and the success of the armies in the field.

The Navy Department has been successful not only because it controls a highly specialized service, subject to its own rules, and not easily to be interfered with by the spoilsmen, but because, also, its management has been in the hands of men who do not believe in the spoils system. When the President asked the various secretaries for their recommendations as to exceptions to the civil-service rules desired by them to be made on executive order, in the various departments, it is a matter of public record that the Navy Department desired no exceptions, whereas the War Department demanded about five thousand!

The breakdown of the War Department and the success of the Navy Department are conspicuous object-lessons of the superiority of the merit system over the system of spoils.

But, in addition, there has spread among the people a new sense of the practical advantages of a permanent public service somewhat like that which England applies to executive work at home and abroad; and this new sense of the necessity of utterly abolishing the spoils system is not only owing to mismanagement in the War Department, but also to the contemplation of the enormous enlargement of the executive work of the government on account of the island territories the care of which we have assumed; and it is owing, furthermore, to an appreciation of the desirability of a better consular and diplomatic

service in view of increasing competition with the other leading nations of the world.

This being the case, how astonishingly maladroit it would be—to give it no graver name—should the President in the present crisis injure his own excellent record in connection with the merit system, by granting the request of the War Department, and of certain other departments, by making sweeping exceptions to the rules, thus playing directly into the hands of the despised spoilsmen! We do not think the President will do it. This is no time for exceptions; it is the time for inclusions. Instead of weakening and demoralizing the public service, the intelligence of the country demands that it shall be purified and strengthened. The President has perhaps not yet lost the opportunity to do an important service to the country by placing the Forest Reserve administration under the merit system. It is profoundly to be hoped, also, that instead of adopting innumerable exceptions, he will take measures to place our consular system on a par as to permanency and efficiency with the navy and the regular army.

And as for the new territory acquired, now is the time to erect impregnable barriers against the entrance there of the accursed system of spoils. If that system should be introduced and maintained there, what a mockery would be our war "in the interest of civilization"! It would not only bring misfortune to our new domain, but aggravate to an untold extent those evils of government at home against which we have already to contend.

What is Executive Ability?

THE disastrous and tragic losses in dead and wounded suffered by the American army since the cessation of hostilities with Spain have given a shock to the complacency of the country in the hour of its victory from which it will never recover. Allowing for all the "inevitable" hardships of war, so lightly spoken of in certain high places, there has been in camp and in transit a residuum of suffering so appalling that it is difficult to write of the responsibility for it in temperate terms. When this responsibility shall have been fixed, we venture to think that it will be found associated with a low conception of what is meant by executive ability. In some instances it will undoubtedly lie in the fact that appointments were made for reasons of friendship or partizanship, with the hope that the time would never come when the strain upon the official in question would reach its point of tension. But this is the sort of excuse which is in itself an accusation, and with which the people are showing unmistakable signs of impatience.

The political spoilsman is fond of asserting that his man, although he may be unable to demonstrate his competence before a board of examiners, is yet a person of superior executive ability. The basis of this is usually that he has shown marked efficiency in local politics; and if government, in peace or war, were merely ward politics on a large scale, the test would not be wide of the mark. But it would be easier to show that the qualities

most needed for the public service are not dreamed of in the philosophy of the spoilsman. The complexity of the requirements in an efficient executive officer is to the simplicity of the labors of the political worker as an astronomer is to a roustabout. He has not to coax men with promises or drive them with threats; he has to adjust himself to a system of government requiring specialized work, to think for others, displaying knowledge of the past, grasp of the present, and foresight of the future. Like the political "worker," he must know how to get work out of others; the difference is in the quality of the work. It will not suffice that an executive officer be able to give his orders in a loud voice. He must know that the orders are the proper ones, that the conditions are such that they can be obeyed, that they are received and comprehended by his subordinates, and lastly, that they have been obeyed. The higher his office, the larger must be his horizon. The watchful eye, the coordinating mind, the active prevision of difficulties and emergencies, the prompt despatch of affairs on the principle that "a duty is binding from the moment it is apprehended," the cardinal faculty of employing others, never executing details that can be better intrusted to others, and yet seeing that such details are not neglected—all these are necessary to executive ability of a high order. Once in a while such a man may be found in a party caucus. Ordinarily he is the product of years of experience of the needs of his special work, or has a personal force, a training, and an adaptability which give efficiency. It is the tragedy of our "battle summer" that in place of such men we have had in certain quarters the perfunctory service of the incompetent.

The war has presented many examples of faithful and efficient service, even in the much criticised War Department. At the present moment one of the most conspicuous is Theodore Roosevelt. Bold in action, he is yet cautious and painstaking in arriving at the basis of his action. The drudgery of details has not impaired his conception of government as merely the business of the people, to be executed on the highest plane for the best results. His public service in city and State and national affairs has already been large, and is not likely to be obscured by his military career, creditable as it has been. It is an open secret in Washington that to his work as Assistant Secretary of the Navy was largely due the admirable preparation of our fleets for the emergency of war. It may truly be said of him that he has rigidly exacted of himself the same high standard of public service which it was his business as President of the National Civil Service Commission to set for others.

"The Century's" Prize Manuscripts.

In this number of the magazine our readers are invited to partake of the fruit of the first competition for the prizes offered by THE CENTURY to the Bachelors of Arts of the colleges and universities of the United States. This first competition was open to the students who had received the de-

gree of B. A. during the commencement season of 1897. A year was given in which to submit manuscripts, the 1st of June, 1898, being the date fixed for the closing of the competition. Probably three fourths of the manuscripts were received after May 1. This was taken to indicate that the competitors generally had gone to work in a serious literary spirit to produce a poem, an essay, or a story, which should be the result of individual thought and conscious workmanship, rather than a hasty dash at a snap subject, or a vague effort to express an immature idea.

In the manuscripts themselves was found abundant proof that such was the fact. Nearly all of them contained some justification of the impulse to write, and a large proportion revealed a talent for what, in these days of type-writing machines and fast presses, may be called literary production. That the proportion of manuscripts lacking form was so small may reasonably surprise the practical editor, who, for a comparison, has always before his mind the mass of immature contributions brought to his table by the ubiquitous mail. Yet in the chaff is now and then found a manuscript abounding in freshness and vigor, which might not have been produced except for the wide-spread impulse among our people to think on paper.

When the separate sealed envelopes containing the real names of the competitors were opened after the prize manuscripts, identified only by pen-names, had been selected, it was found that fewer young women had striven for the literary honors than young men, whose manuscripts outnumbered those of the former by twenty-five per cent., and that the efforts of the young women had been rewarded by a sweeping victory. This result is an interesting confirmation of the judgment of the president of one of our chief universities, who, on being consulted at the outset with regard to the proposed rules of the competition, declared that in such a contest the young-women graduates would take all the prizes. The contents of American magazines offer continuous proof that in the field of periodical literature there is no discrimination on account of sex; but the striking success of the young women in this contest is especially significant, inasmuch as it is the first of a series of competitions, and places the young-men graduates of succeeding years in the position of having to vindicate the time-honored claims of their sex, or of allowing the challenge to go against them, for lack of equal ability, or by default.

The prize story, entitled "A Question of Happiness," which is printed in this number of the magazine, bore the pen-name "Mary Dwight." The author, Miss Grace M. Gallaher of Essex, Connecticut, was graduated at Vassar, B. A. 1897.

The prize poem, which will be published in the December number, is called "The Road 'twixt Heaven and Hell." Its author, Miss Anna Hempstead Branch of New London, Connecticut, is an alumna of Smith College, B. A. 1897, and entered the competition with the pen-name "A. H. Bolles."

The prize essay, on "Carlyle's Dramatic Por-

trayal of Character," will follow in the January CENTURY. It was received with the pen-name "Margaret Evans," who proved to be Miss Florence Hotchkiss of Geneva, Illinois, also a Bachelor of Arts of Vassar, 1897.

The rules governing the competition, which also hold for three succeeding years, are as follows:

With the aim of encouraging literary activity among college graduates, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE offers to give, annually, during four successive years, three prizes of \$250 each, open to the competition of persons who receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university in the United States during the commencement seasons of 1897, 1898, 1899, and 1900.

1. \$250 for the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines.

2. \$250 for the best essay in the field of biography,

history, or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

3. \$250 for the best story of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

On or before June 1 of the year succeeding graduation, competitors must submit type-written manuscript to the Editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, marked, outside and inside, "For the College Competition, signed by a pen-name, and accompanied by the name and address of the author in a separate sealed envelop, which will not be opened until the decision has been made.

The manuscript must not have been published.

The Editor, at his discretion, may withhold the award in any class in case no manuscript is thought worthy of the prize.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE reserves the right to print the prize manuscripts without further payments, the copyright to revert to the authors three months after the date of publication in the magazine.

SHORT ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS

Club-women.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

"I HAVE had the most interesting morning. I have been sitting in a corner of the porch tending my flowers and hearing two men talk, quite forgetting that I was listening. Nothing that they said was so interesting to me as their silences. Sometimes they sat for five minutes in their chairs without speaking; then one would say something, and when he was quite ready to speak the other answered—not before. I feel as rested as if I'd been on a long voyage. I have never heard two women talk together in just that way." This was the testimony of a woman, not young, and privileged to be heeded by reason of her experience. She knew women as a woman who has lived in both the old life and the new must know them—the old life where clubs for women were not, the new life where they are. It seems not an improper division to let the club-line mark the difference between what was and what now is. Perhaps, too, there is no better place than one of these same women's clubs to test if it be true that habits of repose in social intercourse mark the caste of manhood more than the caste of womanhood. On entering almost any social club for women, one of the first peculiarities to be noted by the most casual eye is that a division into groups is the marked social feature of the room. These groups appear all more or less animated, and when one in a little circle gives a wandering attention, that is the general sign that she means to change her center, scaling off from the group where she is, and becoming a component part of another group. Watching yet more closely, it may be seen that she is arranging for something like the rush from point of safety to point of safety which children undertake in their games of "bases." Each group

is a base wherein is security; the journey from one base to another has its own dangers. To be left by some inhospitable mischance *planté là* in the center of the room, with no one to talk to, that is to be what in bases is called "out." There lies the great fear—no one to talk to, the chance of having to stand unsupported and alone. We have all smiled at the circus when we have seen the ring-master tenderly escorting the wiry feet of some rope-dancer across the sawdust. The young lady seems to us, and a moment later proves herself, preëminently fitted to take care of herself.

And there must arise something of this same feeling of amusement when we see women trained to walk any social tight-rope, and, indeed, even those women trained to climb to the giddy trapeze of a platform, uncomfortable in a roomful of women unless supported by the fact that some one is talking to them. It almost seems that a species of disgrace attaches of tradition to not talking or not being talked to, as if the real reason for standing apart must lie in the fact that nobody would speak to the sufferer. On the other hand, the most casual glance into a roomful of club-men reveals quite another condition of affairs. When one member of this latter company stands with his hands behind him looking out of a window, or sits gazing into space, idly swinging one leg over the other, or as idly swinging his eye-glasses between his fingers, if he is noticed at all, his apartness is taken as a sign that he wishes to be let alone, not that he has been forced into this condition of isolation because nobody cares to speak to him. Unless the signs of enforced isolation were very marked, it would never occur to any one of his male companions to pity the unfortunate solitary, or go up to him kindly and sit pityingly beside him. If he did so, the chances are

that he would be thoroughly snubbed, the solitary intimating that he himself must know best when he wishes to talk and when to sit apart thinking his own thoughts. It is not a general habit among women to do their thinking outside of their closets, and the sight of a woman obviously thinking in public, and that in a roomful of other women, is something scarcely to be imagined. It was in a certain man's club a habit with one of its members, a brilliant and well-known mathematician, to sit for long hours in his chair before the fire, obviously thinking, presumably turning over his abstruse problems in his brain, though it never had occurred to any one to ask him what he was doing. One day a new club-member, seeing this abstracted figure huddled back in his chair, came toward him, and, with the kindly temerity of extreme youth and the condescension of great ignorance, asked, "Doin' sums in your head, sir?" That question was to become a part of the club's history; but in a woman's club this could never have happened, because no woman mathematician would have been allowed to form the habit of silent sitting in thought. The question asked in a man's club after long years of silence would have been asked in a woman's club during the first half-hour. Or rather, not to be unjust, the blunt question would in all likelihood not have been put at all, but some club-member, in the kindness of her heart, would at once have hurried to the rescue of the thinker, because it could not have occurred to her that, thus sitting alone, the mathematician was anything less than bitterly uncomfortable. This shrinking on the part of the average woman from sitting or standing alone in company is so well recognized by other women that a determined and ambitious club-member may easily make deliberate use and abuse of her club-sisters' sisterly pity. She knows she can gain access to almost any group she wishes to enter merely by standing near it miserably, obviously alone, until some compassionate woman holds out to her a hand and draws her

into a circle which, of choice, would not have opened to receive her. Thus the most congenial group of women spending a half-hour together is more or less at the mercy of an intruder shrewd enough to know how to intrude; and this power of intrusion, as every woman of clubs will testify from numerous personal experiences, is one of the most serious drawbacks to enjoyable intercourse in club life for women.

It is this same kind of yielding to polite obligations and cross-obligations that makes women in tête-à-tête seem less reposeful than men in tête-à-tête. The same kind of traditional law which forbids a woman's sitting apart in company appears also to forbid the shuttlecock of speech falling to the ground. Taking as an example the conversation of the two men previously quoted, we have to acknowledge that such spaces left for fruitifying thought are generally lacking in the intercourse of woman and woman. If, with the latter, conversation flags, the pauses are awkward; and therefore conversation is not allowed to flag, sustained too often at the cost of value. Pleasant and profitable as clubs for women often are, they cannot be said to be clubs proper if precedent is to continue to demand of the members speech with or without thought, at the same time forbidding that privilege dear to the heart of the club-man—sitting in silence if he will, or "flocking alone in a corner." When the time comes that many women of choice flock reposefully in corners, or sit silent at will, then it will follow that the one or two flocking alone by untoward accident will feel no discomfort, but by force of example learn how to look contented though their position be to them distinctly distasteful. In that day, those who wish to be silent will be silent; those who form into groups will be grouped, not from fear of standing apart, but because they wish to be together. In that millennium we may look to find clubs for women, clubs proper, and not, as now too often, the drawing-rooms of uneasy stockholders.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Naming of the Minor Prophets.

THE minor Prophets, seven in number, are the promising piccaninnies of Thaddeus and Elmiry Prophet, and may be personally interviewed at their home, a single-room log hut near Columbia, South Carolina. Ask them any question you like, and the response will be grins, a rolling of black eyes, and embarrassed digs in the sand with their respective big toes. Press them for answers, and they will reply, "Mah knows"; and no earthly power can draw more information from them.

As I walked down the sunny white sand road

one summer morning, I came upon the cabin, and in the door recognized my old friend Elmiry. I was unseen by her, for another object had caught her roving eye and caused her to exclaim:

"Lawd he'p me, ef dyar ain' dat Crafty Yulicee stuck een de tar-bar'l ag'in!" Then, raising her voice, she called:

"You Axy! ef you don' quit wadin' een dat branch, I 'll weah you out, miss! Go 'long obah yondah, an' pull Crafty Yulicee outen dat tar-bar'l, an' let him stick his feet een de ash-pile."

Here she heard my approaching footstep, and, turning, saw me.



The Le-o-pard.

THIS is the Le-o-pard, my child;
His tem-per 's anything but mild.
The Le-o-pard can't change his spots,
And that—so say the Hot-ten-tots—
Is why he is so wild.
Year in, year out, he may not change,
No mat-ter how the wea-ther range,
From cold to hot. No won-der, child,
We hear the Le-o-pard is wild.



The Hip-po-pot-am-us.

"Oh, say, what is this fearful, wild
In-cor-ri-gible cuss?"
"This crea-ture (don't say 'cuss,' my child;
'T is slang)—this crea-ture fierce is styled
The Hip-po-pot-am-us.
His curious name de-rives its source
From two Greek words: *hippos*—a horse,
Potamos—river. See?
The river 's plain e-nough, of course;
But why they called *that* thing a horse,
That 's what is Greek to me."

"Lawd bless me, Miss Ca'line! is dat you, honey? Tadgeous telled me you wuz comin' home to lib, an' I been meanin' to drap een an' ax you howdy, but dese chillen keeps me home."

Then we talked of the past, and of my school-days; for in her youth Elmiry had waited on the young ladies in a boarding-school in Columbia, and there I had known her. There, too, she met Thaddeus, the gardener, and as the days went by she met him more and more frequently; for no flower that grew in his garden was so bright to Thaddeus as the smile of the coquettish Elmiry, and never was she so beaming as when her eye rested on Thaddeus. And so it came to pass that Thaddeus "kep' stiddy comp'ny" with Elmiry till the school term was over, and in the balmy days of June they became engaged. The engagement and the subsequent events were conducted on this wise, as Elmiry told it to me:

"Tadgeous he wuz comin' to see me eve'y evenin' fo' a consid'able time, an' it seem like eve'y time he come he los' his tongue. But one day he writ me a letter, on some lovely pink paper, wid two hearts lockin' on de top ob de

page, an' it smelt so sweet dat it smelt de whole room up jes fine; an' he ax me if he mought hab de pleasure ob scorchin' me to church Sunday night. An' when I tol' him dat I would be pleased wid his comp'ny, dat simmified dat I 'greed to marry him. Marse Stevens hisse'f, de principal ob de school, he married us, an' 'stidder Tadgeous habbin' to pay him de weddin' fees, he gib Tadgeous a gold piece. Dat 's de diffunce between white people an' cullud people, as I tol' Tadgeous.

"Co'se I wanted to go off on a weddin'-trip; but Tadgeous sayed how ez he did n't hab no time to make de trip, but he say dat wuz n' no reason why I could n't go, so he sont me on de weddin'-tour, an' he stayed home. I went on a 'scusion-train to Chas'ton, an' I enjoyed myse'f fine; but I wuz real glad when I come home an' Tadgeous tooked me back een de baggage-waggin. Marse Stevens he 'lowed we could bofe stay een de little house on de school groun's, an' dyar we stayed.

"Aftah a while deah wuz a gal come, and when Tadgeous heard 'bout her it seem like he would go crazy.

"Glory, glory! I 's so glad!' he kep' a-sayin'.



The Ant.

My child, ob-serve the use-ful Ant,
How hard she works each day.
She works as hard as ad-a-mant
(That 's very hard, they say).
She has no time to gal-li-vant;
She has no time to play.
Let Fido chase his tail all day;
Let Kitty play at tag:
She has no time to throw a-way,
She has no tail to wag.
She scurries round from morn till night;
She ne-ver, ne-ver sleeps;
She seiz-es ev-ery-thing in sight,
And drags it home with all her might,
And all she takes she keeps.



The Giraffe.

SEE the Gi-raffe; he is so tall
There is not room to get him all
U-pon the page. His head is high-er—
The pic-ture proves it—than the Spire.
That 's why the na-tives, when they race
To catch him, call it stee-ple-chase.
His chief de-light it is to set
A good example: shine or wet,
He rises ere the break of day,
And starts his break-fast right away.
His food has such a way to go,—
His throat 's so very long,—and so
An early break-fast he must munch
To get it down ere time for lunch.

An' aftah he jes look at her wunst, he lit out de house like de buzzards wuz aftah him, an' he run all de way up to Marse Stevens' study, whey he wuz writin', like he allus do—'cause he can write so fine dat nobody can't read it, scya'cely. An' Tadgeous jes bu'st een de do', like he done forgot all his manners, an' he say: 'Oh, Marse Stevens!' says he, 'dey 's a big accident down at my house!'

"Great Caesar!" says Marse Stevens; an' wid dat he jumps outen his cheer like he been shot, an' he run to de telephone, an' he holler fo' 'em to sen' up all de injuns, an' he turn round to Tadgeous, an' he say, says he: 'Go git de gyahden-hose, an' skeet on it quick as ebah you can!'

"Den, Tadgeous say, he wanten laugh dat bad he 'mos' bu'st, an' he say to Marse Stevens:

"Lawdy, Marse Stevens!" says he, 'I ain' nebbah said it wuz a fire accident. It 's a gal, de onliest one I 's got, an' I don' want to drown her like she wuz cat's chillens!' Den Marse Stevens seem like

he wuz mad and laughin' too, an' Tadgeous he come back an' tol' me.

"You 's a fool niggah, anyhow," says I, 'cuttin' up hyah like dis wuz a white chile, at leas!'

"Well, anyhow," says he, 'it 's gwine to hab a white name, 'cause Marse Stevens gwine name her.' So we axed Marse Stevens to name her, an' he says: 'Why, you done name her yo'se'f. Call her Accident.' And we calls her Axy for short.

"It wah n't so long befo' dey wuz a boy; an' Tadgeous wuz as proud 'bout him as he wuz 'bout Accident, an' he wanted to name him outen a book dat Miss Em'ly been readin' to him in. She wuz readin' him 'bout a man named de Crafty Yulicee; but when he tol' me 'bout how dis man made a horse swallow live mens, an' den change hiasse'f to wood, an' walk right troo a stone wall, I wuz skeered he wuz a hoodoo man, an' I did n' wanten name de baby dat. But Tadgeous said he knowed better, an' he had a big baptizzamul. An' it 's jes like I t'ought, cause dat chile is allus

gitten' een trouble, wid de best of retentions. It wuz on account of Crafty Yulicee allus crawlin' een de cistern whey Marse Stevens kep' de drinkin-watah dat we moved 'way from de school an' come out heah to lib.

"De nex' one wuz a gal, an' Tadgeous sayed how I could name her, an' I gabe her a real fancy name. We baptized her Violetta Marietta Evelina Rose Christina, 'n' she allus did real well.

"Den dey wuz a boy, an' Tadgeous called him aftah anuddah man een dat same book. I warned Tadgeous 'bout doin' dat way, but he would hab his own way, an' he named dis one Napoleon Bonafidey Waterloo Prophet; an' he wuz allus unfortunate, too, same like I sayed. When he wuz little, I gabe him to Axy to wash his laigs real clean, one day; an' when I come to find her, hearin' de baby cryin' so, she had tooked white sand an' de scrubbin'-brush, an' had scoured all de skin an' mos' ob de meat offen his laigs, tryin' to git um white. Sence den he hab allus wobbled when he walked, bein' as his laigs is weak.

"I named de nex' one, which wuz a gal, Belladonna California Mississippi Idaho, an' she nebbah gabe nobody no trouble. But Tadgeous sayed how he wuz tired ob gals, an' when de nex' one come we could n' decide on no name to suit us. She wuz de fines' an' de bes' baby we ebah had, an' it seem like, 'cause Tadgeous' heart kindah turned away f'om her, dat mine kindah hankered aftah her, an' I nebbah could bear to let her tumble round like de res'. So I set Crafty Yulicee to min' her, which kep' him outen muschief. But one day, when she wuz cuttin' her little teef, an' kindah fretful-like, he fed her a han'ful ob yellow jessamines, an' it kilt her dat same day. All day long I helt her een my arms, an' she kindah cuddled up an' moaned an' cried out; but at sundown she died, an' we buried her obah yondah een de pines beyon' de branch, fo' I could n' hab her out ob my sight, eben when she wuz dead. When ole mis' gabe me de tombstone, I axed her please to put de name on it, 'Little Jessamine'; an' she promised me dat when she come home f'om de sea-sho' she 'll bring me some white shells to make a bordah roun' Little Jessamine's grave.

"Sence dat day I ain' had no mo' heart for chillen; an' when twins come las' yeah,—bofe boys,—an' Tadgeous had turned ag'inst de books, I jes named um Had-a-plenty an' Wan'-no-mo'.

"Yes, ma'am; dey is likely chillen, but not like she wuz. An' sometimes, dese summah nights, when I lay by de open do,' an' heah de pines mo'nin' beyon' de branch, it seems like my baby calls me; an' I leabes dese chillen an' Tadgeous, an' goes an' lies down dyah by her; an' I wisht to Gawd I 'd nebbah had but one chile, an' dat wuz Little Jessamine!"

Marion Alexander Haskell.

The Old Story.

HE was a pious saint of old,
Who dwelt within a hermit's cell;
He had forsworn the face of Love,
And thought he knew him well.

One night—the moon was 'neath a cloud—
A hand tapped, timid, at his door,
And in the shadow he could see
A vague, slight shape—no more.

"Who art thou?" "Pity," whispered low
The visitor. The hermit smiled;
"Pity? Sweet virtue, enter here,
For thou art Heaven's own child!"

He welcomed in the shadowy sprite;
He gave him lodgment in his breast;
He made him master. Then, ah, then—
You all can guess the rest!

The saint is ashes long ago;
But Love, delighted with the game,
Still masquerades as Pity—yes,
And still finds saints the same!

Priscilla Leonard.

A Ballad of the Balladist.

I.

So easy seems it as you read,
So gay the bard and debonair,
To follow Dobson's gentle lead
No wight there is who might not dare.
But let him fly the elfish snare!
Through thorn and bramble, turn and twist,
Through brake and thicket, he must fare
Who 'd be a modern balladist.

II.

What matters whither he would speed,
Or what the path he 'd fain forbear?
For him are winding ways decreed,
That carry him he knows not where.
Still must he wander here and there,
With shifting goal forever missed;
But he 'd his mother-tongue forswear
Who 'd be a modern balladist!

III.

Aye, would he so! For him, indeed,
What did the Celt and Saxon care?
Should he of rhymes a dozen need,
He 'll find, perhaps, a paltry pair.
With aching head and clutched hair,
Still must he scan the meager list.
He has of woes, I wot, his share
Who 'd be a modern balladist!

L'ENVOI.

Friend of the editorial chair,
Yet may another ill exist:
Should you bestow a frigid stare,
Who 'd be a modern balladist?

Annie Steger Winston.

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